

BALLADS FOR THE TIMES,

GERALDINE,

HACTENUS, A THOUSAND LINES,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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NOTE BY THE PUBLISHERS.

[The following sketch of Mr. Tupper's literary career, is from the pen of William Anderson, Author of "Landscape Lyrics;" and has never been printed in this country. It appeared originally in the "Church of England Journal," No. LIX. May 12, 1847.]

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, M.A., F.R.S.

THE name of Martin Farquhar Tupper has become popularly known, not only in this country, but in America, and on the Continent, as that of an author of great original genius, a highly cultivated intellect, extensive scholarship, and very superior poetic powers. He is the eldest son of the late eminent surgeon, Martin Tupper, Esq. F.R.S., who, after a prosperous and successful practice, of five and thirty years, died suddenly in his sleep, of *angina pectoris*, on the 8th December, 1844, at Southill Park, the residence of the Earl of Limerick, only a few hours after that nobleman had himself expired in his arms. The subject of the present sketch was born in London, in 1810. The family from which he is descended, an ancient and honourable one, belongs originally to Germany. In consequence of the persecution of the protestants by Charles V., they left Hesse Cassel, in 1551, and settled in Guernsey. They have never been below the rank of gentlemen, and the circumstances of the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" are affluent. With him literature is not a profession, but a recreation, and he has done high honour to it.

He received the first part of his education at the Charter House, and afterwards went to Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the

degrees of B.A. and M.A.* He subsequently entered at Lincoln's Inn, and in due time was called to the bar, but never practised as a barrister. At the age of twenty-six, he married, and has a fine young family of sons and daughters.

Mr. Tupper's first publication was a little work issued in 1832, entitled "Sacra Poesis," which we have not had the good fortune to see. The first series of "Proverbial Philosophy, a Book of Thoughts and Arguments Originally treated," was published in December, 1837, and the second series in 1842. This work at once excited attention, and called forth the most favourable criticisms. It was hailed as the production of one who, while he thought and reasoned like a true sage, wrote and illustrated like a true poet. The pages of "Proverbial Philosophy" are full of instruction and wisdom, and breathe throughout the finest spirit of genuine poetry. Well does the writer of this sketch remember the pleasure with which he first read that remarkable production. He was then connected editorially with the *Metropolitan Conservative Journal*, in which paper the first series was reviewed at length at the time of its appearance. In that review, the volume was described as "a work abounding in rich thoughts and delicate fancies,—in sound philosophy, and high moral resolutions, and which may be read over and over again, by the young philosopher, or poetical dreamer, with equal profit and delight." And, as if writing prophetically of the proud and enviable position to which Mr. Tupper was yet to attain in literature, the reviewer triumphantly asked,—“Have we now not done enough to show that a poet of power and promise,—a poet and philosopher both, is amongst us to delight and instruct—to elevate and guide? Do we err in saying that a fresh leaf is added to the laurel crown of poetry?” The praises of the other reviewers were no less enthusiastic, and no less just. “There is more novelty in the sentiments,” said the *Monthly Review*, “a greater sweep of subjects, and a finer sense

* Since the date of this sketch (1847), Mr. Tupper has had conferred upon him the degree of D. C. L. of the University of Oxford.—AMERICAN PUBLISHERS.

of moral beauty displayed by Mr. Tupper, than we remember to have seen in any work of its class, excepting of course the Proverbs of Solomon. We also discover in his Philosophy the stores of extensive reading, and the indisputable proofs of habitual and devout reflection, as well as the workings of an elegant mind." The work met with unprecedented success; and six large editions of it have been sold.* The author was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in consequence of it. He had already shown himself to be, in Shakspeare's phrase, "a Fellow of Infinite Wit," and, we may add, of Wisdom too. The King of Prussia, in token of his majesty's high approbation of "Proverbial Philosophy," sent him the gold medal for science and literature. The work became very popular in the United States. In New York alone, we are informed, ten thousand copies were sold during last year, and the work is known to be published in several other American cities. Its reputation is also great in the British colonies.

Mr. Tupper's next work was "Geraldine, a sequel to Coleridge's Christabel, with other poems," published in 1838; of which an opinion has been already expressed in this paper,—see No. 53, of *Church of England Journal*. The ideal plan of the Christabel has been well brought out by Mr. Tupper, in his *Sequel*; and it is no small praise to him to say, that the wild and original spirit that pervades it, is every way akin to the sublime and beautiful inspiration of the great but unfinished poem of Coleridge itself. The minor poems contained in the volume are singularly pleasing and graceful, and abound in touches of real beauty and genuine feeling. Besides "Ellen Grey," already quoted in these columns, the pieces entitled "The Alpine Elf;" "Children;" "A Cabinet of Fossils;" "The African Desert;" and some of the Sonnets, are our favourites, although all are good.

In 1839, he published, "A modern Pyramid; to Commemorate a Septuagint of Worthies;" designed to furnish illustrations and

* The tenth edition (of 6000 copies) is now selling in London; and in America nearly 200,000 have been sold.—AMERICAN PUBLISHERS.

descriptions of character of seventy of the most remarkable personages of sacred and profane history, ancient and modern. Among them are some of the patriarchs, some of the ancient sages of the East, some of the most noted men of Greece and Rome, chiefly philosophers and authors, some of the Apostles, and some of the most remarkable personages of the middle ages, and downwards, in the stream of time, to the present century. From the nature of the work, and its limits not admitting of more than seventy names, there are, of course, many omissions; but each of "the Worthies" introduced is the subject of a sonnet, and brief biographical sketch. The work exhibits all the peculiar qualities of Mr. Tupper's genius and style; high poetic feeling, fine taste, great fertility of imagination, and boldness of opinion and speculation; with profound practical thought, extensive and varied learning, a general knowledge of mankind and history, and great command of language. In this volume, too, the author appears to great advantage, as a zealous defender of the Faith, as held and taught by the Church of England.

In 1840, Mr. Tupper produced a pleasant volume of odds and ends, called, "An Author's Mind." Among the contents are pieces entitled, "The Author's Mind, a ramble;" "Nero, a tragedy;" "Opium, a history;" "Psychotherion, an argument;" "Heathenism, an Apology;" "Woman, a subject;" "Toilomatrix, a title;" "Appendix, an after-thought;" "Home, an Epic;" &c. Some poems of remarkable beauty are also introduced, with great effect, among the other pieces which compose this agreeable collection of "gaieties and gravities."

Mr. Tupper's next work, a rural novel, entitled "The Crock of Gold," designed to illustrate the commandment "Thou shalt not kill," as well as to show the curse and hardening effect of avarice, was published in 1844. It is a simple tale, very beautifully told; but nevertheless full of an extraordinary interest and attraction; one of those books indeed, which by its wit and pathos, its deep insight into human passions, and its powerful delineations

of virtue and crime, enchain the attention of the reader till he has finished its perusal, and leave behind a strong but wholesome and salutary impression on the mind. The plot purports to be the history of a poor labourer and his family, who from a life of peaceful and contented drudgery, became discontented and repining, and were gradually involved in sore trials and serious troubles. The principal characters of the story are honest Roger Acton, the luckless finder of "the Crock of Gold," his pure and simple-hearted daughter Grace, her lover Jonathan, Simon Jennings the murderer, his aunt Bridget Quarles, and Ben Burke, the poacher. The murder of Bridget by Jennings, is very graphically described; and the chapter headed "Next Morning," being that following the murder scene, is one of the finest pieces of writing in modern literature. The "Crock of Gold" is very popular in America; and it has been repeatedly dramatized and acted with success. In this country it has been extensively read.

The same year (1844) Mr. Tupper published two other works of fiction, in one volume each; namely, "Heart. A social novel;" and "The Twins. A Domestic Novel." The main design of these works appears to have been, upon something better than a mere sketchy foundation in each, to introduce some exciting scenes, and some episodial bursts of hearty religious writing; and they, more or less, illustrate, the one the commandment "thou shalt not commit adultery," and the other that of "thou shalt not covet." The twofold object of the author in the two stories—that is, the depicting of virtue and vice in their appropriate colours, and that as strongly as possible, and the pointing the moral, of each obtaining in due course its appropriate reward—is powerfully worked out in both; and as one of the most discriminating and competent critics who reviewed them said:—"In every page there is something which a reader would wish to bear in his memory for ever. For power of animated description, for eloquent reflection upon the events of every-day life, and for soft, touching, pathetic appeals to the best feelings of the heart, the

volumes are worthy of a place on every library table in the kingdom." The same reviewer says, very justly, of Mr. Tupper's style: "There is a genuine, hearty, straightforward, downright-ness about him that brings him right on the mark at once. His sentences are neither long, laboured, nor parenthetical, but they are animated by a fine racy idiomatic vigorousness of style that impresses their meaning on the mind and memory. He forms, as it were, a sort of half-way house between Dickens and Carlyle. Without the regularly sustained power of Boz, he has much of his *picturesqueness* in description and his pathos; and, without his eccentricity, he possesses no slight portion of the full-toned energy and characteristic raciness of the author of 'Sartor Resartus.'" Of such works as these three novels of Mr. Tupper, we hope yet to see many more specimens from his graphic pen.

His next work, published in 1845, is entitled "A Thousand Lines," a little tract of but sixty pages, containing poems on various subjects, written in his most captivating manner. Thought vigorous and fruitful, imagery vivid and beautiful, feeling warm and unaffected, clothed in language strong, hearty, and emphatic, or soft, pathetic, and musical, as the theme or the rhythm required, with an originality that cannot fail to be acknowledged in them all, are the characteristics of the verses of this little book. A new version of "Rule Britannia!" a stirring song for patriots in the year 1860, has in it a genuine fervent English spirit and tone, that make the very heart bound when perusing it. "The Emigrant Ship" is indeed an exquisite little lyric, full of delicate pathos, and instinct with gentle music; and a sound and high souled spirit of philosophy breathes in the noble and cheering stanzas entitled "Never Give Up!"

The last published work of Mr. Tupper is called "Probabilities; an Aid to Faith," issued in January last; resembling in idea the "Analogy" of Butler, but much simpler in detail, and altogether independent and original in argument and illustration. This small, but valuable and instructive volume we have noticed to-day.

Besides the works mentioned, Mr. Tupper published in 1838, "A Coronation Ode, and Sonnets," which, like all his poetry, display much poetic genius and great power of versification.*

In appearance, Mr. Tupper is, we believe, about the middle size; young-looking, and well favoured; with black hair, cheerful aspect, and cordial manner. Both in his deportment and in his writings, he has all the elements of popularity. Of the former, however, the writer of this sketch cannot speak from personal knowledge, as he is altogether unacquainted with him. With the latter he is quite familiar. His usual residence is at Albury, Surrey; but he has also a seat at Furzehill, near Brighton.

* "Hactenus," and a quantity of other occasional lyrics and prose pieces, with "King Alfred's own poems," translated from the Anglo-Saxon, have appeared since the publication of this sketch.—AMERICAN PUBLISHERS.



Dedication.

TO ALL FRIENDS.

*A book of many thoughts in mingled measures ;
Songs of my Heart, attuned through many a year
From time to time a silent hour to cheer ;
Unguarded tell-tales of mine inner pleasures,
High hopes, and joys most deep, and loves most dear ;
What welcome shall we find ? — Neglect ? — Reproof ?
A sullen pride that coldly holds aloof ?
No, Friends ! not such will be my welcome here :
From heart to heart I speak, from love to love,
With kindly words that kindness inspire,
Frankly, confidingly ; no fear, no fear
But love shall be your greeting to my lyre ;
For, through the mercies lent me from above,
I warm your hearts, O Friends ! with holy fire.*



TUPPER'S
POETICAL WORKS.

Ballads.

&c. &c.

To the Union.

FROM A UNIT.

GIANT aggregate of nations,
Glorious Whole of glorious Parts,
Unto endless generations
Live United, hands and hearts!
Be it storm, or summer-weather,
Peaceful calm, or battle-jar,
Stand in beauteous strength together,
Sister States, as Now ye are!

Every petty class-dissension
Heal it up, as quick as thought,
Every paltry place-pretension,
Crush it, as a thing of nought;
Let no narrow private treason
Your great onward progress bar,
But remain, in right and reason,
Sister States, as Now ye are!

Fling away absurd ambition!

People, leave that toy to kings;
Envy, jealousy, suspicion,
Be above such grovelling things!
In each other's joys delighted,
All your hate be — joys of war,
And by all means keep United,
Sister States, as Now ye are!

Were I but some scornful stranger,
Still my counsel would be just;
Break the band, and all is danger,
Mutual fear, and dark distrust:
But, you know me for a brother
And a friend who speak from far;
Be at one then with each other,
Sister States, as Now ye are!

If it seems a thing unholy
Freedom's soil by slaves to till,
Yet be just! and sagely, slowly,
Nobly, cure that ancient ill:
Slowly,—haste is fatal ever;
Nobly,—lest good faith ye mar;
Sagely,—not in wrath to sever
Sister States, as Now ye are!

Charm'd with your commingled beauty
England sends the signal round,
"Every man must do his duty"
To redeem from bonds the bound!
Then indeed your banner's brightness
Shining clear from every star
Shall proclaim your joint uprightness,
Sister States, as Now ye are!

So, a peerless constellation
 May those stars for ever blaze!
 Three-and-ten-times-threefold nation,
 Go ahead in power and praise!
 Like the many-breasted goddess
 Throned on her Ephesian car
 Be—one heart in many bodies!
 Sister States, as Now ye are.



The Anglo-Saxon Race.

A RHYME FOR ENGLISHMEN.

STRETCH forth! stretch forth! from the south to the north!
 From the east to the west,—stretch forth! stretch forth!
 Strengthen thy stakes, and lengthen thy cords,—
 The world is a tent for the world's true lords!
 Break forth and spread over every place,
 The world is a world for the Saxon Race!

England sowed the glorious seed,
 In her wise old laws, and her pure old creed,
 And her stout old heart, and her plain old tongue,
 And her resolute energies, ever young,
 And her free bold hand, and her frank fair face,
 And her faith in the rule of the Saxon Race!

Feebly dwindling day by day,
 All other races are fading away;
 The sensual South, and the servile East,
 And the tottering throne of the treacherous priest,
 And every land is in evil case
 But the wide-scatter'd realm of the Saxon Race!

Englishmen everywhere! brethren all!
By one great name on your millions I call,—
Norman, American, Gael, and Celt,
Into this fine mixed mass ye melt,
And all the best of your best I trace
In the golden brass of the Saxon Race!

Englishmen everywhere! faithful and free!
Lords of the land, and kings of the sea,—
Anglo-Saxons! honest and true,
By hundreds of millions my word is to you,—
Love one another! as brothers embrace!
That the world may be blest in the Saxon Race!



The Family Gathering.

1851.

A STAVE OF INVITATION.

For happiness, unity, plenty, and peace,
And brotherhood over the world,
For loves to increase, and dissensions to cease,
And war's bloody flag to be fur'd,
Come, gather together with hearty good will,
In the warmth of a generous mind,
And bring us the best of your strength and your skill,
To bless and to better mankind!

Let quicken'd invention its secret impart
The body to succour in need;
Let taste and high breeding, and delicate art,
The mind with their melodies feed:

Let just emulation and genius be glad
 To join in the liberal strife
 Which seals to the world all the wealth that it had,
 And adds to the blessings of life.

So, gather together! your leader and Prince,
 With many a true man beside,
 Has set up this standard the world to convince
 That commerce and love are allied:
 For Man, of all nations and kindreds, is one,
 And heartily well is it worth,
 Thus kindly to cause in the sight of the sun
 A Family Meeting of Earth!



England's Welcome to the World.

A BALLAD FOR 1851.

A VOICE of happy greeting to the Nations of the World!
 A Flag of peace for every shore, on every sea, unfurl'd!
 A Word of brotherhood and love to each who hears the call,—
 A Welcome to the World of Men, a Welcome, one and all!

O children of a common stock, O brothers all around,
 In kindliness and sympathy receive the joyful sound;
 Old England bids you welcome all, and wins you to her shore,
 To see how men of every clime may help each other more.

Old England greets you lovingly, as friend should greet a friend,
 And only prays that peaceful days may never have an end;
 And only hopes, by doing good, the good of all to gain,
 And so Goodwill from brethren still, right gladly to attain!

Come on then to this Tournament, of Peace, and skilful Art,
Come on, fair Europe's chivalry, and play the Bayard's part!
For honour, Austria, spur away! for honour, gentle France!
For honour, Russ, and Swede, and Turk, — come on with levell'd
lance!

Come on amain, high-hearted Spain! industrious Holland, come!
Italy, Persia, Greece, and Ind, — fill up the Nations' sum!
And chiefly with us, heart to heart, come on, and tilt for fame,
Columbia, — thou that England art in everything but name!

Not, as long since, for deeds of death, — but deeds to gladden life;
Provoking each for others' good to join the generous strife!
As in those games at Pytho, or in old Nemæa's grove,
Where Græcia's best and worthiest for honour only strove.

Come, wrestle thus in peace with us, and vie for glory's prize,
Bring out your wares of rarest work, and wealthiest merchandise;
Let every Craft of every clime produce its brilliant best,
The dazzling zone of Venus, and Minerva's starry crest!

Let Science add the miracles that human reason works
When tracking out the Mind of GOD that in all Nature lurks, —
The Wonderful, that HE hath made Beneficent to man,
And gives us wit to fathom it, and use it as we can!

O there are secrets choice and strange, that men have not found out,
Though up and down the earth we range, and forage round about,
The hidden things of Mercy's heart, the Beautiful-Sublime,
That GOD hath meant to cheer us on adown the stream of Time:

Adown the stream of Time, until — we reach that happier shore,
Where sin and pain come not again, and grief is grief no more;
For that, O nations, wisely strive to do all good you can,
And, gratefully as unto God, live brotherly with Man!

A Hymn for all Nations. 1851.

TRANSLATED INTO THIRTY LANGUAGES.

GLORIOUS God! on Thee we call,
Father, Friend, and Judge of all;
Holy Saviour, heavenly King,
Homage to Thy throne we bring!

In the wonders all around
Ever is Thy Spirit found,
And of each good thing we see
All the good is born of Thee!

Thine the beauteous skill that lurks
Everywhere in Nature's works;
Thine is Art, with all its worth,
Thine each masterpiece on earth!

Yea, and foremost in the van
Springs from Thee the Mind of Man;
On its light, for this is thine,
Shed abroad the love divine!

Lo, our God! Thy children here
From all realms are gather'd near,
Wisely gather'd,—gathering still—
For peace on earth, towards men good-will!

May we, with fraternal mind,
Bless our brothers of mankind;
May we, through redeeming love,
Be the blest of God above!

A Word for the Oregon Mission.

PUSH on! to earth's extremest verge,—
And plant the Gospel there,
Till wide Pacific's angry surge
Is soothed by Christian prayer;
Advance the standard, conquering van,
And urge the triumph on,
In zeal for God and love of man,
To distant Oregon!

Faint not, O soldier of the cross,
Its standard-bearer thou!
All California's gold is dross
To what thou winnest now!
A vast new realm, wherein to search
For truest treasure won,
God's jewels,—in his infant church
Of new-born Oregon.

Thou shalt not fail, thou shalt not fall!
The gracious living Word
Hath said of every land, that all
Shall glorify the Lord:
He shall be served from East to West,
Yea—to the setting sun,—
And JESU'S name be loved and blest
In desert Oregon.

Then, Brothers! help in this good deed,
And side with God to-day!
Stand by His servant now, to speed
His apostolic way:
Bethlehem's ever-leading star
In mercy guides him on
To light with holy fire from far
The Star of Oregon.

Our Voyage.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE ASIA, BY REQUEST.

COUNT up with me our mercies manifest
My brother voyagers; that God hath sped
Our wandering steps, in safety hither led,
Strong in His strength, and with His bounty blest.
O, how can half the perils be exprest
That He hath spared us on this prosperous way?
No evil hath come near us, to deform
One pleasant night, or one luxurious day,
No traitor rock, no fierce tyrannic storm:
But, as, at night, bell echoing answered bell
Like neighbouring village clocks, the cheering word
Ever was wafted in response, "All 's well!"
Thank God! that thus His ready grace hath heard
Our pray'rs, though few and feeble, truth to tell!

And, meekly think how many better men
Have gone this way in famine and in fear,
Yet, after all their toils, had laboured then
Vainly,—for Death hath feasted on them here!
O think how gulph'd away from human ken
Thousands have struggled in yon yeasty waves,
As gloomily, around some staggering wreck,
Yawn'd the black throats of those Atlantic graves!
We the while, pacing this high-terraced deck,
Like proud triumphant despots of the deep,
Set our calm feet on Ocean's vassal neck;
And day or night, in pastimes or in sleep,
With ease and skill and mammoth-muscle force
Speed to the goal of our victorious course!

The Old and the New.

SHALL it be with a tear or a smile, Old World,
That I bid you farewell for awhile, Old World,
 Shall you and I part
 With a pang at the heart,
Or in cold-blooded stoical style, Old World?

In truth, it must be with a tear, Old World,
For much that is near and is dear, Old World!
 The lingering mind
 Looks sadly behind
In doubt and reluctance and fear, Old World.

Yet ever, by land and by sea, Old World,
God helps us wherever we be, Old World;
 My babes He will keep
 Awake or asleep,
And happily travel with me, Old World!

So thus with a spirit at rest, New World,
I seek your bright shores of the West, New World!
 With hearty good will
 My work to fulfil,
And do what I do for the best, New World!

Gratefully here for a space, New World,
Shall I bask in the sun of thy face, New World,
 Wherever I roam
 To feel always at home,
With brothers in every place, New World.

No dignified dulness to freeze, New World,
But cordial kindness and ease, New World,
 Invite me to stand,
 With my heart in my hand,
To give it wherever I please, New World.

A Word on Arrival.

WRITTEN IN NEW YORK HARBOUR, ON BOARD THE ASIA.

NOT with cold scorn, or ill-dissembled sneer,
 Ungraciously your kindly looks to greet,
 By God's good favour safely wafted here,
 After long hope and promise many a year,
 O friends and brothers, face to face we meet.
 Now, for a little space, my willing feet
 Shall tread your happy shores; my heart and voice
 Your kindred love shall quicken and shall cheer;
 While in your greatness shall my soul rejoice—
 For you are England's nearest and most dear!
 Suffer my simple fervours to do good,
 As one poor pilgrim haply may and can,
 Who, knit to heaven and earth by gratitude,
 Speaks from his heart, to touch his brother man.

 New Zealand.

A SONG FOR THE ANTIPODES.

QUEEN of the South! which the mighty Pacific
 Claims for its Britain in ages to be,
 Bright with fair visions and hopes beatific,
 Glorious and happy thy future I see!
 Thither the children of England are thronging,
 There for true riches securely to search;
 Not for thy gold, California, longing,
 But for sweet home, with enough, and a Church!

There, a soft clime and a soil ever teeming,
 Summer's December, and Winter's July,
 The bright Southern Cross in the firmament gleaming,
 The Dove, and the Crown, and the Altar on high,—
 There, the broad prairies with forest and river,
 There, the safe harbours are bidding men search
 For Thy best blessings, O Heavenly Giver!
 Home, with enough, and an Englishman's Church!

Yes; for Britannia, the Mother of Nations,
 Sends out her children, as teeming old Greece,
 Good men and great men, to stand in their stations,
 Merchants of plenty, and heralds of peace:
 Stout Anglo-Saxons! Port Victory calls you;
 Take the glad omen, and speedily search
 Where you shall gather, whatever befalls you,
 Truest of treasures, a Home and a Church!

Fifty years hence—look forward and see it,
 Realm of New Zealand, what then shalt thou see?
 (If the world lives, at THE FATHER'S So be it,)
 All shall be greatness and glory with thee!
 Even should Britain's decay be down-written
 In the dread doom-book that no man may search,
 Still shall an Oxford, a London, a Britain,
 Gladden the South with a Home and a Church!

Canterbury Pilgrims.

A "GOD SPEED."

HEAVEN speed you, noble band!
 Link'd together, heart and hand,
 Sworn to seek that far-off land,
Canterbury pilgrims,—

Heaven speed you! brothers brave,
Waft you well by wind and wave;
Heaven shield you! Heaven save!
Canterbury pilgrims.

Like a Queen of swarming bees,
England, hived amid the seas,
Sends you by a favouring breeze,
Canterbury pilgrims,
With a mother's tender care,
To her Southern sister there,
Her young sister, fresh and fair,
Canterbury pilgrims!

Fresh the soil, and fair the clime,
Lightly touch'd by toil or time,
Scarcely tinged with care or crime,
Canterbury pilgrims,—
Go then, cheerfully go forth!
Hasten to replenish earth
With Old England's honest worth,
Canterbury pilgrims!

Aye—with industry—for gold,
Godliness—for wealth untold,
Go, in Christian duty bold,
Canterbury pilgrims,—
Glad New Zealand bids you share
Each man plenty, and to spare,—
GOD be with you then and there,
Canterbury pilgrims!

Sonnet.

BY WAY OF POSTSCRIPT.

Go forth, in faith and patience, hope and love!
 But think not, voyagers, to leave behind
 Ills of the flesh or passions of the mind,
 Nor to anticipate the bliss above
 In this new home: for evil must be there,
 Evil, that sails alike on every wind,
 In spite of all your caution, all your care:
 Then be ye tolerant; let no stern soul,
 However right his ethics or his life,
 Over the weaker brothers claim control,
 Stirring the flock to bitterness of strife:
 Honour man's conscience; from all shackles loose
 The honest mind with freedom's instinct rife:
 Take the Church with you, but no church-abuse.



The Canterbury Seal.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

TRIPLE blessings on the plough,
 Triple blessings on the fleece!
 Heaven's Angel send you now
 To be fruitful and increase:
 "So your country shall remain,"
 And all happiness be pour'd
 Upon Canterbury plain,
 From the LORD!

Triple blessings on the fleece,
Triple blessings on the plough!
For beneath the Cross of Peace
All your toil is hallow'd now:
While the Church, in sacred robe,
Is your help on either hand,
As the pillars of the globe
Ye shall stand!

Britain, to Columbia.

A MESSAGE OF PEACE.

SISTER Empress, daughter dear,
Throned on yonder hemisphere,
With a grand career to run
Glorious as thy western sun,
Sister, Daughter—we are one!

One, in stories of the past,
One, in glories, still to last,
One in speech, and one in face,
One in honest pride of race,
One in faith, and hope, and grace!

Sister, we have sinn'd of old,
Both of us, through lust of gold;
We, for centuries, you, for years,
Undismay'd by judgment fears,
Throve on—human woes and tears!

Verily, our brothers' blood
Whelm'd us in its crimson flood!
Yet, at last we turn'd, and gave,
As a ransom from the grave,
Royal freedom to the slave!

Britain's penitential zeal
Let it work Columbia's weal;
Wisely hasten, as thou wilt,
Soon to wash away this guilt—
Man in chains, and life-blood spilt!

We are mute,—we may not chide;
Only pray thee, put aside
That which must be bane to thee,
If, as Christian, Strong, and Free,
Thou endure it still to be.

Yet, in frankness, we confess
We made too much haste, to bless;
Not at once, be well assured,
But with gradual health allured,
Can this chronic plague be cured.

Through the wisdom of to-day
We have learnt a better way;
Sister,—it is thine own plan!
Take the poor degraded man,
Teach him kindly all you can,—

Then, with liberal hand, restore
To his own Liberian shore
This poor son of wrong and night,
Newly blest with hope and light,
And the patriot freeman's Right!

So shall Africa blockade
Bloodlessly that dreadful trade:
And Liberia's "open door,"
School, and Church, and merchant-store,
Bless her children evermore.

Dieu, et mon Droit.

A LOYAL TEXT.

No fanciful hope, and no cowardly fear
Shall ever be lord of my breast,
An Englishman gathers his comfort and cheer
From Duty by Providence blest;
The good royal motto, from Normandy won,
Upholds him by day and by night,
Adversity's moon, and prosperity's sun,
Are shining in "God and my Right!"

My God! the great guard, the good ruler, and friend,
Who made me, and guides as He will;
My Right! which His government helps to defend,
And bids me stand up for it still:
The heart that has trusted Him well does He love,
And fills it with heavenly light,
Rejoiced upon earth with all peace from above,
And resting on "God and my Right!"

My Right—the right way, and my Right—the right arm,
And my Right—the true rights of the case,—
Strong, honest, deserving, the triple-tied charm
That keeps a man firm in his place;
With these well about us, and God overhead,
We fear not whatever we fight,
There never was mortal who fail'd or who fled,
Whose motto was, "God and my Right!"

The Great Exhibition of 1851.

A BALLAD FOR THE WORKMAN.

HURRAH! for honest Industry, hurrah! for handy skill,
Hurrah! for all the wondrous works achieved by Wit and Will!
The triumph of the Artizan has come about at length,
And Kings and Princes flock to praise his comeliness and strength.

Now is the time, the blessed time, for brethren to agree,
And rich and poor of every clime at unity to be;
When Labour honour'd openly, and not alone by stealth,
With horny hand and glowing heart may greet his brother Wealth.

Aye, wealth and rank are labour's kin, twin brethren all his own,
For every high estate on earth, of labour it hath grown;
By duty and by prudence, and by study's midnight oil,
The wealth of all the world is won by God-rewarded toil!

Then hail! thou goodly Gathering, thou brotherhood indeed!
Where all the sons of men can meet as honest Labour's seed;
The tribes of turban'd Asia, and Afric's ebon skin,
And Europe and America, with all their kith and kin!

From East and West, from North and South, to England's happy
coast

By tens of thousands, lo! they come, the great industrial host,—
By tens of thousands welcom'd for their handicraft and worth,
Behold they greet their brethren of *the Workshop of the Earth*.

Right gladly, brother workmen, will each English Artizan
Rejoice to make you welcome all, as honest man to man,
And teach, if aught he has to teach, and learn the much to learn,
And show to men in every land, how all the world may *earn*!

Whatever earth, man's heritage, of every sort can yield,
From mine and mountain, sea and air, from forest and from field;
Whatever reason, God's great gift, can add or take away,
To bring the worth of all the world beneath the human sway;

Whatever science hath found out, and industry hath earn'd,
And taste hath delicately touch'd, and high-bred art hath learn'd;
Whatever God's good handicraft, the man He made, hath made,
By man, God's earnest artizan, the best shall be display'd!

O think it not an idle show, for praise, or pride, or pelf,
No man on earth who gains a good can hide it for himself;
By any thought that any thing can any how improve,
We help along the cause of all, and give the world a move!

It is a great and glorious end to bless the sons of man,
And meet for peace and doing good, in kindness while we can;
It is a greater and more blest, the Human Heart to raise
Up to the God who giveth all, with gratitude and praise!



The Poet's Mission.

A PROTEST.

NOT to flatter kings,
Not to serve a Court,
Bent on nobler things
Than to make them sport;
Loyal, gentle, kind,
Yet honest, frank, and free,
Pure in life and mind,
Must the poet be!

Meekness at his heart,
Though triumph on his brow,
Well to do his part
Is his daily vow;
Zealous for the best
His earnest spirit can,
And, at GOD'S behest,
Swift to gladden Man!

Honour thou the GIFT,
Count it no man's slave;
To the LORD uplift
What His bounty gave!
Let thy spirit spring
Up to Heaven's gate,
There, on quivering wing,
SONG to consecrate!

Song,—it soothes the heart,
Song, it charms the world;
Song, it is a dart
By a giant hurl'd;
Song,—a torrent's strength
In its force is found
When, aroused at length,
Nations hear the sound!

Hark! they hear, and feel,
And may sleep no more!
Hark! the patriot peal
Rings from shore to shore;
And, in danger's hour,
Stands the poet then,
Girt about with power
As a King of men!

At his burning spell
Quakes the solid shore,
And with yearning swell
Rises ocean's roar,
Till the PEOPLE'S will
Like a storm is heard,
Conjured by the skill
Of their poet's word!

At his gentle voice
All that storm is calm,
And the woods rejoice,
And the breeze is balm,
And Hosannas rise
From a Nation's heart,
Flaming to the skies
Through the Poet's art!

Art? it is his breath,
The sighing of his soul!
Art? it might be Death
The fervour to control!
Not by such a name
Call the glorious birth
Of this heavenly flame
Lit to kindle earth!

As his heart may glow,
Freely must his song,
Like an overflow,
Gush out fresh and strong!
No constraint be there
His energies to tire;
Zeal, and love, and prayer
String the Poet's lyre!

•
God bless the Queen.

(*A loyal outburst, occasioned by the cowardly attack upon her Majesty.*)

JUNE 27, 1850.

GOD bless the Queen! that echo darts
 Electric through the land;
 God save the Queen! a million hearts
 Are with its fervour fann'd:
 And, God be thanked! He saves the Queen,
 He blesses her in love;
 HIS Providence is ever seen
 To guard her from above!

O dastard! thus to strike that brow
 Anointed, and so fair;
 O brave young Queen! that bruise is now
 The brightest jewel there!
 In gentlest majesty sublime,
 Courageous and serene,—
 How nobly does so mean a crime
 Add glories to the Queen!

Yes: evil men and evil deeds
 Are like some monster chain'd,—
 That, when its wickedness succeeds,
 Works only good constrain'd:
 O Queen! the deed a traitor dares
 Is but a kindled spark
 To set ablaze thy people's prayers
 For Thee, the nation's Ark!

The Moon and Moonshine.

AN ALLEGORY.

UPON a slumbering lake at night
The moon looks down in love,
And there, in chasten'd beauty bright,
A sister sphere of silver light
Seems bathing from above.

Anon, an evil man comes near,
And a rude stone he flings,
Half in hate and half in fear,
To crush the calm accusing sphere
That looks such lovely things.

He flung, and struck; and in swift race
Round ran the startled waves;
He triumph'd for a little space;
But see! how soon that same calm face
Again her beauty laves.

So, friend, if envy hits thy name,
Be still, it passes soon;
Thy lamp is burning all the same,
And, even for that moonshine Fame,
It must reflect its Moon.

“Nobody feels or cares!”

A LAMENTATION.

THE world is dying, its heart is cold,
And well nigh frozen dead,—
A sorrowful thing it is to grow old,
With all the feelings fled,—

Dull are its eyes, and dismal its voice,
 And a mourner's cloak it wears,
 For all have forgotten to love or rejoice,—
 Nobody feels or cares!

Time was, when zeal and honour and joy,
 And charities cheering life,
 Mix'd grains of gold with the mass of alloy,
 And starr'd this night of strife;
 But now, it is all for a man's own self,
 And not how his neighbour fares;
 Except for pleasure, and pride, and pelf,
 Nobody feels or cares!

Be wise, or a fool,—be good or be bad,
 To others it's much the same;
 They heed not a whit if you're merry or sad,
 Or worthy of praise or blame:
 The world is reaping its broadcast seed
 Of briers and thorns and tares,
 And the only word in which all are agreed
 Is — Nobody feels or cares!



The "Clameur de Haro."

AN OLD NORMAN APPEAL TO THE SOVEREIGN;

which saved Castle Cornet from demolition, in August 1850, Guernsey.

HARO, HARO! à l'aide, mon Prince!
 A loyal people calls;
 Bring out Duke Rollo's Norman lance
 To stay destruction's fell advance
 Against the Castle walls;—

Haro, Haro! à l'aide, ma Reine!
Thy duteous children not in vain
Plead for old Cornet yet again
 To spare it, ere it falls!
What! shall Earl Rodolph's sturdy strength
After six hundred years at length
 Be recklessly laid low?
His grey machicolated tower
Torn down within one outraged hour
By worse than Vandal's ruthless power?
 Haro! à l'aide, Haro!

Nine years old Cornet, for the Throne,
Against rebellion stood alone,—
 And honour'd still shall stand
For heroism so sublime,
A relic of the olden time,
Renown'd in Guernsey prose and rhyme,
 The glory of her land!
Ay,—let your science scheme and plan
 With better skill than so:
Touch not this dear old barbican,
 Nor dare to lay it low!
On Vazon's ill-protected bay
Build and blow up, as best ye may,
And do your worst to scare away
 Some visionary foe,—
But, if in brute and blundering power
You tear down Rodolph's granite tower,
Defeat, and scorn, and shame, that hour
Shall whelm you like an arrowy shower,—
 Haro! à l'aide, Haro!

Mont Orgueil: Jersey.

AN HISTORICAL PICTURE.

MOUNT of Honour, Mount of Pride,
Throned above the stormy tide,—
Feudal eyrie, built on high,
As to flout the common sky,
Weather-beaten, ivied pile,
Glory of this Norman isle,—
Thee my song would praise to-day,
Dreaming of ages past away!

Woe! for those old evil times,
Foul with wrong, and full of crimes;
Woe! for those drear days of old,
Dark with horrors all untold!
Through the mist of centuries past,
Dimly cluster'd, thick and fast,
Shrouded in sepulchral gloom,
Shadowy forms of terror loom!
See! the Cromlech on this height,
Red with the Druid's bloody rite,—
The Beacon, blazing far away,
To beckon pirates to their prey,—
The Cairn, piled high above the wave
Some rude Berserkir's gory grave,—
The rocky Fort, aloft that stood
To guard some Sea-king's briny brood,
When off he flew, for blood to roam,
Leaving his vulture flock at home,—
All these, with Shame, and Sin, and Fear,
Dimly vision'd, cluster here!

Then, Rome's vengeful cohorts came
To cleanse the nest by sword and flame;

With foss and mound secured the post,
And mann'd it with her iron host:
So on, so on; till Rollo's power
Tore down amain the Roman's tower,
And proudly flung against the sky
Old Gouray's battlements on high!
This was thine hour of pride and fame;
When gentle knight, and high-born dame,
In hall, and bower, and warder'd gate
Kept their high chivalric state:
Nor soon was this thy glory set; —
De Barentin, De Carteret,
Stand forth! and tell us of your might
Against Du Guesclin in the fight;
How the Great Captain lost the day,
And rash Maulevrier slunk away,
And our fifth Henry's favouring smile
Changed Gouray Fort to Mont Orgueil,
For patriot praise, and truth well tried,
Mount of honour, Mount of Pride!

So on, so on: and years flew by
That times were changed, and words ran high,
And fanatics stood charged with sin,
And foolish zeal imprison'd Prynne:
Then Charles, in retribution's hour,
Felt here a despot people's power,
Hiding his wanderer head awhile,
Ere yet he left the loyal isle.
So, years flew on; by scores they past,
And kings and kingdoms perish'd fast;
Till a fair Queen, in happier days
Bless'd all her realm with peaceful praise,
And gilt, with Her benignant smile,
Her royal castle, Mount Orgueil!

O, God be thank'd, for quiet hours,
 When nought is known of feudal towers,
 But the fair picture that they fill,
 With sea, and sky, and wooded hill!
 O, God be thank'd for times like these,
 Of brother's love, and grateful ease,
 When war no fiercer sight affords
 Than ivied forts, and rusty swords!

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Come as you are.

A RHYME FOR RAGGED SCHOOLS.

(*Widely circulated.*)

COME to the schools that your friends are preparing,  
 Poor little brothers, come over to us!  
 Just as you stand in the clothes you are wearing,  
 Though they be ragged and scanty as thus;  
 Come from the alley, the lane, and the passage,  
 Come in your rags,—but as *clean as you can*;  
 We have a mission to each, and a message,  
 Happy and true, of his rights as a Man.

Don't be downhearted, if fools for an hour  
 Laugh at your schooling and treat it with scorn;  
 Answer them truly, that "Knowledge is Power,"  
 And that a blockhead were better unborn;  
 Laugh as they may, your laugh will be longest,  
 Your's is for ever, their's but for once;  
 Soon shall they own you both wisest and strongest;  
 Scholars must govern the fool and the dunce!

Yes, my boys, come! without fear or suspicion,  
 All that we wish is your gain and your good  
 Body and soul to improve your condition,  
 And we would better it more if we could;  
 But where we cannot, yourselves may be able,  
 Willingly coming to hear and to learn,  
 How, for the soul to be happy and stable,  
 And, for the body, your living to earn!

So then come over, young scholars, and listen,  
 Helping yourselves, as in honour you ought!  
 We'll tell you things that'll make your eyes glisten,  
 Brighten the spirit, and heighten the thought:  
 Come then, and welcome, in rags and in tatters,  
 Anyhow come,—but as *clean as you can*;  
 Come and learn gladly these glorious matters,  
 All the best *rights* in the *duties* of Man!



## Mont St. Michel.

### A CONDOLENCE ON THE SPOT.

ALAS! for thy pollutions, wondrous pile,  
 Rare pyramid of Nature and high Art,  
 Desecrate, and befoul'd in every part  
 By all that moderns add of mean and vile:  
 Woe, for thine ancient glories gone to waste!  
 These sculptured cloisters, and that lofty aisle,  
 This arch'd chivalric hall of sumptuous taste,  
 Those Norman turrets, (whose unconquer'd strength  
 Enclose the steep old town of gables strange) —  
 After a thousand years, all, all at length

Given up to filth and felons!—gaol-birds range  
 Where erst devoted maids and holy men  
 Peal'd their full anthem:—O the bitter change,  
 Heaven's gorgeous house become corruption's den!

Thou sad Romance in stone among the seas,—  
 Monstrous Chimæra, saint and fiend in one,  
 Where the Archangel, soaring to the sun,  
 Feels the brute serpent coil'd about his knees;  
 O pinnacles, and flying buttresses  
 Rear'd on a festering heap of foul and base;  
 O hallowed Pharos, rank with oily lees;  
 O censer, spoil'd of all thy fragrant grace,—  
 Alas! how fair, how fearful is this place!  
 Round it, the garden of Hesperides  
 Once bloom'd,—with that “old dragon” for a guard  
 The stone Kimmerian windings of Carnac;  
 But now, the light that since blazed heavenward  
 Is quench'd,—and all again is utter black!



### St. Helier's Hermitage, Jersey.

#### A VINDICATION.

ANCHORITE, whose rugged nest,  
 Swept by wind and wash'd by wave,  
 Perch'd on yonder rocky crest  
 Was thy dwelling, and thy grave,—  
 Should I mock thee, holy man?  
 Should I not revere thy name?  
 Nor do honour, if I can,  
 To St. Helier's martyr-fame?

Come, ye scoffers, and behold !  
Here is the luxurious bed  
Where your pamper'd monk of old  
Nightly laid his aged head :  
In this cave he wept, and pray'd,—  
Till the Northman pirate came,  
And achieved with bloody blade  
Our poor hermit's martyr-fame !

True,—in venial error still  
His devotion stood aloof  
From the world and all its ill,  
Under this low vaulted roof ;  
Yet, he wrestled in his cell  
For high heav'n his soul to frame,—  
O ye worldlings, it were well  
Could ye win such martyr-fame !

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St. Paul's, of St. Helena.

AN APPEAL, WRITTEN BY REQUEST.

BEAUTIFUL Isle ! where the Exile of Glory  
Sank to his rest, like the sun in the sea,—  
Fair St. Helena,—*his* fate and *his* story  
Are not the best that we boast of in thee ;  
No ! nor is even the bloom of thy beauty  
Finest and first in the glen or the height,  
But—where thy children in love and in duty  
Earnestly worship The Father aright !

Lo now! this fruit of their pious devotion  
 Grows, like a cedar on Lebanon's side;  
 Slowly, "St. Paul's," the Church of the Ocean,  
 Rises to brighten Atlantic's dark tide!  
 Thither, shall soon be gladly repairing  
 Sons of the stranger, with sons of the soil,—  
 Thither, poor Africa's children, preparing  
 Thanks for their freedom from tyrannous toil.

Soon? but how soon?—Right heartily speed it,  
 Ye that fear God, and are loving to man!  
 Haste with your aid,—they ask it and need it;  
 Help the good work with the best that you can:  
 What St. Helena is nobly beginning  
 Stand by her, England! to finish it all,  
 And, by the souls that your zeal will be winning,  
 Crown with its top-stone The Church of St. Paul!

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### Perl.

STRUCK down at noon amid the startled throng,  
 An eagle shot while soaring to the sun;  
 A wounded gladiator dying strong  
 As loth to leave the glories he had won;  
 A life-long patriot, with his work half done,—  
 Of thee, great Statesman, shall my mourning song  
 Arise in due solemnity!—of thee,  
 Whom the wide world, so lately and so long  
 Thine acolyte, would crowd to hear and see  
 Their intellectual Athlete, their high name  
 For eloquence and prudence, gifts and powers:  
 But lo! that starry mind, a heavenly flame,  
 Is well enfranchised from this earth of ours,  
 Translated in the zenith of its fame!

## Wordsworth.

WE will not sorrow for the glorious dead,—  
Death is The Life to glory's hallow'd sons!  
Above this body, in its prison-bed,  
Soar the free spirits of those blessed ones,  
Waiting in hope, on heavenly manna fed:  
To such rich feast in beauteous raiment led,  
Why should we wail for him, as those who wept  
Some Lycidas or Bion of old time,  
Mourning as dead the soul that only slept?  
No! rather, let the pæan rise sublime  
For nature's poet-priest from nature's voice,—  
Let sea and sky be glad, and field, and fen,  
And pastoral vale, and thunder-riven glen,  
And dewy Rydal in her bard rejoice!

For there, by hill or dale, in sun or shade,  
He "communed with the universe" in love;  
"The deep foundations of his mind" were laid,  
Sphered in their midst, on all around, above:  
He read God's heart, in all His hand hath made:  
Then, in the majesty of simple truth,  
To man's dim mind he show'd the mind of God  
Lustrous and lovely, "full of pity and ruth,"  
For high and low, the sunbeam—and the sod!  
So did he teach in age, as erst in youth,—  
To turn away from passion's lurid light,  
And yearn on purer things of lowlier birth,  
Pure because lowly,—which, in God's own sight,  
As in his servants', are the pearls of earth.

## Cambridge.

ANOTHER of thy chiefs, O Israel,  
 Gone to a good man's rest, and high reward,  
 As full of years as honours; it is well  
 Thus timely to be called to meet the LORD!  
 O death,—how oft Britannia tolls the knell  
 For those she loves, a mother for her sons!  
 Yet is it seldom that her tongue can tell  
 More truly how she mourns her mighty ones,  
 Than now in honest sorrow fills her breast;  
 For *he* was worthy; full of kindness,  
 A man of peace, and charity, and truth;  
 For ever doing good, and feeling blest  
 (Though nurtured as a warrior from his youth)  
 In finding what a joy it is to bless!



## President Taylor.

"I AM prepared to die; for I have tried  
 To do my Duty!"—Was it Nelson's twin  
 Who spake so like an hero when he died,  
 A Christian hero, with forgiven sin?  
 Yes!—it is one, Columbia's honest pride  
 (And mother England's joy,—we claim him too,)

Who now is gone far other spoils to win  
 Than late of Palo-Alto,—higher meed,  
 Trophies of nobler fame, and praise more true,  
 Than those a grateful country well decreed  
 To her Best Son; her best and bravest son,  
 Rough for the fight, but Ready heart and hand  
 To make it up again with victory won,  
 In war—and peace—the Glory of his Land!



## Rajah Brooke.

NOBLE heart, of purpose high,  
Hasten on thy great career,  
Heedless of the coward cry  
Slander shouts in Envy's ear;  
Even now the falsehoods die,  
Half for shame and half for fear,  
Even now the clouds go by,  
And thy heaven again is clear!

Let them whisper what they can,  
Lightly scoff, or loudly blame;  
Still, O glorious friend of Man,  
Such mean censure speeds thy fame:  
Good men bless, where bad men ban;  
Ever was it seen the same,  
That the leader of the van  
Won his way through foes and flame!

Rajah! throned on Indian seas,  
Thou art there to bless Mankind,  
Sent to sow by every breeze  
Seeds of good for heart and mind;  
Carrying out God's great decrees  
To the Saxon race assign'd,  
Which the Right all stoutly frees,  
But is stern the Wrong to bind!

### Africa's Self-Blockade.

SISTER, we are not slow to learn of thee  
 How best to compass good; how best to pour  
 Freedom and health, as on Liberia's shore,  
 Along the skirt of Afric's Western sea;  
 Sister Columbia, wiser than of yore  
 We love in all things generous to agree!  
 And, well content if blessing so may be  
 To the poor darkling slave, a slave no more,  
 Frankly we haste to fringe the sea-board thus  
 With homes and fields of freemen: glad to win  
 Around the standards reared by thee and us,  
 Body and soul, the rescued sons of sin  
 From both worlds' doom of wretchedest and worst,  
 Through us no more benighted nor accurst!



### Low Spirits.

It is not Time,—I joy to see  
 My children growing up;  
 It is not Sin,—remorse for me  
 Holds out no bitter cup;  
 Nor doth Mammon's dreary din  
 Add its gloom to Time or Sin.

It is not that the Past was sweet,—  
 Many griefs were there!  
 It is not that the Future's feet  
 Are shrouded up in care;  
 Providence is wise and kind,  
 And I am strong for heart and mind.

Why then be sad? why thus, my heart,  
 Disquieted within?  
 Great is the mercy that thou art  
 Unscared by care and sin;  
 That Time to Thee has small alloy,  
 And memory's thoughts are thoughts of joy.

Why then so sad?—My friends of old  
 Are dead and gone, or changed;  
 My childhood's nest of home is cold,  
 And each old haunt estranged;  
 So that I walk a stranger there,  
 With none to feel for how I fare!

True,—many new found friends may throng,  
 And make a passing show;  
 But always as they stream along  
 Like dreams they come and go,—  
 And,—however kind they be,  
 They bring not back the Past to me!

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### Fortitude.

NEW WORDS TO THE FINE TUNE, "MYNHEER VAN DUNK."

MINE own stout heart!  
 You and I must never part,  
 But bravely get on together,—  
 Through calm and strife,  
 And the ups and downs of life,  
 In winter, or summer weather!  
 Singing, O! for a true bold heart shall be  
 Ever found in its warm old place with me,  
 Cheerful evermore, and frank, and free,  
 Though the Mountains be drown'd in the rolling Sea!

Troubles, well season'd, as being well sent,  
No honest man dreams of scorning;  
But he mixes them up in his cup of content,  
And fears no foes  
While he happily knows  
That Night must end in Morning!  
For a brave glad heart shall always be  
Beating in its own warm nest with me,  
Cheerful evermore, and frank, and free,  
Though the Mountains be drown'd in the rolling Sea!



“How much worse it might have been!”

A TEXT FOR THE DISCONTENTED.

HONEST fellow, sore beset,  
Vext by troubles quick and keen,  
Thankfully consider yet  
“How much worse it might have been!”  
Worthily thy faults deserve  
More than all thine eyes have seen,  
Think thou then with sterner nerve,  
“How much worse it might have been!”

Though the night be dark and long,  
Morning soon shall break serene,  
And the burden of thy song  
“How much worse it might have been!”  
God, the Good One, calls to us  
On His Providence to lean,  
Shout then out devoutly thus,  
“How much worse it might have been!”

## A Night-sail in the Race of Alderney.

SEPT. 6, 1850.

SPRINKLED thick with shining studs,  
Stretches wide the tent of heaven,  
Blue, begemm'd with golden buds,—  
Calm, and bright, and deep, and clear,  
Glory's hollow hemisphere  
Arch'd above these frothing floods,  
Right and left asunder riven,  
As our cutter madly scuds,  
By the fitful breezes driven,  
When exultingly she sweeps  
Like a dolphin through the deeps,  
And from wave to wave she leaps,  
Rolling in this yeasty leaven,—  
Ragingly that never sleeps,  
Like the wicked unforgiven!

Midnight, soft and fair above,  
Midnight, fierce and dark beneath,—  
All on high the smile of love,  
All below the frown of death:  
Waves that whirl in angry spite  
With a phosphorescent light  
Gleaming ghastly on the night,—  
Like the pallid sneer of Doom,  
So malicious, cold, and white,  
Luring to this watery tomb,  
Where in fury and in fright  
Winds and waves together fight

Hideously amid the gloom,—  
As our cutter gladly scuds,  
Dipping deep her sheeted boom  
Madly to the boiling sea,  
Lighted in these furious floods  
By that blaze of brilliant studs,  
Glistening down like glory-buds  
On the Race of Alderney!

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### Genius and Friends.

WHEN the star of good fortune is rising,  
And seems to the zenith to soar,  
How tenderly friends will be prizing  
The beauties forgotten before;  
O! Genius will look very bright  
In the blaze of Prosperity's light!

But let the dimm'd planet be setting  
Below the horizon in cloud,  
Right soon will your friends be forgetting  
The gifts they so frankly allowed;  
Ah! Genius will show very slight  
In the gloom of Adversity's night!

Yet none the less glorious and holy  
Is shining that sun of the soul,  
Let Fortune be lofty or lowly,  
And Friendship rejoice or condole;  
For Genius can claim as his right  
True homage by day and by night!

## The Manchester Athenæum.

(*Stanzas, solicited, in aid of its Liabilities, Oct. 1850.*)

A TEMPLE of generous health,  
To gladden the spirit of youth;  
A mine of intelligent wealth,  
A treasury teeming with truth,—  
Come, help in so happy a work,  
Such pleasure and gain to secure,  
Gain, where little evil can lurk,  
And pleasure can only be pure!

How wise it must be and how blest,  
After the toils of the day,  
That body and mind be at rest,  
Whiling their sorrows away;  
Consider how grateful a thing  
Such rational solace to find,  
And Ignorance gladly to bring  
To feast upon food for the Mind!

Remember, how wise for the young  
So purely their evenings to spend  
The poets and sages among,  
With every good book for a friend!  
Remember, how well for the old  
To rub the dull heart from its rust,  
That earthly pollutions and gold  
Drag it not down to the dust!

Then freely and frankly make haste  
To help, where your help is so worth;  
And let not this temple of taste,  
So full of the treasures of earth,

Through negligence go to decay;  
 But rather in truth and in deed,  
 May Manchester glory to-day,  
 That Britain has bid her God-speed!



### The Kingston Coronation Stone.

(*A Stave, solicited at its Inauguration, Oct. 1850.*)

REJOICE! that Praise and Honour at length  
 Return to their ancient rest,—  
 As a wounded eagle gathers his strength  
 To recover his rock-built nest;  
 For of old, around yon rugged throne  
 Tradition tenderly clings,  
 To hail that stone, as its brother of Scone,  
 The Throne of the Seven Kings!

EDWARD THE ELDER there was crown'd,  
 GREAT ALFRED's glorious son,—  
 And ATHELSTAN, thro' the wide world renown'd  
 For merchant-trophies won,—  
 EDMUND and ETHELRED, in high state,  
 With ELDRED, and EDWY THE FAIR,  
 And EDWARD, due to a MARTYR's fate,  
 Were throned in honour there!

Thou then, such ancestry's Royal seed,  
 Britannia's Heiress-Queen!  
 In grace consider the loyal deed  
 Thy Saxon children mean;  
 To the time-hallowed Past its homage due  
 The Present wisely brings,  
 And thus would we pour our chrism anew  
 On the Throne of the Seven Kings!



## A Stave of Sympathy.

*(Offered, in lieu of a solicited Lecture, to the Young Men's Christian Association, Nov. 1850.)*

MY blessing, young brother! an honest God-speed,  
A Christian and true British cheer!  
The best and wisest among us have need  
Of hearty encouragement here:  
And wholesome it is to be hail'd, as we go  
Along the dark rapids of life,  
By those who are weath'ring the perils, and know  
The way to be steer'd in the strife!

By diligence, brother, and quiet content;  
By purity, growing from prayer;  
By looking on all things as order'd and sent  
From God, in His fatherly care;  
By thrusting the cup of temptation aside,  
And tasting it—no! not a sip!  
By cleansing the head from the cobwebs of pride,  
And banishing scorn from the lip.

By reading, and working, and doing your best  
In all that is duty to do;  
By frankness, and fairness, and kindness exprest  
To all that have dealings with you;  
By cheerfulness, hopefulness, gratitude, truth;  
By shunning the thing that is mean;  
By looking to God as the guide of your youth,  
And loving your country and Queen!

Steer thus, O young brother! and you will indeed  
 Ride safe, though the surges be vext;  
 In this world I warrant you well to succeed,  
 And better than well in the next:  
 Go on, and be prosper'd! "Enough, and to spare,"  
 To godliness ever is given;  
 By pureness and diligence, patience and prayer,  
 You conquer for Earth and for Heaven!



### Encouragement.

A COMPANION BALLAD TO THE "STAVE OF SYMPATHY."

Yet one more cheer, one brotherly cheer,  
 To speed the good youth on his way!  
 There's plenty to hope, and little to fear  
 For those who have chosen the good part here,  
 While it is called to-day.

Ah! well do I wot the perils and snares  
 Of this bad world and its lust;  
 Temptations and sorrows, vexations and cares,  
 Grow with the heart's young wheat like tares,  
 And worry it down to the dust!

Yet, better I know, if the spirit will pray,  
 When trouble is near at hand,—  
 If the heart pleads hard for grace to obey,  
 Brother! no sin shall lure thee astray,—  
 By faith thou still shalt stand!

For Heaven bends over to help and to bless  
 With all a Redeemer's power  
 The spirit that strives, when evils oppress,  
 Its God to serve, and its Lord to confess  
 In dark temptation's hour.

Thou, then, fair brother, go cheerily forth,  
 And manfully do your best!  
 In all sincerity's warmth and worth  
 Go forth,—be pure, be happy on earth,  
 And so evermore be blest!



### A Missionary Ballad.

*Given, instead of a solicited Lecture, to the Church of England Young Men's  
 Society, for aiding Missions at home and abroad.*

A CALL to do good from the east to the west!  
 A call to bless others, and so to be blest!  
 A call from the Saviour, beside Him to stand  
 And work for His glory, with heart and with hand!

Nurtured in knowledge, and favour'd and spared,  
 The best of earth's banquet for us is prepared;  
 Then well should we hasten, at home and abroad,  
 To care for the poor in the name of the Lord!

For, always about us the poor shall be found,  
 Poor for both worlds, ever crowding around;  
 And always the battle of truth must be fought  
 In sin to be conquer'd, and good to be taught!

Heathens abroad, and heathens at home ;—  
Not far is the need for your missions to roam ;  
Our highways and byeways, the streets and the lanes,  
Claim the first care, and will yield the first gains :

Then,—(for the soldiers of Heaven's true host  
Are marshall'd for conquest on every coast,)—  
Britain's dear sons on each far-distant land  
Ask the next blessing and help at your hand :

Then,—let the banner of grace be unfurl'd  
Free as the winds, and wide as the world ;—  
And chiefly, help Zion, poor outcast of sin,  
The mercies of God through your mercy to win !

Sure is your work of a blessed reward,—  
Ye serve a good Master in serving the Lord ;  
Even were others unblest by your zeal,  
It is well,—ye are water'd yourselves for your weal !

But,—it is better ! yet more shall ye earn,—  
Many to righteousness Now shall ye turn,  
And like the stars Hereafter shall shine  
For ever and ever in glory divine !



### The Laurel Crown.

THE laurel crown ! for duty done,  
For good achieved, and honours won,  
For all of natural gift, or art,  
That thrills and fills an earnest heart

With generous thoughts and stirring words  
Struck from its own electric chords,—  
On these your modern muses frown,  
Yet these deserve the laurel crown!

The laurel crown! for soaring song  
Eagle-pinion'd, free, and strong,  
That, as GOD gives grace and power,  
Consecrates each hallow'd hour  
Wisely, as a patriot ought,  
By burning word and glowing thought,—  
On this pour all your honours down,  
To this belongs the laurel crown!

The laurel crown! in common eyes  
A wreath of leaves, a paltry prize,  
A silly, worthless, weed-like thing,  
Fit coronet for folly's king:  
The laurel crown! in wisdom's ken  
A call from GOD to waken men,  
Lest in these mammon depths they drown,—  
This is thy glory, laurel crown!

Yes, laurel crown! if seen aright,  
A majesty of moral might  
To lead the masses on to good,  
And rule the surging multitude  
By nobler and more manly songs  
Than to some troubadour belongs,  
Who feebly warbles for renown,—  
Not such be thou my laurel crown!

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## Home.

## A BALLAD FOR EVERYBODY.

I FORAGED all over this joy-dotted earth,  
To pick its best nosegay of innocent mirth  
Tied up with the bands of its wisdom and worth,—  
And lo! its chief treasure,  
Its innermost pleasure,  
Was always at Home!

I went to the Palace, and there my fair Queen  
On the arm of Her Husband did lovingly lean,  
And all the dear babes in their beauty were seen,  
In spite of the splendour,  
So happy and tender,  
For they were at Home!

I turn'd to the cottage, and there my poor hind  
Lay sick of a fever,—all meekly resign'd,  
For O! the good wife was so cheerful and kind,  
In spite of all matters,  
An angel in tatters,  
And she was at Home!

I ask'd a glad mother, just come from the post  
With a letter she kiss'd from a far-away coast,  
What heart-thrilling news had rejoiced her the most—  
And—gladness for mourning!  
Her boy was returning  
To love her—at Home!

I spoke to the soldiers and sailors at sea,  
Where best in the world would they all of them be?  
And hark! how they earnestly shouted to me,

With iron hearts throbbing,  
 And choking and sobbing,  
 — O land us at Home!

I came to the desk where old Commerce grew grey,  
 And ask'd him what help'd him this many a day  
 In his old smoky room with his ledger to stay?  
     And it all was the beauty,  
     The comfort and duty,  
     That cheer'd him at Home!

I ran to the court, where the sages of law  
 Were wrangling and jangling at quibble and flaw,—  
 O wondrous to me was the strife that I saw!  
     But all that fierce riot  
     Was calm'd by the quiet  
     That blest them at Home!

I call'd on the school-boy, poor love-stricken lad,  
 Who yearn'd in his loneliness, silent and sad,  
 For the days when again he should laugh and be glad  
     With his father and mother,  
     And sister and brother,  
     All happy at Home!

I tapp'd at the door of the year-stricken Eld,  
 Where age, as I thought, had old memories quell'd,—  
 But still all his garrulous fancies outwell'd  
     Strange old-fashion'd stories  
     Of pleasures and glories  
     That once were at Home!

I whisper'd the prodigal, wanton and wild,  
 — How changed from the heart that you had when a child,  
 So teachable, noble, and modest, and mild!—

Though Sin had undone him,  
 Thank GOD that I won him  
 By looking at Home !

And then, when he wept and vowed better life,  
 I hastened to snatch him from peril and strife,  
 By finding him wisely a tender young Wife,—  
     Whose love should allure him,  
 And gently secure him  
     A convert at Home !

So he that had raced after pleasure so fast,  
 And still as he ran had its goal overpast,  
 Found happiness, honour, and blessing at last  
     In all the kind dealings,  
     Affections and feelings,  
     That ripen at Home !

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## Rich and Poor.

A BALLAD FOR UNION.

O LADIES, lords, and gentlemen,  
 Attend to what I say,  
 For well I wot you'll like it when  
     You listen to my lay;  
 And labourers and weavers too,  
     Come near, whoever can,  
 I want the best of all of you,  
     To build a Noble Man.



The time is past for lofty looks,  
 As well as vulgar deeds;  
 Religion, common-sense, and books,  
 O these are magic seeds!  
 They kill whate'er in man was proud,  
 And nourish what is wise,  
 And feed the humblest of the crowd  
 With manna from the skies.

Ay, dreary days of highbred scorn,  
 You've somehow died away,—  
 And better were the fool unborn,  
 Who tries it on to-day:  
 Ay, wintry nights of lowbred sin,  
 You've stolen out of sight,  
 And all things base, without, within,  
 Are scatter'd by the light.

Take copy of the small, ye great!  
 In all that's free and frank;  
 Add cordial ways to courteous state,  
 And heartiness to rank:  
 Take copy of the great, ye small,  
 In all that's soft and fair,  
 Honourable to each and all,  
 And gentle everywhere!

The Gracious Source of all our wealth  
 In body, mind, or store,  
 Pours life and light and hope and health  
 Alike on rich and poor;  
 And though so many covet ill  
 Some neighbour's happier state,  
 They little heed how kind a Will  
 Has fixed them in their fate.

Think, justly think, what liberal aids  
Invention gives to all,  
While Truth shines out, and Error fades,  
Alike for great and small;  
How well the rail, the post, the press,  
Help universal Man,  
The highest peer, and hardly less  
The humblest artizan.

Religion, like an angel, stands  
To solace every mind;  
And Science, with her hundred hands,  
Is blessing all mankind;  
All eyes may see a beauteous sight,  
All ears may hear sweet sound,  
And sage-desired seeds of light  
Are broadcast all around.

Lo, the high places levelling down!  
The valleys filling up!  
Magnates, who ought to wear a crown,  
Drain Charity's cold cup;  
While Industry, of humblest birth,  
With Prudence well allied,  
O'ertops the topmost peaks of earth,  
The palaces of pride.

Be humble then, ye mighty men!  
Be humble, poor of earth!  
Be GOD alone exalted, when  
He speaks by plague and dearth!  
Let each be grateful, friendly, true,—  
And that will be the plan,  
To make of peer, and peasant too,  
A truly Noble Man!

## The Sabbath.

A BALLAD FOR THE LABOURER.

SIX days in a week do I toil for my bread,  
And surely should feel like a slave,  
Except for a providence fix'd overhead  
That hallowed the duties it gave;  
I work for my mother, my babes, and my wife,  
And starving and stern is my toil,—  
For who can tell truly how hard is the life  
Of a labouring son of the soil?

A debt to the doctor, a score at the shop,  
And plenty of trouble and strife,—  
While backbreaking toil makes me ready to drop,  
Worn out and aweary of life!  
O, were there no gaps in the month or the year,  
No comfort, or peace, or repose,  
How long should I battle with miseries here,  
How soon be weighed down by my woes?

Six days in the week, then, I struggle and strive,  
And O! but the seventh is blest;  
Then only I seem to be free and alive,  
My soul and my body at rest:  
I needn't get up in the cold and the dark,  
I needn't go work in the rain,  
On that happy morning I wait till the lark  
Has trill'd to the sunshine again!

Unhurried for once, well shaven and clean,  
With babes and the mother at meals,  
I gather what home and its happiness mean,  
And feel as a gentleman feels;

Then drest in my best I go blithely to church,  
And meet my old mates on the way,  
To gossip awhile in the ivy'd old porch,  
And hear all the news of the day.

And soon as the chimes of the merry bells cease,  
—O rare is the bell-ringers' din!—  
We calmly compose us to prayer and to peace,  
As Jabez is tolling us in:  
And then in the place where my fathers have pray'd,  
I praise and I pray at my best,  
And smile as their child when I hope to be laid  
In the same bit of turf where they rest!

For wisely his Reverence tells of the dead  
As living, and waiting indeed  
A bright Resurrection,—'twas happily said,—  
From earth and its misery freed!  
And then do I know that though poor I am rich,  
An heir of great glories above,  
Till it seems like a throne,—my old seat in the niche  
Of the wall of the church that I love!

So, praise the Good LORD for his sabbaths, I say,  
So kindly reserved for the poor;  
The wealthy can rest and be taught any day,  
But we have but one and no more!  
Ay,—what were the labouring man without these  
His sabbaths of body and mind?  
A workweary wretch without respite or ease,  
The curse and reproach of his kind!

And don't you be telling me, sages of trade,  
The seventh's a loss in my gain;  
I pretty well guess of what stuff you are made,  
And know what you mean in the main:

You mete out the work, and the wages you fix,  
 And care for the make, not the men;  
 For seven you'd pay us the same as for six,  
 And who would be day-winners then?

No, no, my shrewd masters, thank GOD that His law—  
 The Sabbath—is law of the land;  
 Thank GOD that his wisdom so truly foresaw  
 What mercy so lovingly plann'd:  
 My babes go to school; and my Bible is read;  
 And I walk in my holiday dress;  
 And I get better fed; and my bones lie abed,—  
 And my wages are nothing the less.

Then Praises to GOD,—and all health to the Queen,—  
 And thanks for the Sabbath, say I!  
 It is as it shall be, and ever has been,  
 The earthgrubber's glimpse at the sky;  
 The Sabbath is ours, my mates of the field,—  
 A holiday once in the seven;  
 The Sabbath to Mammon we never will yield,  
 It is Poverty's foretaste of Heaven!



## “The Lamp upon the Railway Engine.”

A BALLAD OF COMPOSURE.

SHINING in its silver cell,  
 Like a Hermit calm and quiet,—  
 Though so near it, hot as hell,  
 Furious fires rave and riot,—

Posted as an eye in front,  
 'Mid the smoke and steam and singeing,  
 Steadily bears all the brunt,  
 The Lamp upon the railway engine.

So, thou traveller of life,  
 In the battle round thee crashing  
 Heed no more the stormy strife  
 Than a rock the billows dashing:  
 Through this dark and dreary night,  
 Vexing fears, and cares unhingeing,  
 Shine, O Mind, aloft, alight,  
 The Lamp upon the railway engine.

By the oil of Grace well fed,  
 Ever on the Future gazing,  
 Let the star within thy head  
 Steadily and calmly blazing  
 Hold upon its duteous way  
 Through each ordeal unflinching,  
 Trimm'd to burn till dawn of Day,  
 The Lamp upon the railway engine.

Safe behind a crystal shield,  
 Though the outer deluge drench us,  
 Faith forbids a soul to yield,  
 And no hurricane can quench us:  
 No! though forced along by fate  
 At a pace so swift and swingeing,  
 Calmly shine in silver state,  
 Ye Lamps on every railway engine.

## Labour!

## A BALLAD FOR OUR MINES AND MANUFACTORIES.

FAIR work for fair wages!—it's all that we ask,  
An Englishman loves what is fair,—  
We'll never complain of the toil or the task,  
If livelihood comes with the care;  
Fair work for fair wages!—we hope nothing else  
Of the mill, or the forge, or the soil,  
For the rich man who buys, and the poor man who sells,  
Must pay and be paid for his toil!

Fair work for fair wages!—we know that the claim  
Is just between master and man;  
If the tables were turn'd, we would serve him the same,  
And promise we will when we can!  
We give to him industry, muscle, and thew,  
And heartily work for his wealth;  
So he will as honestly give what is due,  
Fair wages for labour in health!

Enough for the day, and a bit to put by  
Against illness, and slackness, and age;  
For change and misfortune are ever too nigh  
Alike to the fool and the sage;  
But the fool in his harvest will wanton and waste,  
Forgetting the winter once more,  
While true British wisdom will timely make haste  
And save for the "basket and store!"

Ay; wantonness freezes to want, be assured,  
And drinking makes nothing to eat,  
And penury's wasting by waste is secured,  
And luxury starves in the street!

And many a father with little ones pale,  
So rack'd by his cares and his pains,  
Might now be all right if, when hearty and hale,  
He never had squander'd his gains!

We know that prosperity's glittering sun  
Can shine but a little, and then,  
The harvest is over, the summer is done,  
Alike for the master and men :  
If the factory ship with its Captain on board  
Must beat in adversity's waves,  
One lot is for all ! for the great cotton lord  
And the poorest of Commerce's slaves ;

One lot ! if extravagance reign'd in the home,  
Then poverty's wormwood and gall ;  
If rational foresight of evils to come,  
A cheerful complacence in all ;  
For sweet is the morsel that diligence earn'd,  
And sweeter, that prudence put by ;  
And lessons of peace in affliction are learn'd,  
And wisdom that comes from on high !

For GOD, in His providence ruling above,  
And piloting all things below,  
Is ever unchangeable justice and love,  
In ordering welfare or woe :  
He blesses the prudent for heaven and earth,  
And gladdens the good at all times,—  
But frowns on the sinner, and darkens his mirth,  
And lashes his follies and crimes !

Alas ! for the babes, and the poor pallid wife  
Hurl'd down with the sot to despair,—  
Yet,—GOD shall reward in a happier life  
Their punishment, patience, and pray'r !



But woe to the caitiff, who, starved by his drinks,  
 Was starving his children as well,—  
 O Man, break away from the treacherous links  
 Of a chain that will drag you to Hell!

Come along, come along, man! it's never too late,  
 Though drowning, we throw you a rope!  
 Be quick and be quit of so fearful a fate,  
 For while there is life there is hope!  
 So wisely come with us, and work like the rest,  
 And save of your pay while you can;  
 And Heaven will bless you for doing your best,  
 And helping yourself like a man!

For Labour is money, and Labour is health,  
 And Labour is duty on earth;  
 And never was honour, or wisdom, or wealth,  
 But Labour has been at its birth!  
 The rich,—in his father, his friend, or himself,  
 By head or by hand must have toil'd,  
 And the brow, that is canopied over with pelf,  
 By Labour's own sweat has been soil'd!

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### The New Bome.

A RHYME FOR THE MILLION.

PENT in wynds and closes narrow,  
 Breathing pestilential air,  
 Crush'd beneath oppression's harrow,  
 Faint with famine, bow'd with care,—  
 Gaunt Affliction's sons and daughters!  
 Why so slow to hear the call  
 Which The Voice upon the waters  
 Preaches solemnly to all?

Hark! Old Ocean's tongue of thunder  
Hoarsely calling bids you speed  
To the shores he held asunder  
Only for these times of need;  
Now, upon his friendly surges  
Ever ever roaring Come,  
All the sons of hope he urges  
To a new, a richer home!

England and her sea-girt sisters  
Pine for want in seeming wealth;  
Though the gaudy surface glisters,  
This is not the hue of health;  
O! the honest labour trying  
Vainly here to earn its bread,—  
O! the willing workers dying,  
Unemploy'd, untaught, unfed!

Thousand sights that melt to pity,—  
Move to fear, or—tempt to scorn!  
Wretched swarms in field and city,  
Wherefore are these paupers born!—  
Shall I tell you, heirs of pleasure?  
Shall I teach you, sons of pain?  
Unto both, each in his measure,  
Stir I now this earnest strain.

Lo! to every human creature  
Born upon this bounteous earth,  
Speaks the GOD of grace and nature,  
Speaks for plenty or for dearth;  
Till the ground; if not, thou starvest;  
Fear shall drive to duteous toil;  
Till the ground; a golden harvest  
Then shall wave on every soil!

And behold! the KING All-glorious  
Unto Britain tythes the world,—  
Everywhere her crown victorious,  
Everywhere her cross unfurl'd!  
GOD hath giv'n her distant regions,  
Broad and rich; and store of ships;  
GOD hath added homeborn legions,  
Steep'd in trouble to the lips!

Join then in one holy tether  
Those whom Man hath put aside,  
Those whom GOD would link together,  
Earth and labour well-applied:  
Ho! thou vast and wealthy nation,  
Wing thy fleets to every place,  
Fertilizing all creation  
With the Anglo-Saxon race!

England's frank and sturdy bearing,  
Scotland's judgment, true and tried,  
Erin's headlong headstrong daring,  
And the Welchman's honest pride;—  
Send these forth, and tame the savage,  
Sow his realms with British homes,  
Where till now wild monsters ravage,  
Or the wilder Bushman roams!

Let, as erst in Magna Græcia,  
Nobles, sages, join the ranks;  
And for vacant Austral-Asia  
Leave for good these swarming banks;  
Not as exiled,—but with honour!  
Told in tale, and sung in song;  
With the Queen,—GOD's blessing on her!—  
Speeding this good work along!

Then the wilderness shall blossom,  
And the desert, as the rose;  
While dear Earth's maternal bosom  
With abundance overflows:  
Then shall Britain gladly number  
Crowds of children, now her dread,  
That her onward march encumber  
With the living and—the dead!

Ay, for bitter is the contest  
As a struggle, life for life,  
Where the very meal thou wantest  
Was for little ones and wife,—  
Where they slowly pine and perish  
That the father may be strong,  
Some taskmaster's wealth to cherish,  
By his labour, right or wrong!

Haste, then, all ye better natures,  
Help in what must bless the World:  
See, those cellar-crowded creatures  
To despair's own dungeon hurl'd;—  
Send—or lead them o'er the waters  
To the genial shores, that give  
Britain's sacred sons and daughters  
Man's great privilege—to Live!

There,—instead of scanty wages,  
Grinding rent and parish tax,—  
In the wood, unheard for ages,  
Rings the cheerful freeman's axe;  
Whilst in yonder cozy clearing,  
Home, sweet Home, rejoices life,  
Full of thoughts and things endearing,  
Merry babes and rosy wife!

There,—instead of festering alleys,  
    Noisome dirt, and gnawing dearth,—  
Sunny hills and smiling valleys  
    Wait to yield the wealth of Earth!  
All She asks is—human labour,  
    Healthy in the open air;  
All she gives is—every neighbour  
    Wealthy, hale, and happy There!



## Calumny.

A BALLAD FOR THE UNLUCKY.

I CAME into trouble; and comforting friends  
    For charity hasten'd to find  
The very just cause for such righteous amends  
    Rewarding a reprobate mind.

Some hinted, He lives upon victuals—and drink;  
    And so, to be honest, I do;  
Some others,—No wonder, we cannot but think,  
    The false is unfortunate too:

One said, like a Solomon, Pride has a fall;  
    Another condemn'd me for Sloth;  
Another thought neither accounted for all;  
    Another felt sure it was both.

Meanwhile was I diligent, humble, and pure,  
    And patiently kissing the rod,  
And took it all well, for my spirit was sure  
    It came from a covenant GOD.

Then I look'd in His Bible, and found there a man,  
 Like me, with afflictions and friends ;  
 And learnt that, let Satan do all that he can,  
 The Lord will make ample amends.

So, trouble went from me ; and Job was made whole ;  
 And friends slunk away in their shame :  
 For Heaven's rich mercy gave body and soul  
 Health, honour, good-fortune, and fame.



## Merry to Animals.

A BALLAD OF HUMANITY.

O BOYS and men of British mould,  
 With mother's milk within you !  
 A simple word for young and old,  
 A word to warm and win you ;  
 You've each and all got human hearts  
 As well as human features,  
 So hear me, while I take the parts  
 Of all the poor dumb creatures.

I wot your lot is sometimes rough ;  
 But theirs is something rougher,—  
 No hopes, no loves,—but pain enough,  
 And only sense to suffer :  
 You, men and boys, have friends and joys,  
 And homes, and hopes in measure,—  
 But these poor brutes are only mutes,  
 And never knew a pleasure !

A little water, chaff and hay,  
And sleep, the boon of Heaven,  
How great returns for these have they  
To your advantage given :  
And yet the worn-out horse, or ass,  
Who makes your daily gaining,  
Is paid with goad and thong, alas !  
Though nobly uncomplaining.

Stop, cruel boy ! you mean no ill,  
But never thought about it,—  
Why beat that patient donkey still ?  
He goes as well without it :  
Here, taste and try a cut or two,—  
Ha ! you can shout and feel it ;  
Boy—that was Mercy's hint to you,—  
In shorter measure deal it.

Stop, sullen man ! 'tis true to tell  
How ill the world has used you ;  
The farmers didn't treat you well,  
The squire's self refused you :  
But is that any reason why  
A bad revenge you're wreaking  
On that poor lame old horse,—whose eye  
Rebukes you without speaking ?

O think not thou that this dumb brute  
Has no strong Friend to aid him ;  
Nor hope, because his wrongs are mute,  
They rouse not GOD who made him !  
A little while, and you are — dead,  
With all your bitter feelings ;  
How will the Judge, so just and dread,  
Reward your cruel dealings ?

Go, do some good before you die  
To those who make your living;  
They will not ask you reasons why,  
Nor tax you for forgiving:  
Their mouths are mute; but most acute  
The woes whereby you wear them;  
Then come with me, and only see  
How easy 'tis to spare them!

Load for'ard; neither goad, nor flog;  
For *rest* your beast is flagging:  
And do not let that willing dog  
Tear out his heart with dragging:  
Wait, wait awhile; those axles grease,  
And shift this buckle's fretting;  
And give that galling collar ease;—  
How grateful is he getting!

So poor yourselves, and short of joys,  
Unkindly used, unfairly,  
I sometimes wonder, men and boys,  
You're merciful so rarely:  
If you have felt how hunger gripes,  
Why famish and ill use 'em?  
If you've been weal'd by sores and stripes,  
How can you beat and bruise 'em?

O, fear! lest God has taught in vain,  
And so your hearts you harden;  
Oh, hope! for lo! He calls again,  
And *now's* the time for pardon:  
Yes, haste to-day to put away  
Your cruelties and curses,—  
And man at least, if not his beast,  
Shall bless me for my verses.



## The Dog's Petition:

AGAINST "THE TRUCK SYSTEM."

HAVE pity, Master, on me ! I scarce can drag the load,—  
I all but pull my heartstrings out upon this stony road ;  
Yet, with a cudgel and a curse my willing toil you pay,  
And leap upon the truck behind, to help me on my way !

Half-starved, and weal'd, and bruised, and gall'd, in every bone I  
ache,  
And strain beneath the crushing load, as if my back would break,  
The while athirst I struggle on among these dusty ruts,  
And dread the mended places where the flint so sharply cuts !

O Man, O Master ! Nature's hand — (it is the hand of God !)  
For roads like this made stubborn hoofs,—my soft foot for the sod ;  
Built the strong frame of beasts of draught to pull your cart or van,  
But gave me nobler sense and wish to be *the friend of Man !*

With faithful zeal to watch the flock or homestead night and day,  
To chase your game, or bravely hunt the prowling beasts of prey ;  
With joyous love to welcome you, with courage to defend ;—  
O Man, art *thou* "the friend of God?" — then let me be *thy* friend.

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Yes,—learned lords and sporting men, who make or mar the laws,  
Why hesitate such ills to cure,—for is there not a cause ?  
The town is quit of dog-truck-scamps and cruelties like these,  
But in our lonely country lanes they torture as they please.

No eye to see, no hand to help,—(but His, long-suffering still,  
 Who yet shall bless good's bruised heel, and crush the head of ill !)  
 No pity in the cruel heart to stay the hand that flogs,—  
 O senators, consider well the case of country-dogs.

And for your clients, dog-truck-men,—ask all the country through  
 In every village, who is worst of all their roughest crew ?  
 They'll tell you, one and all alike, as honestly they can,  
 Our model rogue and thief and sot is — yonder dog-truck-man.



## “England's Heart !”

A WORD OF COMFORT TO THE LOYAL.

ENGLAND'S heart ! O never fear  
 The sturdy good old stock ;  
 Nothing's false or hollow here,  
 But solid as a rock :  
 England's heart is sound enough,  
 And safe in its old place,  
 Honest, loyal, blithe, and bluff,  
 And open as her face !

England's heart ! With beating nerves  
 It rallies for the throne,—  
 And, with Luther, well preserves  
 The knee for GOD alone !  
 England's heart is sound enough,  
 Unshaken and serene,  
 Like her oak-trees true and tough  
 And old,—but glad and green !

England’s heart! All Europe hurl’d  
 To ruin, strife, and dearth,  
 Sees yet one Zoar in the world,  
 The Goshen of the earth!  
 England’s heart is sound enough,—  
 And — though the skies be dark,  
 Though winds be loud, and waves be rough —  
 Safe, as Noah’s ark!

England’s heart,—Ay, GOD be praised,  
 That thus, in patriot pride,  
 An English cheer can yet be raised  
 Above the stormy tide:  
 Safe enough, and sound enough,  
 It thrills the heart to feel  
 A man’s a bit of English stuff,  
 True from head to heel!

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 My Own Place.

A RHYME FOR ALL GOOD MEN AND TRUE.

WHOEVER I am, wherever my lot,
 Whatever I happen to be,
 Contentment and Duty shall hallow the spot
 That Providence orders for me;
 No covetous straining and striving to gain
 One feverish step in advance,—
 I know my own place, and you tempt me in vain
 To hazard a change and a chance!

I care for no riches that are not my right,
 No honour that is not my due;
 But stand in my station by day, or by night,
 The will of my Master to do;

He lent me my lot, be it humble or high,
And set me my business here ;
And whether I live in His service, or die,
My heart shall be found in my sphere !

If wealthy, I stand as the steward of my King ;
If poor, as the friend of my Lord ;
If feeble, my prayers and my praises I bring ;
If stalwarth, my pen or my sword :
If wisdom be mine, I will cherish His gift ;
If simpleness, bask in His love ;
If sorrow, His hope shall my spirit uplift ;
If joy, I will throne it above !

The good that it pleases my GOD to bestow,
I gratefully gather and prize ;
The evil,—it can be no evil, I know,
But only a good in disguise ;
And whether my station be lowly or great,
No *duty* can ever be mean,
The factory-cripple is fix'd in his fate
As well as a King or a Queen !

For duty's bright livery glorifies all
With brotherhood, equal and free,
Obeying, as children, the heavenly call,
That places us where we should be ;
A servant,—the badge of my servitude shines
As a jewel invested by Heaven ;
A monarch,—remember that justice assigns
Much service, where so much is given !

Away then with "helpings" that humble and harm
Though "bettering" trips from your tongue,
Away ! for your folly would scatter the charm
That round my proud poverty hung :

I felt that I stood like a man at my post,
 Though peril and hardship were there,—
 And all that your wisdom would counsel me most
 Is — “Leave it; — do better elsewhere.”

If “better” were better indeed, and not “worse,”
 I might go ahead with the rest;
 But many a gain and a joy is a curse,
 And many a grief for the best:
 No! — duties are all the “advantage” I use;
 I pine not for praise or for pelf;
 And as for ambition, I care not to choose
 My better or worse for myself!

I will not, I dare not, I cannot! — I stand
 Where GOD has ordain'd me to be,
 An honest mechanic — or lord in the land,—
 HE fitted my calling for me:
 Whatever my state, be it weak, be it strong,
 With honour, or sweat, on my face,
 This, this is my glory, my strength, and my song,
 I stand, like a star, in MY PLACE.



“What is a Part?”

A RHYME FOR THE RHYMESTERS.

No jingler of rhymes, and no mingler of phrases,
 No tuner of times, and no pruner of daisies,
 No lullaby lyrist, with nothing to say,
 No small sentimentalist, fainting away,
 No Ardert of albums, no trifling Tyrtaeus,
 No bilious misanthrope loathing to see us,

No gradus-and-prosody maker of verses,
 No Hector of tragedy vapouring curses,—
 In a word — though a long one — no mere *poetaster*
 The monkey that follows some troubadour master,
 And filching from Byron, or Shelley, or Keats,
 With cunning mosaic his coterie cheats
 Into voting the poor petty-larceny fool
 A charming disciple of Wordsworth's own school.

Not a bit of it! — Pilferers, duncy and dreary,—
 Human society's utterly weary
 Of gilt insincerities, hopping in verse,
 And stately hexameters plumed like a hearse,
 And second-hand sentiment, sugar'd with ice,
 And a third course of passion, warm'd up very nice,
 And peaches of wax, and your sham wooden pine,
 The fitting dessert of a feast so divine!
 With musical lies and mechanical stuff
 The verse-ridden world has been pester'd enough:
 But yet in its heart, if unsmother'd by words,
 It thrills and it throbs from its innermost chords
 To generous, truthful, melodious Sense,
 To beautiful language and feelings intense,
 To human affection sincerely pour'd out,
 To eloquence,—tagg'd with a rhyme, or without;
 To anything tasteful, and hearty, and true,
 Delicate, graceful, and noble, and new!

Ay; find me the man — or the woman — or child,
 Though modest, yet bold; and though spirited, mild;
 With a mind that can think, and a heart that can feel,
 And the tongue and the pen that are skill'd to reveal,
 And the eye that hath wept, and the hand that will aid,
 And the brow that in peril was never afraid;
 With courage to dare, and with keenness to plan,
 And tact to declare what is pleasant to man

While guiding and teaching and training his mind,
 While spurring the lazy, and leading the blind;
 With pureness in youth, and religion in age,
 And cordial affections at every stage,—
 The harp of this woman, this man, or this youth,
 By genius well strung, and made tuneful by truth,
 Shall charm and shall ravish the world at its will,
 And make its old heart yet tremble and thrill,
 While all men shall own it and feel it and know it
 Gladly and gratefully,—Here is the Poet!



Envy.

A WORD TO THE FEW.

WHITELIPP'D sneerer, well I wot
 How you loathe the great and wise,—
 How his brightness is a blot
 On your thunder-mantled skies;
 How his fame and good men's love
 Make him hateful in your eyes,
 And when thus he soars above,
 How you ache to see him rise!

O you seeming friend, found out,
 In detraction is your bliss,—
 Whispering petty blame about,
 With a subtle serpent's hiss:
 Lo, the great man scorns it all;
 Lo, the wise man makes it miss;
 Lo, the good man greets your gall
 With a kind forgiving kiss!

Brothers! who have nobly earn'd
 Thanks and praise at least from man,
 If your good with scorn is spurn'd,
 And your blessing met by ban,
 Brothers! heed we not their hate
 Who would harm but never can,—
 With the wise, the good, the great,
 Let us conquer in the van!



Welcome!

A WORD TO THE MANY.

YES! welcome, right welcome — and give us your hand,—
 I like not to stand in the cold!
 If new friends are true friends, I can't understand
 Why hearts should hold back till they're old:
 For life is so short, and there's so much to do,
 And so many pleasures and cares —
 And somewhere I've read that, though angels *are* few,
 They're frequently met unawares!

The eye of sincerity shines like a star
 Through the clouds of suspicion and doubt;
 I love its fair lustre, and lure it from far,
 And wouldn't for worlds put it out:
 Away with such wisdom, as risking the chance
 Of killing young love with old fears —
 The face that is honest is known at a glance,
 And needn't be studied for years!

And when petty Prudence would put me to school
 About caution, and care, and all that,
 I trust that, like some folks, I yield to the rule
 Of wearing a head in my hat;

But more that remains is better than brains,
 And I know not that some folks *are* blest
 Like me, with a share in a custom more rare,
 Of wearing a heart in the breast!

Then come with all welcome! I fear not to fling
 Reserve to the winds and the waves,
 And never can cling to the cold-blooded thing
 Society makes of its slaves:
 Thou dignified dullard, so cloudy and cold,
 Get out of the sunshine for me;
 But, hearty good friend! whether new one or old,
 A Welcome for Ever to thee!

Balm.

A FEW CONSOLATORY STANZAS.

PATIENCE yet one little hour,
 Pale, unloved, uncourted flower,
 Seeing not the sun;
 Patience,—heart of depth and duty,
 Yearning for the smiles of beauty,
 Never catching one:

Patience,—martyr following faintly,
 Gentle nun, serene and saintly,
 Kneeling in the dust;
 Oh not vain thy long-enduring!
 Still with meekest might securing
 Triumph to thy trust!

Hushing every mutter'd murmur,
 Tranquil Fortitude the firmer
 Girdeth thee with strength;
 While, no treason near her lurking,
 Patience, in her perfect working,
 Shall be Queen at length.

And, behold! thy pious daring
 Is a glorious crown preparing
 For thine own sweet brow;
 Precious pearls of softest lustre
 Shall with brightest jewels cluster
 Where the thorns are now!

Faith and Patience! sister, brother,—
 Lean in love on one another,
 Calm for good or ill:
 Comforted by surely knowing
 That the Ruler is bestowing
 Strength in sitting still!

O ye virgin spirits wasting,
 O ye hearts of thousands, hasting
 Darkly to decay,
 Through the blight of disappointment,—
 Tenderly, with precious ointment,
 Lull those cares away.

Tenderly, with wise beguilings,
 Court sweet Patience for her smilings
 On that ruin drear;
 Soon, with other sister graces,
 Shall she make your hearts and faces
 Laugh away their fear:

Soft Contentment, bright-eyed Duty,
 Faith in his archangel beauty,
 Joy, and Love sublime,
 Follow,—Patience, where thy finger
 Gently beckons Hope to linger
 On the wrecks of time! -

Selfishness.

A BALLAD FOR THE WORLDLY.

How little and how lightly
 We care for one another!
 How seldom and how slightly
 Consider each a brother!
 For all the world is every man
 To his own self alone,
 And all beside no better than
 A thing he does n't own.

And O, the shame and sadness,
 To see how insincerely
 The heart, that in its gladness,
 Went forth to love men dearly,
 Is chill'd, and all its warmth repell'd
 As just a low mistake,
 And half the cordial yearnings quell'd
 It felt for others' sake.

The service it would render
 Is call'd intrusive boldness,
 And thus, that heart so tender,
 Now hardening to coldness,

Returns, returns,—a blighted thing!
 To scorn those early days,
 The freshness of its green young spring.
 Its beauty and its praise.



Self-Possession.

A BALLAD FOR A MAN'S OWN INNER WORLD.

WHIRLING, eddying, ebbing Present,
 Foamy tide of strife and noise,
 Mingled-bitter, mingled-pleasant,
 Loves and worries, cares and joys,—
 O ye changing, chancing surges!
 Calmly doth my Mind forecast
 How your restless spirit merges
 In the Future and the Past!

Lo, I stand your master-pilot;
 Though the cataracts be near,
 Safe I swing round rock or islet,
 Strong, and still, and godlike Here!
 Stout I stand, and sway the tiller
 Through these rapids glancing down,
 While the very flood flows stiller,
 Frozen by my monarch-frown!

O'er the rock-entangled shallows
 Staunch I steer, adown the stream;
 And the Past the Present hallows
 With its melancholy dream,—

And the Future, nearing surely
 Like Niagara's cliff ahead
 Steadily I reach, securely
 As a child that feels no dread!

Yea, though earth be torn asunder,—
 Or the secret heart be vexed,—
 Though with elemental thunder
 Or by petty cares perplexed,
 Still I stand, and rule the riot;
 Still my deep calm soul is blest
 With its own imperial quiet,
 The sublimity of Rest!

For, a staunch and stalwart true man,
 Fearing God, and none beside,—
 Nothing more, nor less, than human,
 Nothing human can betide
 That may disenthroned a spirit
 Doom'd to reign in Time's decay,
 Grandly fated to inherit
 Endless peace in endless Day!



Slander.

A BALLAD OF COMFORT.

NEVER you fear; but go ahead
 In self-relying strength:
 What matters it, that malice said,
 "We've found it out at length!"
 Found out? found what?—An honest man
 Is open as the light,
 So, search as keenly as you can,
 You'll only find—all right.

Yes, blot him black with slander's ink,
He stands as white as snow!
You serve him better than you think,
And kinder than you know:
What? is it not some credit, then,
That he provokes your blame?
This merely, with all better men,
Is quite a kind of fame!

Through good report, and ill report,
The good man goes his way,
Nor condescends to pay his court
To what the vile may say:—
Ay, be the scandal what you will
And whisper what you please,
You do but fan his glory still
By whistling up a breeze.

The little spark becomes a flame
If you won't hold your tongue;
Nobody pays you for your blame,
Nor cares to prove it wrong;
But if you will so kindly aid
And prop a good man's peace,
Why, really one is half afraid
Your ill report should cease!

Look you! two children playing there
With battledores in hand
To keep the shuttle in the air
Must strike it as they stand;
It flags and falls, if both should stop,
To look admiring on,—
And so Fame's shuttlecock would drop
Without a Pro and Con!

Sonnet.

Lo! ye shall take up serpents without fear,
 And walk on scorpions, scatheless of their sting,
 And, if ye drink of any deadly thing,
 It shall not hurt you! What a power is here!
 A sevenfold buckler to our calm strong hearts
 Against the feeble, blunted, broken darts
 Of Hate's fierce frown, or Envy's subtle sneer.
 O Christian, go straight on,—though Slander rear
 (To freeze thy warmth) her cold Medusa head;
 Go on in faith and love, at duty's call:
 With naked feet on adders shalt thou tread,
 Meet perils only to surmount them all,
 And, out of bad men's blame, as good men's praise,
 Build up God's blessing on thy words and ways!



The Golden Mean.

A BALLAD OF WISDOM.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches."

PAGEANTS rare of splendid waste
 Hurried on with glittering haste;
 Honours high, and fashions gay,—
 Teasing pomp by night and day;
 Luxuries that never cease
 Rich in every zest but—peace;
 Flattering homage, sickly sweet,
 Pleasures—pleasures? false and fleet,—
 Who shall swear that rank and wealth
 Have one bliss except by stealth,
 When the great, the rich, the proud
 Stoop to imitate the crowd?

Aching toil, or starving rest;
 Disappointment's bleeding breast;
 Hopes of better, never here;
 Luck a laggard in the rear;
 Cellar, children, curses, cries,
 Furious crime, or fawning lies,—
 Food? the foulest, scantily dealt;
 Pain? ay, pain, for ever felt;
 Who, with Francis, who can praise,
 Poverty, thy works and ways,
 Till they rise above despair,
 Till content hath smother'd care?

Give me, Blessed Father! give
 Just enough in love to live;
 Give me what is truly good—
 Grace, and food, and gratitude;
 Kindly give me patience, health,
 Anything but wasteful Wealth;
 Wisely in Thy mercy grant
 Anything but wasting Want;
 That I may not through excess
 Sin from want or wantonness,—
 That I may be clear and clean,
 Lucid in the Golden Mean.



Time.

A BALLAD FOR THE AGED.

LIGHT as flakes of falling snow
 Drop the silent-footed hours;
 And the days,—they come and go,
 And the years—we scarcely know
 How their frosts, and fruits, and flowers,

Transient crops of weal and woe,
Change, and pass, and perish so !
While we muse upon To-day
Lo ! the dream has died away ;
And there lives what was To-morrow,
With its present joy or sorrow,
Pains and pleasures, fear and hope,
A variable kaleidoscope :
So on, so on ; till years have sped
By tens and twenties over head,
And those flakes that fell unfelt
Have grown to snows — that never melt !

“God preserve the Queen !”

A LOYAL BALLAD, *April*, 1848.

How glorious is thy calling,
My happy Fatherland,
While all the thrones are falling
In righteousness to stand,
Amid the earthquakes heaving thus
To rest in pastures green,—
Then, GOD be praised who helpeth us,
And — GOD preserve the Queen !

How glorious is thy calling !
In sun and moon and stars
To see the signs appalling
Of prodigies and wars,—
Yet by thy grand example still
From lies the world to wean,
Then, GOD be praised who guards from ill,
And — GOD preserve the Queen !

Within thy sacred border
 Amid the sounding seas,
 Religion, Right, and Order
 Securely dwell at ease;
 And if we lift this beacon bright,
 Among the nations seen,
 We bless the LORD who loves the right,
 And — GOD preserve the Queen!

Fair pastures and still waters
 Are ours withal to bless
 The thronging sons and daughters
 Of exile and distress;
 For who so free, as English hearts
 Are, shall be, and have been?
 Then, GOD be thank'd on our parts,
 And — GOD preserve the Queen!

Though strife and fear and madness
 Are raging all around,
 There still is peace and gladness
 On Britain's holy ground;
 But not to us the praise,—to us
 Our glory is to lean
 On Him who giveth freely thus,
 And — GOD preserve the Queen!

O nation greatly favour'd,
 If ever thou shouldst bring
 A sacrifice well savour'd
 Of praise to GOD THE KING,
 Now, now, let all thy children raise
 In faith and love serene,
 The loyal patriot hymn of praise
 Of — GOD preserve the Queen!

A Ballad for the Prince Alfred;

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, *August 6, 1849.*

A THOUSAND years ago,
A mighty spirit came
To earn himself through weal and woe
An everlasting name!

The Great, the Wise, the Good,
Was Alfred in his time,
And then before his GOD he stood
An heir of bliss sublime!

And many changes since
And wondrous things have been,
Till in another English prince,
Again is Alfred seen.

Though never call'd to rule,
Nor ever forced to fight,
May he grow up in Alfred's school
A child of love and light:

In Learning and in Grace
Exceeding great and wise,
With goodness run his happy race,
And reign beyond the skies!

A National Anthem for Liberia in Africa.

PRAISE ye the LORD! for this new-born Star,
On the blue firmament blazing afar,
Bless ye the LORD!—our souls to cheer
“The love of liberty brought us here!”

Hail to Liberia's beacon bright,
Luring us home with its silver light,
Where we may sing without peril or fear
“The love of liberty brought us here!”

Hail! new home on the dear old shore
Where Ham's dark sons dwelt ever of yore,
Thou shalt be unto us doubly dear,
For “love of liberty brought us here!”

Come, ye children of Africa, come,
Bring hither the viol, the pipe, and the drum,
To herald this Star on its bright career,
For “love of liberty brought us here!”

Come,—with peace and to all good-will;
Yet ready to combat for insult or ill,—
Come, with the trumpet, the sword, and the spear,
For “love of liberty brought us here!”

Thanks unto GOD! who hath broken the chain
That bound us as slaves on the Western main;
Thanks, white brothers! Oh, thanks sincere,
Whose “love of liberty brought us here!”

Yes,—ye have rescued us as from the grave,
And a freeman made of the desperate slave,
That ye may call him both brother and peer,
For “love of liberty brought us here!”

Thanks! O raise that shout once more,—
Thanks! let it thrill Liberia’s shore,—
Thanks! while we our standard rear,
“The love of liberty brought us here!”

Thine, Columbia, thine was the hand
That set us again on our own dear land,
We will remember thee far or near,
For “love of liberty brought us here!”

Yes, Liberia! freemen gave
Freedom and Thee to the ransom’d slave;
Then out with a shout both loud and clear,
“Love of liberty brought us here!”

The Liberian Beacon.

A THOUSAND miles of rugged shore,
And not a lighthouse seen?
Alas, the thousand years of yore
That such a shame hath been!
Alas, that Afric’s darkling race,
The savages and slaves,
Never have known the gleam of grace
On their Atlantic waves!

Never—till Now! O glorious light,
The beacon is ablaze!
And half the terrors of the night
Are scattered by its rays!
Forth from the starry heaven'd West
Was lit this glowing torch,
For, dear Columbia's sons have blest
Liberia with—a Church!

Yes,—young Columbia leads the way,
And shows our hard old world
How slavery in the sight of day
Can wisest be downhurl'd;
Not by the bloody hand of power
That mangles while it frees,
But by Religion's calmer hour,
And Freedom of the seas!

Yes, brothers! Patience is the word,—
And Prudence in your zeal:
Where these sweet angels well are heard
They work the common weal:
The North must *wait*; the South *be wise*;
And both unite in love
To help the slave beneath the skies
Who is no slave above!

/

The Liberian Church.

A SONNET.

NOT freedom only be Liberia's boast,—
 Nor chiefly, Africa, thy sons return'd
 To those dear palmy plains and tropic coast
 For which so long in alien climes they yearned:
 No!—but a blessing, to be sought the most
 Wherever men for truest treasure search,
 Shall be thy praise, Liberia!—lo, at length,
 As in St. Cyprian's day, a Christian Church
 With its Apostle stands in holy strength,
 A newlit beacon on poor Afric's shore;
 And round it now the darkling heathen throng,
 And Ethiopia's outstretch'd hands implore
 Of thee, Salvation's hallow'd gospel song,
 Of thee, Liberia, blest for evermore.



A National Prayer against the Cholera.

O GOD! the Good, the Gracious, and the Just,
 Consider Thou, and hear Thy people's prayer;
 In thee alone Thy trembling creatures trust,
 And leave their sorrows to a Father's care.

Through CHRIST who died, we live again to Thee;
 Through CHRIST who lives, we come before Thy throne;
 Though all beside in us corruption be,
 The good He gives we gladly claim and own.

Now, for His sake, (Thy gift to us, our God,)
In mercy look on us, in mercy save;
Take, take away this sharp and chast'ning rod,
And leave us humbly to the good it gave.

We would be kind to Thine own flock, the poor;
We would be wise, and temperate, and clean;
By alms be peaceful, and by prayer secure,
Trust to Thy help, and on Thy promise lean.

Grateful, courageous, penitent, and kind,
O thus let us Thy holy lesson learn;
Win through the body mercies on the mind,
And from this baneful plague Thy blessings earn.

Yea, Father, let thy wrath be overpast,
Now bid the sunshine of Thy love appear;
Sweep from the land that pestilential blast,
And haste to save us from the foe we fear!
Who, who shall combat his mysterious might?
Who, but the "stronger than the strong man armed?"—
Help the poor captives in that hideous flight,
And be their terror by Thy mercy charm'd!

Heal thou the sick; deliver Thou the whole;
Bid the fierce Angel spare, and not destroy;
With Thy salvation greet each parting soul,
And turn our sorrows into songs of joy.

Courage.

A BALLAD FOR TROUBLOUS TIMES.

DANGERS do but dare me,
 Terrors cannot scare me,
 GOD my guide, I'll bear me
 Manfully for ever,—
 Trouble's darkest hour
 Shall not make me cower
 To the Spectre's power,—
 Never, never, never!

Up, my heart, and brace thee,
 While the perils face thee,
 In thyself encase thee
 Manfully for ever,—
 Foes may howl around me,
 Fears may hunt and hound me,—
 Shall their yells confound me?
 Never, never, never!

Constant, calm, unfearing,
 Boldly persevering,
 In good conscience steering
 Manfully for ever,—
 Winds and waves defying,
 And on GOD relying,
 Shall HE find me flying?
 Never, never, NEVER!

A Hymn and a Chant.

FOR THE HARVEST-HOME OF 1847

A HYMN.

O NATION, Christian nation,
Lift high the hymn of praise!
The GOD of our salvation
Is love in all his ways;
He blesseth us, and feedeth
Every creature of His hand,
To succour him that needeth
And to gladden all the land!

Rejoice, ye happy people,
And peal the changing chime
From every belfried steeple
In symphony sublime;
Let cottage and let palace
Be thankful and rejoice,
And woods, and hills, and valleys,
Re-echo the glad voice!

From glen, and plain, and city
Let gracious incense rise,
The LORD of life in pity
Hath heard his creatures' cries;
And where in fierce oppressing
Stalk'd fever, fear, and dearth,
He pours a triple blessing
To fill and fatten earth!

Gaze round in deep emotion :
The rich and ripen'd grain
Is like a golden ocean
Becalm'd upon the plain ;
And we, who late were weepers
Lest judgment should destroy,
Now sing because the reapers
Are come again with joy !

O praise the hand that giveth
—And giveth evermore,—
To every soul that liveth
Abundance flowing o'er !
For every soul He filleth
With manna from above,
And over all distilleth
The unction of His love.

Then gather, Christians, gather
To praise with heart and voice
The good Almighty Father,
Who biddeth you rejoice :
For He hath turn'd the sadness
Of His children into mirth,
And we will sing with gladness
The harvest-home of earth !

A CHANT.

O BLESS the GOD of harvest, praise Him through the land,
Thank Him for His precious gifts, His help, and liberal love :
Praise Him for the fields, that have render'd up their riches,
And, dress'd in sunny stubbles, take their sabbath after toil ;
Praise Him for the close-shorn plains, and uplands lying bare,

Brave Ferguson led on the left,
And Trant the flanking right,
With iron Arthur in the midst,
The focus of the fight ;
And fast by Wellesley's gallant side
The Craufurd rode amain,
And Hill, the British soldier's pride,
And Nightingale, and Fane.

Crouching like a tiger,
In his high and rocky lair,
The Frenchman howl'd and show'd his teeth,
And—wish'd he was n't there ;
For Craufurd, Hill, and Nightingale
Flew at him as he lay,
And up our gallant fellows sprang
As bloodhounds on the prey.

And look ! we hunt the bold Laborde
To Zambugeira's height,—
While Trant with Fane and Ferguson
Outflank him left and right ;
And then with cheers we charge the front,
With cheers the foe reply,—
No child's play was that battle brunt,
We swore to win or die !

Rattled loud the musket's roar,—
We struggled man to man,—
The rugged rocks were wash'd in gore,
With gore the gullies ran !
Fiercely through those mountain paths
Our bloody way we force,—
And find in strength upon the heights
The Frenchman, foot and horse :

Ah, then, my Ninth, and Twenty-ninth,
 Your courage was too hot,
 For down on your disorder'd ranks
 Secure they pour the shot;
 But all their horse and foot and guns
 Could never make you fly,—
 The losing Frenchman fights and runs,
 But Britons fight—and die!

Up to the rescue, Ferguson!
 And keep the hard-fought hill;
 Their chiefs are pick'd off, one by one,
 And lo, they rally still;
 They rally, and rush stoutly on,—
 The bold Laborde gives way,—
 The day is lost! the day is won!
 And ours is the day!

Then well retreating sage and slow
 Alternately in mass
 With charging horse, the wily foe
 Gains Runa's rocky pass;
 And left us thus Roleia's field,
 With other fields in store,
 Vimiera, Torres Vedras,
 And half a hundred more!

Retrospect.

How many years are fled,—
 How many friends are dead:
 Alas, how fast
 The past hath past,—
 How speedily life hath sped!

Places, that knew me of yore,
Know me for theirs no more;
 And sore at the change
 Quite strange I range
Where I was at home before.

Thoughts and things each day
Seem to be fading away;
 Yet this is, I wot,
 Their lot to be not
Continuing in one stay. tay.

A mingled mesh it seems
Of facts and fancy's gleams;
 I scarce have power
 From hour to hour
To separate things from dreams.

Darkly, as in a glass,
Like a vain shadow they pass;
 Their ways they wend
 And tend to an end,
The goal of life, alas!

Alas? and wherefore so,—
Be glad for this passing show;
 The world and its lust
 Back must to their dust
Before the soul can grow.

Expand, my willing mind,
Thy nobler life to find,
 Thy childhood leave
 Nor grieve to bereave
Thine age of toys behind.

Peace and Quietness.

PEACE is the precious atmosphere I breathe;
And my calm mind goes to her dewy bower,
A trellis rare of fragrant thoughts to wreath,
Mingling the scents and tints of every flower:
For pity, vex her not; those inner joys
That bless her in this consecrated hour,
Start and away, like plovers, at a noise,
Sensitive, timorous:—O do not scare
My happy fancies, lest the flock take wing,
Fly to the wilderness and perish there!
For I have secret luxuries, that bring
Gladness and brightness to mine eyes and heart,
Memory, and Hope, and keen Imagining,
Sweet thoughts and peaceful, never to depart.

THEN give me Silence; for my spirit is rare,
Of delicate edge and tender: when I think,
I rear aloft a mental fabric fair;
But soon as words come hurtling on the air,
Down to this dust my ruined fancies sink:
Look you! on yonder Alp's precipitous brink
An avalanche is tottering;—one breath
Loosens an icy chain;—it falls,—it falls,
Filling the buried glens and glades with death!
Or as, when on the mountain's granite walls
The hunter spies a chamois,—hush! be calm,
A word will scare it,—even so, my Mind
Creative, energizing, seeks the balm
Of Quiet: Solitude and Peace combined.

The Early Gallop.

(Written in the saddle, on the crown of my hat.)

AT five on a dewy morning,
Before the blazing day,
To be up and off on a high-mettled horse
Over the hills away,—
To drink the rich sweet breath of the gorse
And bathe in the breeze of the Downs,
Ha! man, if you can, match bliss like this
In all the joys of towns!

With glad and grateful tongue to join
The lark at his matin hymn,
And thence on faith's own wing to spring
And sing with cherubim!
To pray from a deep and tender heart,
With all things praying anew,
The birds and the bees, and the whispering trees,
And heather bedropt with dew,—
To be one with those early worshippers
And pour the carol too!

Then, off again with a slacken'd rein,
And a bounding heart within,
To dash at a gallop over the plain,
Health's golden cup to win!
This, this is the race for gain and grace
Richer than vases and crowns;
And you that boast your pleasures the most
Amid the steam of towns,
Come, taste true bliss in a morning like this,
Galloping over the Downs!

Ascot:

JUNE 3, 1847—WHEN HERO WON.

MODERN Olympia! shorn of all their pride —
 The patriot spirit, and unlucured praise —
 Thou art a type of these degenerate days,
 When love of simple honour all hath died;
 Oh dusty, gay, and eager multitude,
 Agape for gold — No! do not thus condemn;
 For hundreds here are innocent and good,
 And young, and fair, among — but not of — them;
 And hundreds more enjoy with gratitude
 This well-earn'd holiday, so bright and green:
 Do not condemn! it is a stirring scene,
 Though vanity and folly fill it up;
 Look how the mettled racers please the Queen!
 Ha! brave John Day — a Hero wins the cup!



Life.

A BUSY dream, forgotten ere it fades,
 A vapour, melting into air away,
 Vain hopes, vain fears, a mesh of lights and shades,
 A chequer'd labyrinth of night and day,
 This is our life; a rapid surgy flood
 Where each wave hunts its fellow; on they press;
 To-day is yesterday, and hope's young bud
 Has fruited a to-morrow's nothingness:
 Still on they press, and we are borne along,
 Forgetting and forgotten, trampling down
 The living and the dead in that fierce throng,
 With little heed of Heaven's smile or frown,
 And little care for others' right or wrong,
 So we in iron selfishness stand strong.

Waterloo.

A BALLAD FOR THE SOLDIER.

THERMOPYLAE and Cannæ
Were glorious fields of yore,
Leonidas and Hannibal
Right famous evermore;
But we can claim a nobler name,
A field more glorious too,
The chief who thus achieved for us
Victorious Waterloo.

Let others boast of Cæsar's host
Led on by Cæsar's skill,
And how fierce Attila could rout,
And Alaric could kill,—
But we—right well, O hear me tell
What British troops can do,
When marshall'd by a Wellington
To win a Waterloo!

O for a Pindar's harp to tune
The triumphs of that day!
O for a Homer's pictured words
To paint the fearful fray!—
Alas, my tongue and harp ill-strung
In feeble tones and few,
Hath little skill—yet right good-will
To sing of Waterloo.

Then gather round, my comrades,
And hear a soldier tell
How full of honour was the day
When—every man did well!

And though a soldier's speech be rough,
His heart is hot and true
While thus he tells of Wellington
At hard-fought Waterloo.

Sublimely calm, our iron Duke,
A lion in his lair,
Waited and watch'd with sleepless eye
To see what France would dare,
Nor deign'd to stir from Brussels
Until he surely knew
The foe was rushing on his fate
At chosen Waterloo.

What? should the hunter waste his strength
Nor hold his good hounds back
Before he knows they near the foes
And open on the track?
No: let "surprise" blight Frenchmen's eyes,
For truly they shall rue
The giant skill that, stern and still,
Drew them to Waterloo.

Hotly the couriers gallop up
To Richmond's festive scene,—
Alone, alone the chieftain stood
Undaunted and serene:
Ready, ready,—staunch and steady,—
And forth the orders flew
That march'd us off to Quatre Bras,
And whelming Waterloo.

Begin, begin with Quatre Bras,
That twinborn field of flame,
Where many a gallant deed was done
By many a gallant name;

That battle-field, which seem'd to yield
An earnest and review
Of all that British courage dared
And did at Waterloo.

We heard from far old Blucher's guns,
At Ligny's blazing street,
And hurried on to Weimar's aid,
Right glad the foe to meet;
A score of miles to Quatre Bras;
But still to arms we stood
And cheerly rush'd without a pause
To win the Boissy wood:

Then, just like cowards, three to one,
Before we could deploy,
To crush us, Ney and Excelmans
Flew down with fiendish joy;
But stout we stood in hollow squares,
And fought, and kept the ground,
While lancer spears and cuirassiers
Were charging us all round!

Ay, ay, my men, we battled then
Like wolves and bears at bay,
And thousands there among the dead
With sable Brunswick lay:
And back to back in that attack
The ninety-second fought,—
And "steadily" the twenty-eighth
Behaved as Britons ought.

Then up came Maitland with the guards,
Hurrah! they clear the wood;
But still the furious Frenchman charged,
And still we stoutly stood,

Till gentle night drew on, and that
 Drew off the treacherous Ney,
 For when the morning dimly broke
 —The fox had stole away!

Thus much, my lads, for Quatre Bras;
 And now for Waterloo,
 Where skill and courage did it all,
 With God's good help in view!
 For we were beardless raw recruits,
 And they, more numerous far,
 Were fierce mustachioed mighty men,
 The veterans of war.

The God of battles help'd us soon,
 As godless France drew nigh,
 —It was the great eighteenth of June,
 The sun was getting high;—
 And suddenly two hundred guns
 At once with thundering throats
 Peal'd out their dreadful overture
 In deep volcano notes.

Then, by ten thousands, horse and foot,
 Came on the foaming Gaul,
 And still with bristling front we stood
 As solid as a wall:
 And stout Macdonnell's Hougoumont,
 The centre of the van,
 Was storm'd and storm'd and storm'd—in vain,
 —He held it like a man!

O who can count the myriad deeds
 That hundreds did in fight?
 Ponsonby falls, and Picton bleeds,
 And — both are quench'd in night:

And many a hero subaltern
And hero private too
Beat Ajax and Achilles both
In winning Waterloo!

What shall I say on that dread day
Of Ferrier and his band?
Ten times he chased the foes away,
And charged them sword in hand;
Six of those ten he led his men
With blood upon his brow,—
And in the eleventh dropp'd and died
To live in glory now!

Or, give a stave to Shaw the brave,
—In death the hero sleeps,—
Hemm'd by a score, he knock'd them o'er,
And flew'd them down in heaps;
Till, wearied out, the lion stout
Beset as by a pack
Of hungry hounds, fell full of wounds,
But none upon his back!

And Halkett then before his men
Dash'd forward and made prize
(While both the lines for wonderment
Could scarce believe their eyes)
Of a gaily-plumed French general
Haranguing his array,
But Halkett caught him, speech and all,
And bore him right away!

Thee too, De Lancey, generous chief,
For thee a niche be found,—
Wounded to death, he scorn'd relief
Whilst others bled around:

And D'Oyley and Fitzgerald died,
Just as the day was won,—
And Gordon by his general's side —
The side of Wellington!

And Somerset and Uxbridge then
Gave each a limb to death;
Curzon and Canning cheer'd their men
With their last dying breath;
And gallant Miller stricken sore
With fainting utterance cries,
"Bring me my colours! wave them o'er
Your colonel till he dies!"

Then furious wax'd the Emperor
That Britons wouldn't run,
"Les bêtes, pourquoi ne furent-ils pas?
Et donc, ce Vellington?"
But Vellington still holds his own
For eight red hours and more,
"Why comes not Marshal Blucher down?"
— Ha! — there's his cannon's roar,—

"Up, guards, and at them! charge!"—the word
Like forkèd lightning passes,
And lance, and bayonet, and sword
Rush on in glittering masses!
Back, back, the surging columns roll
In terrified dismay,
And onward shout against the rout
The conquerors of the day!

O now, the tide of battle
Is turn'd to seas of blood,
When case and grape-shot rattle
Among the multitude,

And Fates, led on by Furies,
Destroy the flying host,
And Chaos mated with Despair
Makes all the lost most lost!

Woe, woe! thou caitiff-hero,
Thou Emperor — and slave,
Why didst not thou, too, nobly bleed
With those devoted brave?
No, no,—the coward's thought was self,
And "Suave qui peut" his cry,
And verily at Waterloo
Did great Napoleon die!

He died to fame, while yet his name
Was on ten thousand tongues
That trusted him, and pray'd to him
And — cursed him for their wrongs!
O noble souls! Imperial Guard,
Had *your* chief been but true,
Ye would have stood and stopp'd the rout
At crushing Waterloo!

Still as they fled from Wellington
To Blucher's arms they flew;
These two made up the Quatre Bras
To clutch a Waterloo!
Ha! Blucher's Prussian vengeance
Was fully sated then,
When hated France upon the field
Left forty thousand men.

Thus, comrades, hath a soldier told
What Wellington's calm skill,
When help'd by troops of British mould
And God's almighty will,

Against a veteran triple force
 On battle-field can do :—
 Then, three times three for Wellington,
 The Prince of Waterloo !

"Are you a great Reader?"

I HOPE to ripen into richer wine
 Than mixt Falernian ; those decanter'd streams
 Pour'd from another's chalice into thine
 Make less of wisdom than the scholar dreams ;
 Precept on precept, tedious line on line,
 That never-thinking, ever-reading plan,
 Fashion some patchwork garments for a man,
 But starve his mind : it starves of too much meat,
 An undigested surfeit ; as for me,
 I am untamed, a spirit free and fleet
 That cannot brook the studious yoke, nor be
 Like some dull grazing ox without a soul,
 But feeling racer's shoes upon my feet
 Before my teacher starts, I touch the goal.

The Verdict.

I LEAVE all judgments to that better world
 And my more righteous Judge : for He shall tell
 In the dread day when from their thrones are hurl'd
 Each human tyranny and earthly spell,
 That which alone of all He knoweth well—

The heart's own secret: He shall tell it out
 With all the feelings and the sorrows there,
 The fears within, the foes that hemm'd without,
 Neglect and wrong and calumny and care:
 For He hath saved thine ev'ry tearful pray'r
 In His own lachrymal; and noted down
 Each unconsider'd grief with tenderest love:
 Look up! beyond the cross behold the crown,
 And for all wrongs below all rights above!



Guernsey.

GUERNSEY! to me and in my partial eyes
 Thou art a holy and enchanted isle,
 Where I would linger long, and muse the while
 Of ancient thoughts and solemn memories,
 Quickening the tender tear or pensive smile:
 Guernsey!—for nearly thrice a hundred years
 Home of my fathers! refuge from their fears,
 And haven to their hope,—when long of yore
 Fleeing Imperial Charles and bloody Rome,
 Protestant martyrs, to thy sea-girt shore
 They came to seek a temple and a home,
 And found thee generous,—I their son would pour
 My heartfull all of praise and thanks to thee,
 Island of welcomes,—friendly, frank, and free!

All's Right.

FOR MUSIC.

O NEVER despair at the troubles of life,
All's right!
In the midst of anxiety, peril, and strife,
All's right!
The cheerful philosophy never was wrong
That ever puts this on the tip of my tongue,
And makes it my glory, my strength, and my song,
All's right!

The Pilot beside us is steering us still,
All's right!
The Champion above us is guarding from ill,
All's right!
Let others who know neither Father nor Friend
Go trembling and doubting in fear to the end,—
For me, on this motto I gladly depend,
All's right!



The Complaint of an Ancient Briton,

DISINTERRED BY ARCHÆOLOGISTS.

Two thousand years ago
They heap'd my battle-grave,
And each a tear and each a stone
My mourning warriors gave ;

For I had borne me well,
And fought as patriots fight,
Till, like a British chief, I fell
Contending for the right.
Seam'd with many a wound,
All weakly did I lie;
My foes were dead or dying round,—
And thus I joy'd to die!
For their marauding crew
Came treacherously to kill,—
The many came against the few
To storm our sacred hill.
We battled, and we bled,
We won, and paid the price,
For I, the chief, lay down with the dead
A willing sacrifice!
My liegemen wail'd me long,
And treasured up my bones,
And rear'd my kist secure and strong
With tributary stones:
High on the breezy down,
My native hill's own breast,
Nigh to the din of mine ancient town,
They left me to my rest.
I hoped for peace and calm
Until my judgment hour,
And then to awake for the victor's palm
And patriot's throne of power!
And lo! till this dark day
Did men my grave revere;
Two thousand years had posted away,
And still I slumber'd here:
But now, there broke a noise
Upon my silent home,
'Twas not the Resurrection voice
That burst my turfy tomb,—

But men of prying mind,
Alas, my fellow men,
Ravage my grave, my bones to find,
With sacrilegious ken!
Mine honour doth abjure
Your new barbarian race;
Restore, restore my bones secure
To some more sacred place!
With mattock and with spade
Ye dare to break my rest;
The pious mound is all unmade
My clan had counted blest:
Take, take my buckler's boss,
My sword, and spear, and chain,—
Steal all ye can of this world's dross,
But—rest my bones again!
I know your modern boast
Is light, and learning's spread,—
Learn of a Celt to show them most
In honour to the Dead!

Wisdom.

It is the way we go, the way of life;
A drop of pleasure in a sea of pain,
A grain of peace amid a load of strife,
With toil and grief, and grief and toil again:
Yea:—but for this; the firm and faithful breast,
Bolder than lions, confident and strong,
That never doubts its birthright to be blest,
And dreads no evil while it does no wrong:

This, this is wisdom, manful and serene,
 Towards GOD all penitence and prayer and trust,
 But to the troubles of this shifting scene
 Simply courageous and sublimely just:
 Be then such wisdom thine, my heart within,—
 There is no foe nor woe nor grief but—Sin.



The Heart's Husband.

FOR MUSIC.

Go, leave me to weep for the years that are past,
 For my youth, and its friends, and its pleasures all dead,
 My spring and my summer are fading too fast,
 And I long to live over the days that are fled;
 It is not for sorrows or sins on my track
 That I mournfully cast my fond yearnings behind,—
 —Ah no,—from affection I love to look back,
 It is only my Heart that has wedded my Mind.

And still, let the Mind that has married a Heart,
 Though loving, be strong as a King in his pride,
 And ever command that all weakness depart
 From the realm that he rules in the soul of his bride;
 For what, if all time and all pleasures decay?
 My Mind is myself, an invincible chief,—
 Like a child's broken toys are the years past away,
 And my Heart half-ashamed has forgotten her grief.

Prophets.

PROPHETS at home,—I smile to note your wrongs;
 How scantily praised at each ancestral hearth
 Are ye, caress'd by million hearts and tongues,
 And full of honours over half the earth:
 O petty jealousies and paltry strife!
 The little minds that chronicle a birth
 Stood once for teachers in the task of life;
 But, as the child of genius grew apace,
 Dismay'd at his gigantic lineaments,
 They fear'd to find his glory their disgrace,
 His mind their master: so their worldly aim
 Is still to vex him with discouragements,
 To check the spring-tide budding of his fame,
 And keep it down, to save themselves a name.

Wheat-corn and Chaff.

My little learning fadeth fast away,
 And all the host of words and forms and rules
 Bred in my teeming youth of books and schools
 Dwindle to less and lighter; night and day
 I dream of tasks undone, and lore forgot,
 Seeming some sailor in the "ship of fools,"
 Some debtor owing what he cannot pay,
 Some conner of old themes remember'd not:
 Despise such small oblivion; 'tis the lot
 Of human life, amid its chance and change,
 To learn, and then unlearn; to seek and find
 And then to lose familiars grown quite strange:
 Store up, store wisdom's corn in heart and mind,
 But fling the chaff on every winnowing wind.

The true Epicure.

How saidst thou?—Pleasure: why, my life is pleasure;
 My days are pleasantness, my nights are peace:
 I drink of joys which neither cloy nor cease,
 A well that gushes blessings without measure.
 Ah, thou hast little heed how rich and glad,
 How happy is my soul in her full treasure,
 How seldom but for honest pity sad,
 How constantly at calm!—my very cares
 Are sweetness in my cup, as being sent;
 And country quiet, and retired leisure
 Keep me from half the common fears and snares;
 And I have learnt the wisdom of content:
 Yea, and to crown the cup of peace with praise
 Both GOD and man have blest my works and ways.



The Wappy Man.

A MAN of no regrets
 He goes his sunny way,
 Owing the past no load of debts
 The present cannot pay:
 He wedded his first love
 Nor loved another since;
 He sets his nobler hopes above;
 He reigns in joy a Prince!

A man of no regrets,
 He hath no cares to vex,
 No secret griefs, nor mental nets
 Nor troubles to perplex:

Forgiveness to his sin,
 And help in every need,
 Blessings around, and peace within,
 Crown him a King indeed!

A man of no regrets,
 Upon his Empire free
 The sun of gladness never sets,—
 Then who so rich as he?
 Yea, GOD upon my heart
 Hath pour'd all blessings down:
 Then yield to Him, with all thou art,
 The homage of thy crown!



Heroldir.

HIGH in Battle's antler'd hall,
 Ancient as its Abbey wall,
 Hangs a helmet, brown with rust,
 Cobweb'd o'er, and thick in dust;
 High it hangs, 'mid pikes and bows,
 Scowling still at spectral foes,
 Proud and stern, with visor down,
 And fearful in its feudal frown.

When I saw, what ail'd thee, heart,
 Wherefore should I stop, and start?—
 That old helm, with that old crest,
 Is more to me than all the rest;
 Batter'd, broken, though it be,
 That old helm is all to me.

Yon black greyhound know I well :
 Many a tale hath it to tell
 How in troublous times of old
 Sires of mine, with bearing bold,
 Bearing bold, but much mischance,
 Sway'd the sword, or poised the lance,—
 Much mischance, desponding still,
 They fought and fell, foreboding ill :
 And their scallop, gules with blood,
 Fess'd amid the azure flood,
 Show'd the pilgrim, slain afar
 Over the sea in Holy War ;
 While that faithful greyhound black
 Vainly watch'd the wild boar's track,
 And the legend and the name
 Proved all lost but hope and fame,—
Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur,
 Mais "*L'Espoir est ma force*" sans peur.

~~~~~

### Threnos.

VANITY, vanity ! dead hopes and fears,  
 Dim flitting phantoms of departed years,  
 Unsatisfying shadows, vague and cold,  
 Of thoughts and things that made my joys of old,  
 Sad memories of the kindly words and ways  
 And looks and loves of friends in other days,—  
 Alas ! all gone,—a dream, a very dream,  
 A dream is all you are, and all you seem !

O life, I do forget thee : I look back,  
 And lo, the desert wind has swept my track :  
 I stand upon this bare and solid ground,  
 And, strangely waken'd, wonder all around ;

How came I here? and whence? and whither tend?  
 Speak, friend!—if death and time have spared a friend:  
 Behold, the place that knew me well of yore  
 Knoweth me not; and that familiar floor  
 Where all my kith and kin were wont to meet  
 Is now grown strange, and throng'd by other feet.  
 O soul, my soul, consider thou that spot,  
 Root there thy gratitude, and leave it not;  
 Still let remembrance, with a swimming eye,  
 Live in those rooms, nor pass them coldly by;  
 Still let affection cling to those old days,  
 And, yearning fondly, paint them bright with praise:  
 O once my home—with all thy blessings fled,  
 O forms and faces—gather'd to the dead,  
 O scenes of joy and sorrow—faded fast!  
 —How hollow sound thy footsteps, ghostlike PAST!  
 An aching emptiness is all thou art,  
 A famine hid within the cavern'd heart.

Thou changeless ONE,—how blest to have no change,—  
 Only with Thee, my GOD, I feel not strange:  
 Thou art the same for ever and for aye,—  
 To-morrow and to-day as yesterday,  
 Thou art the same,—a tranquil Present still;  
 There I can hide, and bless Thy sovereign will:  
 Yea, bless Thee, O my Father, that Thy love  
 Call'd in an instant to the bliss above  
 From ills to come and grief and care and fear  
 Thy type to me, most honour'd and most dear!  
 O true and tender spirit, pure and good,  
 So vext on earth and little understood,  
 Thy gentle nature was not fit for strife,  
 But quail'd to meet the waking woes of life;  
 And therefore GOD Our Father kindly made  
 Thy sleep a death, lest thou shouldst feel afraid!

## The Dead.

## A DIRGE.

I LOVE the dead!  
The precious spirits gone before,  
And waiting on that peaceful shore  
To meet with welcome looks  
and kiss me yet once more.

I love the dead!  
And fondly doth my fancy paint  
Each dear one, wash'd from earthly taint,  
By patience and by hope  
made a most gentle saint.

O glorious dead!  
Without one spot upon the dress  
Of your ethereal loveliness,  
Ye linger round me still  
with earnest will to bless.

Enfranchised dead!  
Each fault and failing left behind,  
And nothing now to chill or bind,  
How gloriously ye reign  
in majesty of mind!

O royal dead!  
The resting, free, unfetter'd dead,  
The yearning, conscious, holy dead,  
The hoping, waiting, calm,  
the happy changeless dead!

I love the dead!  
And well forget their little ill,  
Eager to bask my memory still  
In all their best of words  
and deeds and ways and will.

I bless the dead!  
Their good, half choked by this world's weeds,  
Is blooming now in heavenly meads,  
And ripening golden fruit  
of all those early seeds.

I trust the dead!  
They understand me frankly now,  
There are no clouds on heart or brow,  
But spirit, reading spirit,  
answereth glow for glow.

I praise the dead!  
All their tears are wiped away,  
Their darkness turn'd to perfect day,—  
How blessed are the dead,  
how beautiful be they!

O gracious dead!  
That watch me from your paradise  
With happy tender starlike eyes,  
Let your sweet influence rain  
me blessings from the skies.

Yet, helpless dead,  
Vainly my yearning nature dares  
Such unpremeditated prayers;—  
All vain it were for them;  
as even for me theirs.

Immortal dead!  
Ye in your lot are fix'd as fate  
And man or angel is too late  
To beckon back by prayer  
                    one change upon your state.

O, godlike dead,  
Ye that do rest, like Noah's dove,  
Fearless I leave you to the love  
Of Him who gave you peace,  
                    to bear with you above!

And ye, the dead,  
Godless on earth, and gone astray,  
Alas, your hour is past away,—  
The Judge is just; for you  
                    it now were sin to pray.

Still, all ye dead,  
First may be last and last be first,—  
Charity counteth no man curst,  
But hopeth still in Him  
                    whose love would save the worst.

Therefore, ye dead,  
I love you, be ye good or ill,  
For God, our God, doth love me still,  
And you He loved on earth  
                    with love that nought could chill.

And some, just dead,  
To me on earth most deeply dear,  
Who loved and nursed and blest me here,  
I love you with a love  
                    that casteth out all fear:

Come near me, Dead!  
In spirit come to me, and kiss,—  
No!—I must wait awhile for this:  
A few, few years or days,  
And I too feed on bliss!

---

The Thanks of Parliament to Wellington  
and his Army.

OUTSPAKE a nation's voice,  
Concentred in her king,  
While cannons roar, and hearts rejoice,  
And all the steeples ring:

Outspake old England then  
By prelates and by peers:  
By all her best and wisest men,  
Her sages and her seers—

Old England and her pair  
Of sisters, north and west,  
The comely graces, fresh and fair,  
Who charm the world to rest.

All honour to the brave!  
The living and the dead,  
Who only fought to bless and save,  
And crush the hydra's head:

All honour and all thanks  
To every mother's son,  
Saxon, or Celt, or Gael, or Manx,  
Who fought with Wellington!

For heroes were they all,  
To conquer or to die,  
By Ahmednuggra's bastion'd wall,  
Or desperate Assye :

And, heroes still, they strive  
Against the dangerous Dane,  
When France stirr'd up the northern hive,  
To sting us on the main :

All heroes, heroes still,  
For Lusitania's right ;  
By red Roleia's hard-fought hill,  
And Vimiera's fight :

And stout the heroes stood  
On Talavera's day ;  
And wrote their conquering names in blood,  
At Salamanca's fray :

Still heroes, on they went  
O'er Cuidad's gory fosse,  
And stern Sebastian's battlement,  
And thundering Badajos :

And, heroes ever, taught  
Old Soult to fly and yield,  
Shouting "Victory" as they fought  
On red Vittoria's field ;

And, heroes ay, they flew  
To Orthez, conquering yet ;  
Until, at whelming Waterloo,  
The Frenchman's sun had set !

Then, thanks ! thou glorious chief,  
And thanks ! ye gallant band,  
Who, under GOD, to man's relief  
Stretch'd out the saving hand :



All Britain thanks you well,  
By peasant, peer, and king;  
To all who fought for us, or fell,  
Immortal honours bring!

Peal fast the merry chime,  
And bid the cannon roar  
In praise of heroes, whom all time  
Shall cherish evermore!

---

To Laura.

(FROM PETRARCH.)

My Laura, my love, I behold in thine eyes  
Twin day-stars that Mercy has given,  
To teach me on earth to be happy and wise  
And guide me triumphant to heaven!

Their lessons of love through a lifetime have taught  
My bosom thy pureness and sweetness;  
They have roused me to virtue, exalted my thought,  
And made my celestial meetness.

They have shed on my heart a delightful repose;  
All else it hath barr'd from its portal;  
So deeply the stream of my happiness flows,  
I know that my soul is immortal.

## To America.

COLUMBIA, child of Britain,—noblest child!

I praise the growing lustre of thy worth,  
And fain would see thy great heart reconciled

To love the mother of so blest a birth:  
For we are one, Columbia! still the same  
In lineage, language, laws, and ancient fame,  
The natural nobility of earth:

Yes, we are one; the glorious days of yore  
When dear old England earn'd her storied name,

Are thine as well as ours for evermore;  
And thou hast rights in Milton, ev'n as we,  
Thou too canst claim "sweet Shakspeare's wood-notes  
wild,"—

And chiefest, brother, we are both made free  
Of one Religion, pure and undefiled!

## II.

I BLAME thee not, as other some have blamed,—

The highborn heir had grown to man's estate;  
I mock thee not as some who should be shamed,  
Nor ferret out thy faults with envious hate;  
Far otherwise, by generous love inflamed,

Patriot I praise my country's foreign Son,  
Rejoicing in the blaze of good and great

That diadems thy head!—go on, go on,  
Young Hercules, thus travelling in might,  
Boy-Plato, filling all the West with light,

Thou new Themistocles for enterprise  
Go on and prosper, Acolyte of fate!

And, precious child, dear Ephraim, turn those eyes,—  
For thee thy Mother's yearning heart doth wait.

## III.

LET aged Britain claim the classic Past,  
 A shining track of bright and mighty deeds,  
 For thee I prophesy the Future vast  
 Whereof the Present sows its giant seeds :  
 Corruption and decay come thick and fast  
 O'er poor old England ; yet a few dark years,  
 And we must die as nations died of yore !  
 But, in the millions of thy teeming shore —  
 Thy patriots, sages, warriors, saints, and seers —  
 We live again, Columbia ! yea, once more  
 Unto a thousand generations live,  
 The mother in the child ; to all the West  
 Through Thee shall We earth's choicest blessings give,  
 Even as our Orient world in Us is blest.

## IV.

THOU noble scion of an ancient root,  
 Born of the forest-king ! spread forth, spread forth,—  
 High to the stars thy tender leaflets shoot,  
 Deep dig thy fibres round the ribs of earth :  
 From sea to sea, from South to icy North,  
 It must ere long be thine, through good or ill,  
 To stretch thy sinewy boughs : Go,—wondrous child !  
 The glories of thy destiny fulfil ;—  
 Remember then thy mother in her age,  
 Shelter her in the tempest, warring wild,  
 Stand thou with us when all the nations rage  
 So furiously together !—we are one :  
 And, through all time, the calm historic page  
 Shall tell of Britain blest in thee her son !

## Pain.

DELAY not, sinner, till the hour of pain  
 To seek repentance: pain is absolute,  
 Exacting all the body and the brain,  
 Humanity's stern king from head to foot:  
 How canst thou pray, while fever'd arrows shoot  
 Through this torn targe,—while every bone doth ache,  
 And the scared mind raves up and down her cell  
 Restless, and begging rest for mercy's sake?  
 Add not to death the bitter fears of hell;  
 Take pity on thy future self, poor man,  
 While yet in strength thy timely wisdom can,—  
 Wrestle to-day with sin; and spare that strife  
 Of meeting all its terrors in the van,  
 Just at the ebbing agony of life.

---

 The Toothache.

A RAGING throbbing tooth,—it burns, it burns!  
 Darting its fiery fibres to the brain,  
 A stalk of fever on a root of pain,  
 A red-hot coal, a dull sore cork by turns,  
 A poison, kindred to the viper's fang,  
 Galling and fretting: ha! it stings again,  
 Riving the sensitive nerve with keenest pang.  
 Well; from this bitter let me cull the sweet,  
 For Goodness never did afflict in vain,  
 But wills that Pain should sit at Wisdom's feet:  
 Serve GOD in pleasant health; repent, and pray,  
 While the frail body rests at grateful ease;  
 And, sympathise with sickness and decay,  
 Charitable to Man: remember these.

*No Surrender!*

FOR MUSIC.

EVER constant, ever true,  
Let the word be, No surrender :  
Boldly dare and greatly do !  
This shall bring us bravely through,  
No surrender, No surrender !  
And though Fortune's smiles be few,  
Hope is always springing new,  
Still inspiring me and you  
With a magic — No surrender !

Nail the colours to the mast,  
Shouting gladly, No surrender !  
Troubles near are all but past —  
Serve them as you did the last,  
No surrender, No surrender !  
Though the skies be overcast  
And upon the sleety blast  
Disappointments gather fast,  
Beat them off with No surrender !

Constant and courageous still,  
Mind, the word is No surrender ;  
Battle, though it be uphill,  
Stagger not at seeming ill,  
No surrender, No surrender !  
Hope,—and thus your hope fulfil,—  
There's a way where there's a will,  
And the way all cares to kill  
Is to give them — No surrender !

*Never mind!*

SOUL, be strong, whate'er betide,  
God himself is guard and guide,—  
With my Father at my side,  
Never mind!

Clouds and darkness hover near,  
Men's hearts failing them for fear,  
But be thou of right good cheer,  
Never mind!

Come what may, some work is done,  
Praise the Father through the Son,  
Goals are gain'd and prizes won,  
Never mind!

And if now the skies look black,  
All the past behind my back  
Is a bright and blessed track;  
Never mind!

Stand in patient courage still,  
Working out thy Master's will,  
Compass good, and conquer ill;  
Never mind!

Fight, for all their bullying boast,  
Dark temptation's evil host,  
This is thy predestined post;  
Never mind!

Be then tranquil as a dove;  
Through these thunder-clouds above  
Shines afar the heaven of love;  
Never mind!

## The Cromlech du Tus, Guernsey.

HOARY relic, stern and old,—  
Heaving huge above the mould  
Like some mammoth, lull'd to sleep  
By the magic-murmuring deep  
Till those grey gigantic bones  
Gorgon-time hath frown'd to stones,—  
Who shall tell thine awful tale,  
Massy Cromlech, at "The Vale?"

Ruthless altar, hungry tomb!  
Superstition's throne of gloom,  
Where in black sepulchral state  
High the hooded Spectre sate  
Terrible and throng'd by fears  
Brooding for a thousand years  
As a thunder-cloud above  
All that wretched men may love,—  
Is there no grim witness near  
That shall whisper words of fear,  
Every brother's heart to thrill,  
Every brother's blood to chill,  
While thy records are reveal'd  
And thy mysteries unscal'd?—

Lift, with Titan toil and pain,  
Lift the lid by might and main,—  
Lift the lid and look within  
On — this charnel-house of Sin!  
O twin brethren, how and when  
Dwelt ye in this rocky den?  
Rise, dread martyrs! for your bones  
Chronicle these Cromlech-stones;

Rise, ye grisly, ghastly pair,  
— Skeletons ! how came ye there —  
Kneeling starkly side by side  
More like life than those who died ?  
More like life ?— O what a spell  
Of horror cowers in that cell !  
More like life !— Alive they went  
Into that stone tenement,  
Bound as in religious ease  
Meekly kneeling on their knees,  
And the cruel thongs confined  
All but the distracted mind  
That with terror raved to see  
Woe ! how slow such death would be :  
Woe ! how slow and full of dread :  
Pining, dying, but not dead,—  
Pining, dying in the tomb,  
Drown'd in gulfs of starving gloom,  
With corruption, hideous fear,  
Creeping noiselessly more near,  
While the victims slowly died  
Link'd together side by side  
Till in manacled mad strife  
Both had struggled out of life !  
Yea : some idol claim'd the price  
Of this living sacrifice ;  
Some grim demon's dark high priest  
Bound these slaves for Odin's feast,  
Offering up with rites of hell  
Human pangs to Thor or Bel !—

Christians, ponder on these bones ;  
Kneel around the Cromlech-stones :  
Kneel and thank our GOD above  
That His name, His heart is Love :



That His thirst is — not for blood  
But, for joy and gratitude;  
That He bids no soul be sad  
But is glad to make *us* glad;  
That He loves not man's despair,  
But delights to bless his prayer!

~~~~~  
My Children. 1845.

MY little ones, my darling ones, my precious things of earth,
How gladly do I triumph in the blessing of your birth;
How heartily for praises, and how earnestly for prayers,
I yearn upon your loveliness, my dear delightful cares!

O children, happy word of peace, my jewels and my gold,
My truest friends till now, and still my truest friends when old,
I will be everything to you, your playmate and your guide,
Both Mentor and Telemachus for ever at your side!

I will be everything to you, your sympathising friend,
To teach and help and lead and bless and comfort and defend;
O come to me and tell me all, and ye shall find me true,
A brother in adversity to fight it out for you!

Yea, sins or follies, griefs or cares, or young affection's thrall,
Fear not, for I am one with you, and I have felt them all;
I will be tender, just, and kind, unwilling to reprove,
I will do all to bless you all by wisdom and by love.

My little ones, delighted I review you as ye stand
A pretty troop of fairies and young cherubs hand in hand,
And tell out all your names to be a dear familiar sound
Wherever English hearths and hearts about the world abound.

My eldest, of the speaking eyes, my Ellin, nine years old,
Thou thoughtful good example of the loving little fold,
My Ellin, they shall hear of thee, fair spirit, holy child,
The truthful and the well-resolved, the liberal and the mild.

And thee, my Mary, what of thee?—the beauty of thy face?
The coyly-pretty whims and ways that ray thee round with grace
—O more than these; a dear warm heart that still must thr
and glow

With pure affection's sunshine, and with feeling's overflow!

Thou too, my gentle five-year old, fair Margaret the pearl,
A quiet sick and suffering child, sweet patient little girl,—
Yet gay withal and frolicsome at times wilt thou appear,
And like a bell thy merry voice rings musical and clear.

And next my Selwyn, precious boy, a glorious young mind,
The sensitive, the passionate, the noble, and the kind,
Whose light-brown locks bedropt with gold, and large eyes fu
of love,

And generous nature mingle well the lion and the dove.

The last, an infant toothless one, now prattling on my knee,
Whose bland benevolent soft face is shiining upon me;
Another silver star upon our calm domestic sky,
Another seed of happy hope, dropt kindly from on high.

A happy man,—be this my praise,—not riches, rank, or fame
A happy man, with means enough,—no other lot or name;
A happy man, with you for friends, my children and my wife,
—Ambition is o'ervaulted here in all that gladdens life!

A Debt of Love. 1838.

THOU, more than all endeared to this glad heart
By gentle smiles, and patience under pain,
I bless my GOD, and thee, for all thou art,
My crowning joy, my richest earthly gain!
To thee is due this tributary strain
For all the well-observed kind offices
That spring spontaneous from a heart, imbued
With the sweet wish of living but to please;
Due for thy liberal hand, thy frugal mind,
Thy pitying eye, thy voice for ever kind,
For tenderness, truth, confidence,—all these:
My heaven-blest vine, that hast thy tendrils twined
Round one who loves and won thee, not unsued,
Accept thy best reward,—thy husband's gratitude.

To little Ellen. 1837.

MY precious babe, my guileless little girl,—
The soft sweet beauty of thy cherub face
Is smiling on me, radiant as a pearl
With young intelligence and infant grace:
And must the wintry breath of life efface
Thy purity, fair snow-drop of the spring?
Must evil taint thee,—must the world enthrall
Thine innocent mind, poor harmless little thing?
Ah, yes, thou too must taste the cup of woe,
Thy heart must learn to grieve, as others do,
Thy soul must feel life's many-pointed sting:
But fear not, darling child, for well I know
Whatever cares may meet thee, ills befall,
Thy GOD,—thy father's GOD,—shall lead thee safe through all

On the Birth of little Mary. 1838.

Lo, Thou hast crown'd me with another blessing,
 Into my lot hast dropt one mercy more;—
 All good, all kind, all wise in Thee possessing,
 My cup, O bounteous Giver, runneth o'er,
 And still Thy princely hand doth without ceasing pour!
 For the sweet fruit of undecaying love
 Clusters in beauty round my cottage door,
 And this new little one, like Noah's dove,
 Comes to mine ark with peace, and plenty for my store.
 O happy home, O light and cheerful hearth!
 Look round with me, my lover, friend, and wife,
 On these fair faces we have lit with life,
 And in the perfect blessing of their birth,
 Help me to live our thanks for so much heaven on earth.

Margaret. 1840.

A SONG of gratitude and cheerful prayer
 Still shall go forth my pretty babes to greet,
 As on life's firmament, serenely fair,
 Their little stars arise, with aspects sweet
 Of mild successive radiance; that small pair,
 Ellin and Mary, having gone before
 In this affection's welcome, the dear debt
 Here shall be paid to gentle Margaret:
 Be thou indeed a Pearl,—in pureness, more
 Than beauty, praise, or price; full be thy cup,
 Mantling with grace, and truth with mercy met,
 With warm and generous charities flowing o'er;
 And when the Great King makes His jewels up,
 Shine forth, child-angel, in His coronet!

On little Selwyn. 1842.

NOT slender is the triumph and the joy,
 To know and feel that, for his father's sake,
 The world will look with favour on my boy;
 —On thee, my pretty little prattling son,—
 On thee!—and that it shall be thine to take
 (With whatsoever else of this world's spoil)
 For heritage the honours I have won.
 Speed on, my second self, speed nobly on!
 Forget, in good men's praise, the strife and toil
 Which Folly's herd shall still around thee make
 If thou dost well; speed on in gifts and grace,
 Beloved of God and man, even as now;
 Speed,—and in both worlds win the glorious race,
 Bearing thy father's blessing on thy brow!



On little William. 1844.

LOOK on this babe; and let thy pride take heed,
 Thy pride of manhood, intellect, or fame,
 That thou despise him not: for he indeed,
 And such as he, in spirit and heart the same,
 Are GOD's own children in that kingdom bright
 Where purity is praise,—and where before
 The FATHER's throne, triumphant evermore,
 The ministering angels, sons of light,
 Stand unproved; because they offer there,
 Mix'd with the Mediator's hallowing prayer,
 The innocence of babes in Christ like this:
 O guardian Spirit, be my child thy care,
 Lead him to GOD, obedience and bliss,
 To GOD, O fostering cherub, thine and his!

Henry de B. T. 1847.

HAIL then a sixth ! my doubly triple joy,
 Another blessing in a third-born boy,
 Another soul by generous favour sent
 To teach and train for heaven through content,
 Another second-self with hopes like mine
 In better worlds beyond the stars to shine,
 Another little hostage from above
 The pledge and promise of Our Father's love !
 GOD guard the babe : and cherish the young child ;
 And bless the boy with nurture wise and mild ;
 And lead the lad ; and yearn upon the youth ;
 And make the man a man of trust and truth ;
 Through life and death uphold him all his days,
 And then translate him to Thyself with praise !



The Seventh : Walter F. T. 1848.

So, one by one, Thy jewels are made up
 Ev'n to the perfect number, glorious LORD !
 So, one by one, ambrosially pour'd
 These rills of happiness o'erflow my cup.
 Add yet this grace, Contentment with Enough :
 That, resting always on Thy gracious word,
 My band of innocent babes, my beauteous band,
 Through all the maze of life, thorny and rough,
 To Thee in prayer continually given,
 Safely may pass along ; and, hand in hand,
 A lustrous company, a blessed seven,
 Pure as the Pleiads, as the Sages wise,
 With hearts commingled like the rainbow dyes,
 May shine together, heirs of earth and heaven !

Errata.

AN AUTHOR'S COMPLAINT.

O FRIENDS and brothers, judge me not unheard;
 Make not a man offender for a word:
 For often have I noted seeming fault
 That harm'd my rhymes, and made my reasons halt,
 Whilst all that error was some printer's sloth,
 Who scorning rhyme and reason slew them both:
 Be ye then liberal to your far-off friend,
 Where garbled, guess him; and where maim'd, amend;
 Trust him for wit, when types have marr'd the word,
 And wisdom too, where only blockheads err'd.

Venus.

A Reply to Longfellow's Poem on Mars, in "Voices of the Night."

THOU lover of the blaze of Mars,
 Come out with me to-night,
 For I have found among the stars
 A name of nobler light.

Thy boast is of the unconquer'd Mind,
 The strong, the stern, the still;
 Mine of the happier Heart, resign'd
 To Wisdom's holy will.

They call my star by beauty's name,
 The gentle Queen of Love;
 And look! how fair its tender flame
 Is flickering above:

O star of peace, O torch of hope,
I hail thy precious ray
A diamond on the ebon cope
To shine the dark away.

Within my heart there is no light
But cometh from above,
I give the first watch of the night
To the sweet planet, Love :

The star of Charity and Truth,
Of cheerful thoughts and sage,
The lamp to guide my steps in Youth
And gladden mine old age !

O brother, yield : thy fiery Mars
For all his mailed might
Is not so strong among the stars
As mine, the Queen of night :

A Queen to shine all nights away,
And make the morn more clear,
Contentment gilding every day,—
—There is no twilight here !

Yes ; in a trial world like this
Where all that comes—is sent,
Learn how divine a thing it is
To smile and be content !

“The warm young Heart.”

FOR MUSIC.

A BEAUTIFUL face, and a form of grace
 Were a pleasant sight to see,
 And gold, and gems, and diadems,
 Right excellent they be:
 But beauty and gold, though both be untold,
 Are things of a worldly mart,
 The wealth that I prize, above ingots or eyes,
 Is a heart,—a warm young heart!

O face most fair, shall thy beauty compare
 With affection's glowing light?
 O riches and pride, how pale ye beside
 Love's wealth, serene and bright!
 I spurn thee away, as a cold thing of clay,
 Though gilded and carved thou art,
 For all that I prize, in its smiles and its sighs,
 Is a heart—a warm young heart!



To Cidli, asleep.

(From Klopstock.)

SHE slumbers.—O blessed sleep, rain from thy wings
 Thy life-giving balm on her delicate frame;
 And send thou from Eden's ambrosial springs
 A few flashing drops of their crystallous flame,—

Then spread them, soft painter, upon her white cheek
 Where sickness hath eaten the roses away;
 Love's gentle refresher, Care's comforter meek,
 Thou moon of sweet blessings, pour down the kind ray —

To smile on my Cidli: she slumbers: be still,
 Hush'd be thy soft-flowing notes, O my lyre,
 Thy laurels mine anger shall scathe and shall kill,
 If idly thou waken my sleeping desire.



Alfred.

Born at Wantage, in Berkshire, Oct. 25, 849.

COME, every true-born Englishman! come Anglo-Saxons all!
 I wake a tune to-day to take and hold your hearts in thrall;
 I sing The King, the Saxon king, the glorious and the great,
 The root and spring of everything we love in Church and State

'Tis just a thousand years to-day,— Oh! years are swift and brief,—
 Since erst uprose in majesty the day-star of our Chief,
 Since Wantage bred a wondrous child, whom God hath made the
 Cause

Of half the best we boast in British liberties and laws.

Last-born of royal Ethelwolf, he left his island home,
 Ulysses-like, to study men and marvels in old Rome;
 And, thence in wrath returning, overthrew the pirate Dane,
 And, young as Pitt, at twenty-two, began a Hero's reign.

Oh! Guthran swore, and Hubba smote, and sturdy Hinguar storm'd
 And still like locusts o'er the land the red marauders swarm'd
 But ALFRED was a David, to scatter every foe,—
 The shepherd, psalmist, warrior, king, unblamed in weal and wo

Ay, hiding with the herdsman, or harping in the camp,
Or earnestly redeeming time beneath the midnight lamp,
Or ruling on his quiet throne, or fighting in the fen,
Our Alfred was indeed an Agamemnon, king of Men!

Inshrinking champion of the Right, in patriot strength he stood,—
Declare it, threescore fields of fight! and mark it down in blood:
Unflinching chief, unerring judge, he stoutly held the helm,—
Tell out those thirty years of praise, all Albion's happy realm!

A Solomon for wisdom's choice,—that he loved learning well
Let Oxford chimes with grateful voice from all their turrets tell;
A Numa, and Justinian too, let every parish sound
His birthday on the merry bells through all the country round!

A Nestor, while in years a youth, he taught as Plato taught,
A Constantine, a Washington, he fought as Scipio fought,
A Wellington,—his laurell'd sword with Peace was glory-gilt,
And Nelson's earliest wooden walls of Alfred's oaks were built!

O gallant Britons, bless the God who gave you such a prince,
His like was never known before, nor ever hath been since,
The fountain of your liberties, your honours and your health,
The mountain of your sturdy strength, the Ophir of your wealth.

And now, arouse thee, Royal Ghost! in majesty look round;
On every shore, in every clime, thy conquering sons are found;
By kingdoms and dominions, by continents and isles,
The Anglo-Saxon realm is *fifty hundred thousand miles!*

Ay, smile on us, and bless us in thy loftiness of love,—
The name of Anglo-Saxon is all other names above,
By peoples and by nations, by tribe and sept and clan,
Two hundred millions claim it in the family of Man!

They claim it, and they claim thee too, their father and their king !
 O mighty Shade ! behold the crowds who claim thy sheltering wing :
 Thou hast o'ershadow'd, like an Alp, the half of this broad earth
 And where thy shadow falls is Light, and Anglo-Saxon worth !

The energy, the daring, the cheerfulness, the pride,
 The stalwarth love of freedom, with Religion well allied,
 The trust in GOD for ever, and the hope in Man for time,
 These characters they learnt of thee, and stand like thee sublime.

Where'er thy gracious children come, a blessing there they bring,
 The sweet securities of Home around that place they fling,
 Warm Comfort, and pure Charity, and Duty's bright blue eye,
 And Enterprize, and Industry, are stars upon that sky !

Stout Husbandry amid those fields with soft Contentment meets,
 And honest Commerce, early up, is stirring in those streets ;
 And all the glories of the sword, and honours of the pen,
 Make us the Wonder of the world, the Cynosure of men !

And, bark ! upon my harp and tongue a sweeter note of praise,
 How should a Saxon leave unsung what best he loves always ?
 O dearer, deeper, nobler songs to thrill the heart and mind,—
 The crown of womanhood belongs to *English womankind* !

Young maiden, modest as the morn, yet glowing like the noon,
 True wife, in placid tenderness a lustrous silver moon,
 Dear mother, loving unto death and better loved than life,
 Where can the wide world match me such a mother, maid, or wife !

Fair Athelswytha, Alfred's own, is still your spirits' queen,
 The faithful, the courageous, the tender, the serene,
 The pious heroine of home, the solace, friend, and nurse,
 The height of self-forgetfulness, the climax of all verse !

And now, Great Alfred's countrymen and countrywomen all,—
 Victoria! Albert! graciously regard your minstrel's call!
 Up, royal, gentle, simple folk! up first, ye men of Berks!
 And give a nation's monument to Alfred's mighty works!

In Anglo-Saxon majesty, simplicity and strength,
 O children, build your Father's tomb, for very shame at length:
 The birthday of your king has dawn'd a thousand times this day,
 It must not die before you set your seal to what I say!

The Day of a Thousand Years!

849. OCTOBER 25, 1849.

TO-DAY is the day of a thousand years!
 Bless it, O brothers, with heart-thrilling cheers!
 Alfred for ever!—to-day was He born,
 Day-star of England to herald her morn,
 That, everywhere breaking and brightening soon,
 Sheds on us now the full sunshine of noon,
 And fills us with blessings in Church and in State
 Children of Alfred, the Good and the Great!

Chorus,—Hail to his Jubilee Day,
 The Day of a thousand years!

Anglo-Saxons! in love are we met,
 To honour a name we can never forget!
 Father, and Founder, and King of a race
 That reigns and rejoices in every place,—
 Root of a tree that o'ershadows the earth,
 First of a Family blest from his birth,
 21 *

Blest in this stem of their strength and their state,
Alfred the Wise, and the Good, and the Great!

Chorus,—Hail to his Jubilee Day,
The Day of a thousand years!

Children of Alfred, from every clime,
Your glory shall live to the death-day of Time!
And then in bliss shall ever expand
O'er measureless realms of the Heavenly Land!
For you, like him, serve GOD and your Race,
And gratefully look on the birthday of Grace.—
Then honour to Alfred! with heart-stirring cheers!
To-day is the day of a thousand years!

Chorus,—Hail to his Jubilee Day,
The Day of a thousand years!

The Alfred Medals.

I. (OBVERSE.)

IN simple majesty serenely mild,
By pain well chasten'd, and made wise through grief,
Calm like a king, while gentle like a child,
Yet firm as may become the nation's chief,
Alfred! I stand in thought before thee now,
And to thy throne in dutious homage bow,
After a thousand years! My soul is glad,
Thus to have roused to thankful thoughts of thee,
From this dull mist of modern base and bad,
The world of Englishmen; that haply we,
United now again, as once thy will
Determined, and still mindful of thy worth,
O Paragon of goodness, force, and skill!
Like thee, may be a blessing upon earth.

II. (REVERSE 1.)

THY children, King of Men! thy faithful ones,
The boldly cheerful, true in head and heart,
Salute thy crown with reverence as thy sons,
And joy to see thee honour'd as thou art,
By millions everywhere: behold, O King!

These, whom old England's laws, old England's tongue
And all the good that of thy sowing sprung
Have nourish'd up like thee in everything,
Claim thee for Father; yea, yon untold host,
Ever the first to conquer and control,
Ambassadors of truth to every coast,
And mercy's messengers from pole to pole,
Thee, mighty King, their bright example boast,
And date their glories from thy Saxon soul.

III. (REVERSE 2.)

THEN, Brothers, be at peace and love each other,
Let us contend for mastery no more,—
Britain! Columbia! let the name of brother
Echo with tenderness from shore to shore:
We dare not hope that alien wars are o'er;
We fear there yet must rage the strife of tongues;
The races and religions of mankind,
Mixing tumultuously their rights and wrongs,
Yet with the flesh will battle out the mind:
But us, one speech unites; to us, one birth,
One altar, and one home, one Past belongs:
One glorious Present over all the earth;
One Future! hark, the strain prophetic swelling,—
Brothers in unity together dwelling!

Socrates to Lysias.

No! Lysias!—all that honied eloquence
 May not be buttress to my righteous cause;
 The majesty of Truth and Innocence
 Deigns not to hoodwink nor to cheat the laws:
 What, if my foe's benighted moral sense
 Will not, or cannot, see my holy ends?
 To lure the youth of Athens to all good,—
 To knit mankind in one, a world of friends,—
 To win their worship from mere stone and wood,
 And preach the Unknown God!—O God of all,
 Thy will be done! let falsehood work my fall,
 Martyr for truth I rise! and dwell at ease;
 The only Advocate on whom I call
 Is GOD Himself,—to plead for Socrates!

The Memorial Window

OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE. AN ILLUSTRATION.

HONOUR and Arms! The seals of Grace
 upon this oriel glow;
 Arms, as when brothers may embrace,
 and not to fight a foe;
 The arms of peace, heraldic arms,
 with blazon richly dight,
 Made gorgeous with chivalric charms,
 and gilt with glory's light!

Honour and Arms! O brethren dear,
I see your flashing eyes,
I feel your true hearts hurrying near
from all outlandish skies,
To bask one hour in one dear spot,
the kernel of your love,
In poor old England unforgot,
the blest of GOD above!

Centre of all, Britannia's shield
in praise unsullied shines,
Rose, shamrock, thistle, round its field
a wreath of beauty twines;
Sweet Erin's harp of melody,
with Scotia's canton fair,
And thine own royal lions three
majestic roaming there.

Next, to thy right, a mighty son,
a stalwarth giant grown,
A wanton and a truant one,
and yet a child to own!
The sturdy stripes,—the glittering stars,
long may they blaze above,
Not on the bloody helm of Mars,
but in the crown of love!

Nearer thy heart another stands,
a twin, but one in two,
And bringing homage with both hands
from one wide heart most true;
Stern Caledonia's thistly praise
reveals her hardy child,
Where Canada's mild beaver strays
to stock the western wild.

Shining above, in orient light
the morning sun upsoars,—
Hindústan's elephantine might
is shadow'd on those shores ;
Their luscious fruits of tropic toil
the sea-girt Indies breed,
And forth from Afric's southern soil
springs Anglo-Saxon seed.

Beneath our Britain's blazon fair
Australia's emu stands,
And kangaroos are skipping there
on rich unpeopled lands ;
New Zealand's war-boat paddles fast ;
and Borneo's royal ship
Makes many a pirate scuffling past
beware "the Badger's" grip !

Old Egbert's cross in golden light
is shining over all,
And, on its right, no viper's bite
harms Malta's holy Paul ;
While huge Gibraltar's rock outstands,
for bristling cannon cleft,
Like Hercules with Samson's hands
to pillar up the left.

Below, with praise each lesser star
in mingled lustre smiles,
The storm-swept Falklands seen afar
and soft Ionian Isles,
With soft Sierra's libell'd beach,
and Mandarin'd Hong Kong,
And all who speak in English speech,
or sing an English song.

O heralds ! when and where before
were Earth's true honours seen,
In brightness and in beauty more
than on this Gothic screen ?
Where Britain, like a mother hen,
is gathering to her wings
The world of Anglo-Saxon men,
creation's priests and kings !

A Call to poor Sempstresses.

DAUGHTERS of poverty, jaded and ill,
So vainly prolonging the strife,
How scarce for to-day, the day's task to fulfil,
And, as for to-morrow, despondingly still
In dread of the battle of life,—

Toiling in pain for a pittance of bread,
Or starving, with nothing to do,
Friendless, and fever'd in heart and in head,
And longing for rest to lie down with the dead,
—A word, my poor sisters, with you !

There is a fair land in a sweet southern clime,
Another young England indeed,
Which GOD, in His providence working sublime,
Has kindly reserved till the fulness of time,
To succour His children in need ;

A happy new home, which He wills you to seek,
With plenty to have and to spare,
And hope in your bosom, and health on your cheek,
And human affections all eager to speak
Of tenderness waiting you there !

The valleys are rich, and the mountains are green,
 And the woods in magnificent state
 To the distant horizon o'ershadow the scene,
 Where never till now Adam's footstep has been,
 And Eve is delaying so late.

Then haste for your happiness,—joyfully haste
 From perils and pains to be free;
 For, Providence calls you to gladden the waste
 And freedom, and plenty, and pleasure to taste
 In homes that are over the sea.



A Call to the Rich.

(In aid of Mr. Sydney Herbert's exertions on behalf of distressed Needlewomen.)

O CHRISTIAN patriots, men of mighty heart!
 One added word to you: the hour is ripe;
 Thousands are thronging eager to depart
 From this fierce rivalry in mammon's mart,
 To happier shores, where penury's hard gripe
 On earth's rich zone is loosen'd: hasten then,
 Pour out your offerings with a liberal hand,
 Earnest in zeal to help your fellow-men,
 And from old England this reproach to wipe,
 That, crowded up in corners of the land,
 Virtuous toil can starve in sorrow's den!
 Up! use your wealth aright; and prove its worth
 By generous aid to yonder homeless band,
 Who look to you to find them homes on earth.

Our Thanksgiving Hymn.

NOVEMBER 15, 1849.

O FATHER of mercies, O Spirit of love,
O SON of the Blessed who reignest above,
Thou Good One, and Great One! in homage to Thee,
We bring the glad heart, and we bend the true knee.

Thy people would praise Thee, O Thou beyond praise!
For wondrous in love are Thy works and Thy ways;
Thy children would pour from the heart and the voice
Their psalm of thanksgiving in GOD to rejoice!

Because Thou hast heard us! and answer'd the pray'r
We made in the season of death and despair;
Because over judgment, and terror, and pain,
Thy mercy hath triumph'd, and saved us again!

Ah! well we remember how dark and how dread
The pestilence brooded o'er living and dead;
And can we forget with what mercy and might
The prayer which Thou blestest hath scatter'd the blight!

Yet more! for the fulness of plenty and peace
Hath made us in wealth as in health to increase,
And so would we thank Thee, because thou hast given
The fatness of earth, and the favour of heaven!

Then, Father of mercies, accept what we bring,—
Our incense of praise to the SAVIOUR and King!
Hosannah!—to Thee let us gratefully live,—
Hallelujah!—O LORD, when Thou hearest, forgive,

Acceptable Thanks!

A SEQUEL TO "OUR THANKSGIVING HYMN."

THANKSGIVING! O brothers, how pleasant a thing
It is the glad anthem to raise
In deep adoration of Heaven's High King,
So far above blessing and praise!

Thanksgiving! O children of GOD in all ranks,
How then shall we worthily give
A holy oblation, acceptable thanks,
To Him in whose favour we live?—

By penitence, patience, contentment, and prayer,
By peace upon earth and goodwill,
By speeding the woes of affliction to share,
And hasting the hungry to fill:

By making, as masters, this Thanksgiving Day
A holiday, happy and true,
Not meanly withholding the journeyman's pay,
But giving it all as his due!

By bringing an Englishman's home to the poor,
A home of clean comfort, and peace;
By driving disease and despair from his door,
And making his hardships to cease:

By Water, and Air,—the free bounties of Heaven;
By wise recreation and rest;
By fairly earn'd wages ungrudgingly given
For Labour,—the honest man's test!

O thus, if the rich for the poor man will move
 To better his home and his hearth,—
 O thus, if the poor his rich brother will love,
 And honour his betters on earth,—

Then GOD will be pleased! and this Thanksgiving Day
 Will indeed be a Summer of days,
 For Man will be gladden'd by Man as he may,
 And GOD by acceptable praise!

To a young Poet.

FROM PETRARCH.

SLOTH and the sensual mind have driven away
 All virtues from the world: where'er I range,
 I note on every side an evil change;
 Our steps are now unlit by heavenly ray:
 The poet, walking in his crown of bay,
 Is pointed at—for scorn; the selfish herds
 Of mammon-worshippers insulting say
 “What is the worth of all these metred words?
 Your crowns of bay and myrtle are but leaves:”
 And so Philosophy goes starved and lone,
 And Vice is glad, while widow'd Virtue grieves:
 Still, be not thou dishearten'd, generous one,
 Follow that path, which enter'd ne'er deceives,
 But leads if not to Gain, to Glory's throne.

Confession.

ALAS, how many vain and bitter things
My zeal, and pride, and natural haste have wrought;
Yea, thou my soul, by word and deed and thought,
The curse of selfishness hath scorch'd thy wings:
There is a fire within, I feel it now,
A smouldering mass of strong imaginings
That heat my heart, and burn upon my brow,
And vent their hissing lava on my tongue
Scathing, unsparing:—yet, my will is just,
My wrath is ever quickened by a wrong,
I flame—to strike oppressors to the dust,
To crush the cruel, and confound the base,
To welcome insolence with calm disgust,
And brand the scoffer's forehead with disgrace.

On the Part of Memory.

NOTHING of thee shall perish, rare old Man!
Thou art an heirloom to the world and us;
Let even me then bring my homage thus,
And greet thee with such greeting as I can:
For thou art not thine own; the nations claim
Thee for their children's children, veteran,
A spirit walking in immortal fame,
The friend of Memory: Death is none of thine,
Nor Self, the death of soul; thou wilt not spurn
An acolyte, whose venturous footsteps turn
Out of the track to offer at thy shrine:
Because, Italian suns and classic skies
Have ripen'd all thy heart blood into wine
Excellent, spiritual, pure and wise.

A Song.

AH Memory! why reproach me so
 With shadows of the past,
 The thrilling hopes of long ago
 That came and went so fast?
 Ye tender tones of that dear voice,
 Ye looks of those loved eyes,—
 Return,—and bid my heart rejoice,
 For true love never dies!

Rejoice? — O word of hope! I may
 When those indeed return;
 For looks and tones so past away
 In solitude I yearn!
 Let others fancy I forget
 The light of those dear eyes,—
 I love,—O how I love thee yet!
 For true love never dies.



Cheer up!

FOR MUSIC.

NEVER go gloomily, man with a mind!
 Hope is a better companion than fear,
 Providence, ever benignant and kind,
 Gives with a smile what you take with a tear;
 All will be right,
 Look to the light,—
 Morning is ever the daughter of night,
 All that was black will be all that is bright,
 Cheerily, cheerily then! cheer up!

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,
 Many a sorrow a blessing most true,
 Helping the heart to be happy and wise
 With lore ever precious and joys ever new;
 Stand in the van,
 Strive like a man!
 This is the bravest and cleverest plan,
 Trusting in GOD, while you do what you can,
 Cheerily, cheerily then! cheer up!

~~~~~

“ Together.”

FOR MUSIC.

THE elm-tree of old felt lonely and cold  
 When wintry winds blew high,  
 And, looking below, he saw in the snow  
 The ivy wandering nigh:  
 And he said, Come twine with those tendrils of thine  
 My scathed and frozen form,  
 For heart and hand together we'll stand  
 And mock at the baffled storm,  
     Ha, ha! Together.

And so when grief is withering the leaf  
 And checking hope's young flower,  
 And frosts do bite with their teeth so white  
 In disappointment's hour,  
 Though it might overwhelm either ivy or elm  
 If alone each stood the strife,  
 If heart and hand together they stand  
 They may laugh at the troubles of life,  
     Ha, ha! Together.

## Friends.

I CANNOT move a mile upon this earth,  
 I could not, did I walk from end to end,  
 But there I find a heart of wit and worth,  
 Some gracious spirit to be hail'd a friend :  
 O there are frequent angels unawares,  
 And many have I met upon my way,  
 Kind Christian souls, to make me rich with prayers,  
 Whilst in like coin their mercies I repay ;  
 And oft the sun of praise hath lit mine eyes,  
 Generous praise and just encouragement,  
 From some who say I help them to be wise,  
 And teach them to be happy in content :  
 Ah soul, rejoice ! for thou hast thickly sown  
 The living world with friendships all thine own.



## M. C..

FORGOTTEN ! — not forgotten, kind good man,  
 Though seldom fully prized at thy great worth,—  
 I will embalm thy memory as I can,  
 And send this blessing to the ends of earth !  
 For thou wert all things kindly unto all,  
 Benevolent and liberal from birth,  
 Ever responsive to affection's call  
 And full of care for others,—full of care—  
 Weary with others' burdens, generous heart,  
 And yet thine own too little strong to bear :  
 Father ! I owe thee all, and cannot pay  
 The happy debt, until I too depart ;  
 Then, will I bless and love it all away  
 In that bright world, my Father, where thou art !

### Horace's Philosophy.

WISELY for us within night's sable veil  
 GOD hides the future; and, if man turn pale  
     For dread distrusting, laughs their fear to scorn.  
     For thee, the present calmly order well:  
     All else as on a river's tide is borne,  
 Now flowing peaceful to the Tuscan sea  
     Down the mid-channel on a gentle swell,  
 Now, as the hoarse fierce mandate of the flood  
     Stirs up the quiet stream, time-eaten rocks  
     Go hurrying down, with houses, herds, and flocks,  
     And echoes from the mountain and the wood.  
 He stands alone, glad, self-possess'd, and free,  
     Who grateful for to-day can say, I live;  
     To-morrow let my Father take or give;

As He may will, not I — with dark or light  
 Let GOD ordain the morrow, noon or night.  
 He, even He, can never render vain  
 The past behind me; nor bring back again  
 What any transient hour has once made fact.  
 Fortune, rejoicing in each cruel act,  
 And playing frowardly a saucy game,  
 Dispenses changeful and uncertain fame,  
 Now kind to me, and now to some beside.  
 I praise her here; but if it should betide  
 She spreads her wings for flight, I hold no more  
     The good she gave, but in mine honest worth  
     Clad like a man, go honourably forth  
 To seek the undowried portion of the poor.

HORACE, lib. iii. 29.

"The last Time."

ANOTHER year? another year!

Who dare depend on other years?  
The judgment of this world is near,  
And all its children faint for fears:  
Famine, pestilence, and war,  
Mixt with praises, prayers, and tears,  
Civil strife and social jar,  
Spurr'd by pen, and stirr'd by sword,  
Herald Him who comes from far  
In Elijah's fiery car,  
Our own returning LORD!

Look around,—the nations quail!

All the elements of ill  
Crowd like locusts on the gale  
And the dark horizon fill:  
Woe to earth, and all her seed!  
Woe they run to ruin still:—  
He that runneth well may read  
Texts of truth the times afford,  
How, in earth's extremest need  
Cometh, cometh soon indeed  
Our own redeeming LORD!

Lo, the marvels passing strange

Every teeming minute brings;  
Daily turns with sudden change  
The kaleidoscope of things;  
But the Ruler, just and wise,  
Orders all, as King of kings,—  
Hark! His thunders shake the skies,

Lo! His vials are outpour'd!  
Earth in bitter travail lies  
And creation groans and cries  
For our expected LORD!

Stand in courage, stand in faith!  
Tremble not as others may;  
He that conquers hell and death  
Is the friend of those who pray:  
And in this world's destined woe  
He will save his own away  
From the trial's furnace glow,—  
Till the harvest all is stored,  
Rescued from each earthly foe,  
And the terrible ones below  
By our avenging LORD!

Yea, come quickly! SAVIOUR, come!  
Take us to thy glorious rest,  
All thy children yearn for home,  
Home, the heaven of thy breast!  
Help, with instant gracious aid!  
That in just assurance blest  
We may watch,—nor feel afraid,  
Every warning in thy word,  
Signs and tokens all array'd  
In proof of that for which we pray'd,  
The coming of the LORD!

## Geraldine :

## A SEQUEL TO COLERIDGE'S CHRISTABEL.

*(Published in 1838.)*

## PART I.

## BEING THE THIRD OF CHRISTABEL.

It is the wolf, on stealthy prowl,  
Hath startled the night with a dismal howl;  
It is the raven, whose hoarse croak  
Comes like a groan from the sear old oak;  
It is the owl, whose curdling screech  
Hath peopled with terrors the spectral beech!  
For again the clock hath toll'd out twelve,  
And sent to their gambols the gnome and the elfe,  
And awoken the friar his beads to tell,  
And taught the magician the time for his spell,  
And to her caldron hath hurried the witch,  
And aroused the deep bay of the mastiff-bitch.

The gibbous moon, all chilling and wan,  
Like a sleepless eyeball looketh on,  
Like an eyeball of sorrow behind a shroud  
Forth looketh she from a torn grey cloud,  
Pouring sad radiance on the black air,—  
Sun of the night,—what sees she there?

O lonely one, O lovely one,  
What dost thou here in the forest dun,

Fair truant,—like an angel of light  
Hiding from heaven in deep midnight?  
Alas! there is guilt in thy glittering eye  
As fearfully dark it looks up to the sky;  
Alas! a dull unearthly light  
Like a dead star, bluely white,  
A seal of sin, I note it now,  
Flickers upon thy ghastly brow;  
And about the huge old oak  
Thickly curls a poisonous smoke,  
And terrible shapes with evil names  
Are leaping around a circle of flames,  
And the tost air whirls, storm-driven,  
And the rent earth quakes, charm-riven,—  
And — art thou not afraid?

All dauntless stands the maid  
In mystical robe array'd,  
And still with flashing eyes  
She dares the sorrowful skies,  
And to the moon, like one possest,  
Hath shown,—O dread! that face so fair  
Should smile above so shrunk a breast,  
Haggard and brown, as hangeth there,—  
O evil sight! — wrinkled and old,  
The dug of a witch, and clammy cold,—  
Where in warm beauty's rarest mould  
Is fashion'd all the rest;  
O evil sight! for, by the light  
From those large eyes streaming bright,  
By thy beauty's wondrous sheen,  
Lofty gait and graceful mien,  
By that bosom half reveal'd,  
Wither'd, and as in death congeal'd,  
By the guilt upon thy brow,  
Ah! Geraldine, 'tis thou!



Muttering wildly through her set teeth,  
 She seeketh and stirreth the demons beneath,  
 And — hist! — the magical mandate is spoken,  
 The bonds of the spirits of evil are broken,  
 There is a rush of invisible wings  
 Amid shrieks, and distant thunderings,  
 And now one nearer than others is heard  
 Flapping this way, as a huge sea-bird,  
 Or liker the deep-dwelling ravenous shark  
 Cleaving thorough the waters dark,—

It is the hour, the spell hath power!  
 Now haste thee, ere the tempest lours,—

Her mouth grows wide, and her face falls in,  
 And her beautiful brow becomes flat and thin.  
 And sulphurous flashes blare and singe  
 That sweetest of eyes with its delicate fringe,  
 Till, all its loveliness blasted and dead,  
 The eye of a snake blinks deep in her head;  
 For raven locks flowing loose and long  
 Bristles a red mane, stiff and strong,  
 And sea-green scales are beginning to speck  
 Her shrunken breasts, and lengthening neck;  
 The white round arms are sunk in her sides,—

As when in chrysalis canoe  
 A may-fly down the river glides,  
 Struggling for life and liberty too,—  
 Her body convulsively twists and twirls,  
 This way and that it bows and curls,  
 And now her soft limbs melt into one  
 Strangely and horribly tapering down,  
 Till on the burnt grass dimly is seen  
 A serpent-monster, scaly and green,  
 Horror! — can this be Geraldine?



Her, who stole my heart from *him*  
One of the guardian cherubim  
Hovers around, and cheers in dreams,  
Thwarting from heaven my hell-bought schemes;

Now,—for another five hundred years,

O mother mine, will I be thine,  
To writhe in pains, and shriek in fears,  
And toil in chains, and waste in tears,  
So thy might will scorch and smite

The beautiful face of Christabel,  
And will drain by jealous pain

Love from the heart of Christabel,  
And her own betrothed knight,  
O glad sight! shall scorn and slight

The pale one he hath loved so well,  
While in my arms, by stolen charms  
And borrow'd mien, for Geraldine

He shall forget his Christabel!

It is done, it is done, thy cause is won!

Quoth Ryxa the Hag to Geraldine;  
Thus have I prest my seal on thy breast,  
Twelve circling scales from a dragon's crest,  
And still thy bosom and half thy side  
Must shrivel and shrink at eventide,  
And still, as every Sabbath breaks,  
Thy large dark eyes must blink as a snake's.  
Now, for mine aid;—De Vaux will come  
To lead his seeming daughter home,  
Therefore I fit thee a shape and a face  
Differing, yet of twin-born grace,  
That all who see thee may fall down  
Heart-worshippers before thy throne,  
Forgetting in that vision sweet  
Thy former tale of dull deceit,

And, tranced in deep oblivious joy,  
Bask in bliss without alloy :  
He too, thou lovest, in thine arms  
Shall grace the triumph of thy charms,  
While the thirst of rage thou satest  
In the woes of her thou hatest.  
Yet, daughter, hark ! my warning mark !  
Hallow'd deed, or word, or thought,  
Is with deadliest peril fraught ;  
And if, where true lovers meet  
Thou hearest hymning wild and sweet,  
O stop thine ears, lest all be marr'd,—  
Beware, beware of holy bard !  
For that the power of hymn and harp  
Thine innermost being shall wither and warp,  
And the same hour they touch thine ears,  
A serpent thou art for a thousand years.

Hush ! how heavily droops the night  
In sultry silence, calm as death !  
Gloomy and hot, and yet no light,  
Save where the glowworm wandereth ;  
For the moon hath stolen by,  
Mantled in the stormy sky,  
And there is a stillness strange,  
An awful stillness, boding change,  
As if live nature held her breath,  
And all in agony listeneth  
Some terror undefined to hear,  
Coming, coming, coming near ;  
Hush'd is the beetle's drowsy hum,  
And the death-watch's roll on his warning drum,  
Hush'd the raven, and screech owl,  
And the famishing wolf on his midnight prowl,—  
Silent as death.

—Hark, hark! he is here, he has come from afar,  
The black-robed storm in his terrible car;  
Vivid the forkèd lightning flashes,  
Quick behind the thunder crashes,  
Clattering hail, a shingly flood,  
Rattles like grapeshot in the wood;  
And the whole forest is bent one way,  
Bowing as slaves to a tyrant's sway,  
While the foot of the tempest hath trampled and broke  
Many a stout old elm and oak!  
And Geraldine?—O who could tell  
That thou who by sweet Christabel  
Softly liest in innocent sleep,  
Like an infant's calm and deep,  
Smiling faintly, as it seems  
From thy bright and rosy dreams,  
Who could augur thou art she  
That, around the hollow tree,  
With bad charm and hellish rite  
Shook the heavens and scared the night?

Alas! for gentle Christabel,  
Alas! for wasting Christabel:  
From evil eye, and powers of hell,  
And the strong magic of the spell,  
Holy Mary, shield her well!

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### Conclusion to Part I.

THE murderer's knife is a fearful thing,  
But what, were it edged with a scorpion's sting?  
A dagger of glass hath death in its stroke,  
But what, should venom gush out as it broke?

And hatred in a man's deep heart  
Festereth there like the barb of a dart,  
Maddening the fibres at every beat,  
And filling its caverns with fever-heat;  
But jealous rage in a woman's soul  
Simmers and steams as a poison-bowl;  
A drop were death, but the rival maid  
Must drain all dry, e'er the passion be stay'd;  
It floodeth the bosom with bitterest gall,  
It drowneth the young virtues all,  
And the sweet milk of the heart's own fountain,  
Choked and crush'd by a heavy mountain,  
All curdled, and harden'd and blacken'd, doth shrink  
Into the fossil sepia's ink:  
The eye of suspicion deep sunk in the head  
Shrinks and blinks with malice and dread,  
And the cheek without and the heart within  
Are blister'd and blighted with searing sin,  
Till charity's self no more can trace  
Aught that is lovely in feature or face;  
But the rose-bud is canker'd, and shall not bloom,  
Corruption hath scented the rich perfume,  
The angel of light is a demon of gloom,  
And the bruise on his brow is the seal of his doom!

Ah! poor unconscious rival maid,  
How drearily must thou sicken and fade  
In the foul air of that Upas-shade!

Her heart must be tried, and trampled, and torn  
With fear, and care, and slander, and scorn;  
Her love must look upon love estranged,  
Her eye must meet his eye, how changed,  
Her hand must take his hand unpressing,  
Her hope must die, without confessing;

And still she'll strive her love to smother,  
While in the triumphs of another  
The shadow of her joys departed  
Shall scare and haunt her broken-hearted;  
And he, who once loved her, his purest, his first,  
Must hate her and hold her defiled and accurst,  
Till, wasted and desolate, calumny's breath  
Must taint with all guilt her innocent death.

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## Part II.

BEING THE FOURTH OF CHRISTABEL.

How fresh and fair is morn !

The dewbeads dropping bright  
Each humble flower adorn,

With coronets of light,  
And jewel the rough thorn

With sparks of chrysolite,—  
How beautiful is morn !

Her scatter'd gems how bright !

There is a quiet gladness

In the waking earth,  
Like the face of sadness

Lit with chasten'd mirth ;  
There is a mine of treasure

In those hours of health,  
Filling up the measure  
Of creation's wealth.

The eye of day hath open'd grey,

And the gallant sun  
Hath trick'd his beams by Rydal's streams,  
And waveless Coniston ;

From Langdale Pikes his glory strikes,  
From heath and giant hill,  
From many a tairn, and stone-built-cairn,  
And many a mountain rill:  
Helvellyn bares his forehead black,  
And Eagle-crag and Saddleback,  
And Skiddaw hails the dawning day  
And rolls his robe of clouds away.

Ho, warder, ho! in chivalrous state,  
A stranger-knight to the castle gate,  
With trumpet, and banner, and mailèd men,  
Comes this way winding up the glen:  
His visor is down, and he will not proclaim  
To the challenge within his lineage or name,  
Yet by his herald, and esquires eight,  
And five-score spearmen, tall and straight,  
And blazon rich with bearings rare,  
And highbred ease, and noble air,  
And golden spurs, and sword, can he be  
Nought but a knight of high degree!

Alas! they had loved too soon, too well,  
Young Amador and Christabel;  
Life's dawn beheld them, blythe and bland,  
Little playmates, hand in hand,  
Over fell and field and heather  
Wandering innocent together,  
Alone in childhood's rosy hours  
Straying far to find wild flowers;  
Life's sun above its eastern hill  
Saw them inseparable still  
In the bower, or by the brook,  
Or spelling out the monkish book,



Or as with songs they wont to wake  
The echoes on the hill-bound lake,  
Or as with tales to while away  
The winter's night, or summer's day;  
Life's noon was blazing bright and fair,  
To smile upon the same fond pair,  
The handsome youth, the beauteous maid,  
Together still in sun or shade;  
Warmer, good sooth, than wont with friends,  
While he supports, and she depends,  
As to some dangerous craggy height  
They climb with terror and delight,  
Nor guess that the strange joy they feel,  
The rapture making their hearts reel,  
Springs from aught else than — sweet Grasmere,  
Or hill and valley far and near,  
Or Derwent's banks and glassy tide,  
Lowdore, or hawthorn'd Ambleside:  
Nor reckon they what dear danger lies  
In gazing on each other's eyes;  
On her bright cheek, fresh and fair,  
Blooming in the mountain air,  
On his strong and agile limbs,  
As from rock to rock he climbs,  
Her unstudied natural grace,  
    Loosen'd vest and tresses flowing,  
Or his fine and manly face  
    With delighted ardour glowing.

Thus they grew up in each other;  
    Till to ripen'd youth  
They had grown up for each other;  
    Yet, to say but sooth,  
She had not loved him, as other  
    Than a sister doth,  
And he to her was but a brother,  
    With a brother's troth:

But selfish craft, that slept so long,  
And, if wrong were, had done the wrong,  
Now, just awake, with dull surprise  
    Read the strange truth,  
And from their own accusing eyes  
    Condemn'd them both,—  
That they, who only for each other  
    Gladly drew their daily breath,  
Now must curb, and check, and smother,  
    Through all life, love strong as death;  
While the dear hope they just have learnt to prize,  
    And fondly cherish,  
The hope that in their hearts deep-rooted lies,  
    Must pine and perish!  
For the slow prudence of the worldly wise  
In cruel coldness still denies  
The foundling youth to woo and win  
The heiress daughter of Leoline.

And yet how little had he err'd,  
That on his ear the bitter word  
    Of harsh reproach should fall,—  
    “Is it then thus, ungrateful boy,  
Thou wouldst his dearest hope destroy  
    Who lent thee life and all?  
Why did I save thee, years ago,  
Beneath the tottering Bowther-stone,  
    Misfortune's outcast son?  
Why did I warm thee on my hearth,  
Nor crush the viper in its birth,  
    O thou presumptuous one?”

They met once more in sweet sad fear  
At the old oak-tree in the forest drear,  
And, as enamour'd of bitterness, they  
Wept the sad hour of parting away :

The bursting tear, the stifled sob,  
The tortured bosom's first-felt throb,  
The fervent vow, the broken gold,  
Their hapless hopes too truly told;  
For, alas! till now they never had known  
How deep and how strong their loves had grown,  
But just as they sip the full cup of the heart,  
It is dash'd from the lip,—and they must part!  
Alas, they had loved, yet never before  
The wealth of love had counted o'er,  
And just as they find the treasure so great,  
It is lost, it is sunk in the billows of fate.

Yea, it must be with a fearful shock  
That the pine can be torn from its root-clasp'd rock,  
Or the broad oak-stump as it stands on the farm  
Be rent asunder by strength of arm;  
So, when the cords of love are twined  
Among the fibres of the mind,  
And kindred souls by secret ties  
Mingle thoughts and sympathies,  
O what a wrench to tear in twain  
Those that are loved and love again,—  
To drag the magnet from its pole,  
To chain the freedom of the soul,  
To freeze in ice desires that boil,  
To root the mandrake from the soil,  
With groans, and blood, and tears, and toil!

He is gone to the land of the holy war,  
The sad, the brave young Amador,  
Not to return,—by Leoline's oath;  
When all in wrath he bound them both,  
Not to return,—by that last kiss,  
Till name, and fame, and fortune are his.

Ay, he is gone:—and with him went,  
As into chosen banishment,  
The bloom of her cheek, and the light of her eye,  
And the hope of her heart, so near to die:  
He is gone, o'er Paynim lands to roam,  
But leaves his heart, his all, at home;  
And years have glided, day by day,  
To watch him warring far away,  
Where, upon Gideon's hallowed banks  
His prowess hath scatter'd the Saracen ranks,  
And the Lion-king with his own right hand  
Hath dubb'd him knight of Holy-Land:  
The crescent waned wherever he came,  
And Christendom rung with his deeds of fame,  
And Saladin trembled at the name  
Of Amador de-Ramothaim.

He hath won him in battle a goodly shield,  
Three wild boars Or on an azure field,  
While scallop-shells three on an argent fess  
Proclaim him a pilgrim and knight no less;  
Enchased in gold on his helmet of steel  
A deer-hound stands on the high-plumed keel,  
Hafiz his hound, who hath rescued his life  
From the wily Assassin's secret knife,  
Hafiz his friend, whom he loveth so well  
As the last gift of Christabel:  
And over his vizor, and round his arm,  
And graved on his sword as a favourite charm,  
And on his banner emblazon'd at length,  
Love's motto, "HOPE IS ALL MY STRENGTH."

O then, with how much pride and joy,  
And hope, which fear could scarce alloy,  
With heart how leaping, eye how bright,  
And fair cheek flush'd with deep delight,

Heard Christabel the wafted story  
 Of her far-off lover's glory;  
     For her inmost soul knew well  
 That he hoped and spake and thought  
     Only of his Christabel,  
 That he lived and loved and fought  
     Only for his Christabel:  
 So, she felt his honour hers,  
 His welfare hers, his being hers,  
     And did reward with rich largesse  
 The stray astonish'd messengers  
     Who brought her so much happiness!

—Behold! it is past,—that many a year;  
 The harvest of her hope is near;  
 Behold! it is come,—behold *him* here!  
 Yes, in pomp and power and pride,  
 And joy and love how true, how tried,  
 He comes to claim his long-loved bride;  
 Her own true knight, O bliss to tell,  
 Her Amador she loves so well  
 Returns for his sweet Christabel!

He leapt the moat, the portal past,  
 He flung him from his horse in haste,  
     And in the hall  
 He met her! but how pale and wan!—  
 He started back, as she upon  
     His neck would fall;  
 He started back,—for by her side  
 (O blessed vision!) he espied  
     A thing divine,—  
 Poor Christabel was lean and white,  
 But oh, how soft, and fair, and bright,  
     Was Geraldine!

Fairer and brighter, as he gazes  
All celestial beauty blazes  
From those glorious eyes,  
And Amador no more can brook  
The jealous air and peevish look  
That in the other lies!

Alas, for wasting Christabel,  
Alas, for stricken Christabel,—  
How had she long'd to see this day,  
And now her all is dash'd away!  
How many slow sad years, poor maid,  
Had she for this day wept and pray'd,  
And now the bitterest tears destroy  
That bonied hope of cherish'd joy,  
For he hath ceased,—O withering thought,  
With burning anguish fully fraught,—  
To love his Christabel!  
Her full heart bursts, and she doth fall  
Unheeded in her father's hall,  
And, oh, the heaviest stroke of all,  
By him she loves so well.

O save her, Mary Mother, save!  
Let not the damnèd sorceress have  
Her evil will;  
O save thine own sweet Christabel,  
Thy saint, thine innocent Christabel,  
And guard her still!

•

## Conclusion to Part II.

FOR it doth mark a' godlike mind,  
Prudence, and power, and truth combined,  
A rare self-steering moral strength,  
To over-love the dreary length  
Of ten successive anxious years,  
Unwarp'd by hopes, untired by fears;  
Still, as every teeming hour  
Glides away in sun or shower,  
Though the pilgrim foot may range,  
The heart at home to feel no change,  
But to live and linger on,  
Fond and warm and true—to one!  
O love like this, in life's young spring,  
Is a rare and precious thing;  
A pledge that man hath claims above,  
A sister-twin to martyrs' love,  
A shooting-star of blessed light  
Glancing on the world's midnight,  
A drop of sweet, where all beside  
Is bitterest gall in life's dull tide,  
One faithful found, where all was lost,  
An Abdiel in Satan's host!

To love, unshrinking and unshaken,  
Albeit by all but hope forsaken,  
To love, through slander, craft, and fear,  
And fairer faces smiling near,  
Through absence, stirring scenes among,  
And harrowing silence, suffering long,  
Still to love on,—and pray and weep  
For that dear one, while others sleep,

To dwell upon each precious word  
Which the charm'd ear in whispers heard,  
To treasure up a lock of hair,  
To watch the heart with jealous care,  
To live on a remember'd smile,  
And still the wearisome days beguile  
With rosy sweet imaginings  
And all the soft and sunny things  
Look'd and spoken, ere they parted,  
Full of hope, though broken-hearted,—  
O there is very virtue here,  
Retiring, holy, deep, sincere,  
A self-poised virtue, working still  
To compass good, and combat ill,  
Which none but worldlings count earth-born,  
And they who know it not, can scorn.

Ah yes, let common sinners jeer,  
And Mammon's slaves suspect and sneer,  
While each idolator of pelf  
Judging from his gross-hearted self  
Counts Love no purer and no higher  
Than the low plot of base desire;—  
Let worldly cunning nurse its dreams  
Of happiness, from selfish schemes  
By heartless hungry parents plann'd,  
Of wedded fortune, rank, and land,—  
There is more wisdom, and more wealth,  
More rank in being, more soul's health,  
In wedded love for one short hour,  
Than lifelong wedded pelf and power!  
Yes, there is virtue in these things;  
A balm to heal the scorpion-stings  
That others' sins and sorrows make  
In hearts that still can weep and ache;



There is a heavenly influence,  
A secret spiritual fence,  
Circling the soul with present power  
In temptation's darkest hour,  
Walling it round from outward sin,  
While all is soft and pure within.

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### Part III.

BEING THE FIFTH AND LAST OF CHRISTABEL.

HAST thou not seen, world-weary man,  
Life's poor pilgrim white and wan,—  
A gentle beauty for the cheek  
Which nothing gives but sorrow,  
A sweet expression, soft and weak,  
Joy can never borrow?  
Where lingering on the pale wet face  
The rival tears run their slow race  
Each in its wonted furrow;  
And patience, eloquently meek,  
From the threaten'd stroke unshrinking,  
In mild boldness can but speak  
The burden of its sadden'd thinking,—  
“Dreary as to-day has been,  
And sad and cheerless yestereen,  
’Twill dawn as dark to-morrow!”

Desolate hearted Christabel,  
Hapless, hopeless Christabel,—

Nightly tears have dimm'd the lustre  
Of thy blue eyes, once so bright,  
And, as when dank willows cluster  
Weeping over marble rocks,  
O'er thy forehead white  
Droop thy flaxen locks:  
Yet art thou beautiful, dear girl,  
As angels in distress,  
Yea, comforting the soul, fair pearl,  
With thy loveliness;  
For thy beauty's light subdued  
Hath a soothing charm  
In sympathy with all things good  
That weep for hate and harm;  
And none can ever see unmoved  
Thy poor wet face, with sorrow white,  
O none have seen, who have not loved,  
The sadly sweet religious light  
That doth with pearly radiance shine  
From those sainted eyes of thine.

A trampling of hoofs at the cullice-port,—  
A hundred horse in the castle-court!  
From border-wastes, a weary way,  
Through Halegarth wood and Knorren moor,  
A mingled numerous array  
On panting palfreys black and grey  
With foam and mud bespatter'd o'er  
Hastily cross the flooded Irt,  
And rich Waswater's beauty skirt,  
And Sparkling-Tairn, and rough Scathwaite,  
And now that day is dropping late,  
Have passed the drawbridge and the gate.

By thy white flowing beard, and reverend mien,  
And gilded harp, and chaplet of green,

And milk-white mare in the castle-yard,  
 Welcome, glad welcome to Bracy the bard!  
 And, by thy struggle still to hide  
 This generous conquest of thy pride,  
 More than by yon princely train,

And blazon'd banner standing near,  
 And snorting steed with slacken'd rein,—

Hail, O too long a stranger here,  
 Hail, to Langdale's friendly hall,  
 Thou noble spirit, most of all,  
 Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine!

Like aspens tall beside the brook  
 The stalwart warriors stood and shook  
 And each advancing fear'd to look

Into the other's eye;

'Tis fifty years ago to-day  
 Since in disdain and passion they  
 Had flung each other's love away

With words of insult high:

How had they long'd and pray'd to meet!  
 But memories cling; and pride is sweet;  
 And — which could be the first to greet

The haply scornful other?

What if De Vaux were haughty still,—  
 Or Leoline's unbridled will  
 Consented not his rankling ill

In charity to smother?

Their knees give way, their faces are pale,  
 And loudly beneath the corslets of mail  
 Their aged hearts in generous heat  
 Almost to bursting boil and beat;  
 The white lips quiver, the pulses throb,  
 They stifle and swallow the rising sob,—

And there they stand, faint and unmann'd,  
 As each holds forth his bare right hand!  
 Yes, the mail-clad warriors tremble,  
 All unable to dissemble  
 Penitence and love confest,  
 As within each aching breast  
 The flood of affection grows deeper and stronger  
 Till they can refrain no longer,  
 But with,—“Oh, my long-lost brother,”—  
 To their hearts they clasp each other,  
 Vowing in the face of heaven  
 All forgotten and forgiven!  
 Then, the full luxury of grief  
 That brings the smother'd soul relief,  
 Within them both so fiercely rush'd  
 That from their vanquish'd eyes out-gush'd  
 A tide of tears, as pure and deep  
 As children, yea as cherubs weep!

Quoth Roland de Vaux to Sir Leoline;  
 “No lady lost can be daughter of mine,  
 For yestereen at this same hour  
 My Geraldine sat in her latticed bower,  
 And merrily marvell'd much to hear  
 She had been found in the forest drear:  
 Nathless, of thee, old friend, to crave  
 Once more the love I long to have  
 Ere yet I drop into the grave,

Behold me here!

I hail'd the rich offer, and hither I sped,  
 Glad to reclaim our friendship fled,  
 And see that face,—ere yet it be dead,—

I feel so dear;

And my old heart danced with the joy of a child  
 When out of school he leaps half-wild  
 To think we could be reconciled.”

"Thy tale is strange," quoth Leoline,  
"As thy return is sweet;  
Yet might it please thee, brother mine,  
In knightly sort to greet  
This wondrous new-found Geraldine;  
Certes, she is a thing divine,—  
So bright in her doth beauty shine  
From head to feet,  
A wondrous creature, most divine,  
For angels meet."

O glorious in thy loveliness!  
Victorious in thy loveliness!  
From what strong magnetic zone  
Circling some strange world unknown,  
Hast thou stol'n sweet influence  
To lull in bliss each ravish'd sense?  
That thine eyes rain light and love  
Kindlier than the heavens above,—  
That the sunshine of thy face  
Shows richly ripe each winning grace,—  
That thine innocent laughing dimple,  
And thy tresses curling simple,  
Thy soft cheek, and rounded arm,  
And foot unsandall'd, white and warm,  
And every sweet luxurious charm  
Fair, and full, and flush'd, and bright,  
Fascinate the dazzled sight  
As with a halo of delight?

Her beauty hath conquer'd: a sunny smile  
Laughs into goodness her seeming guile.  
Ay, was she not in mercy sent  
To heal the friendships pride had rent?  
Is she not here a blessed saint  
To work all good by subtle feint?

Yea, art thou not, mysterious dame,  
 Our Lady of Furness?—the same, the same!  
 O holy one, we know thee now,  
 O gracious one, before thee bow,  
 Help us, Mary, hallow'd one,  
 Bless us, for thy wondrous Son—

The name was half-spoken,—the spell was half-broken,—  
 And suddenly, from his bent knee

Upleapt each knight in fear!  
 All warily they look'd around,  
 Sure, they had heard a hissing sound  
 And one quick moment on the ground

Had seen a dragon here!  
 But now before their wilder'd eyes  
 Bright Geraldine, all sweet surprise,  
 With her fair hands, in courteous guise  
 Hath touch'd them both, and bade them rise;  
 “Alas, kind sirs,” she calmly said,  
 “I am but a poor hunted maid,  
 Hunted, ah me! and sore afraid,  
 That all too far from home have stray'd,  
 For love of one who flies and hates me,  
 For hate of one who loves and waits me.”

Wonder-stricken were they then,  
 And full of love, those ancient men,  
 Full-fired with guilty love, as when

In times of old  
 To young Susannah's fairness knelt  
 Those elders twain, and fiercely felt  
 The lava-streams of passion melt

Their bosoms cold:  
 They loved,—they started from the floor,—  
 But hist! within the chamber-door  
 Softly stole Sir Amador;—

Nor look'd, nor wonder'd as they past,  
(Speeding by in shame and haste,  
Meekly thinking of each other  
As a weak and guilty brother,)  
For all to him in that dark room,  
All the light to pierce its gloom,  
All he thought of, cared for, there,  
Was that loved one, smiling fair,  
Wondrous in her charms serene,  
Glad and glorious Geraldine.

The eye of a hawk is fierce and bright  
As a facet-cut diamond scattering light,  
Soft and ray'd with invincible love  
As a pure pearl is the eye of a dove;  
And so in flashes quick and keen  
Look'd Amador on Geraldine,  
And so, in sweet subduing rays,  
On Amador did fondly gaze  
In gentle power of beauty's blaze  
Imperial Geraldine.

His head is cushion'd on her breast,  
Her dark eyes shed love on his,  
And his changing cheek is prest  
By her hot and thrilling kiss,  
While again from her moist lips  
The honeydew of joy he sips,  
And views, with rising transport warm,  
Her half unveil'd bewitching form —

A step on the threshold! — the chamber is dim,  
And gliding ghost-like up to him,  
While entranced in conscious fear  
He feels an injured angel near,

Sad Christabel with wringing hands  
Beside her faithless lover stands,  
Sad Christabel with streaming eyes  
In silent anguish stands and sighs.

Ave, Maria! send her aid,  
Bless, oh bless the wretched maid!

It is done,—he is won!—stung with remorse  
He hath dropt at her feet as a clay-cold corse,  
And Christabel with trembling dread  
Hath raised on her knee his pale dear head,  
And bathed his brow with many a tear,  
And listen'd for his breath in fear,  
And when she thought that none was near  
But guardian saints, and GOD above,  
Set on his lips the seal of her love!

But Geraldine had watch'd that kiss,  
And with involuntary hiss  
And malice in her snake-like stare  
She gnash'd her teeth on the loving pair  
And glared on them both with a deadly glare.

Softly through the sounding hall  
In rich melodious notes,  
With many a gentle swell and fall,  
Holy music floats,  
Like gossamer in a sultry sky  
Dropping low, or sailing high:  
Bard Bracy, bard Bracy, that touch was thine  
On Cambria's harp with triple strings,  
Wild and sweet is the hymn divine,  
Fanning the air like unseen wings,—



What aileth thee, O Geraldine?  
 What horror is hunting thee, Geraldine?—  
 Thy body convulsed groweth lank and lean,  
 Thy smooth white neck is shrivell'd and green,  
 Thine eyes are blear'd and sunk and keen,—  
 Away!—for the love, and the wild sweet harp,  
 Thine innermost being do wither and warp,  
 Away! to the pains, and the chains, and the fears,  
 Away! to the torments, the toils, and the tears,  
           Away! for a thousand years.

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Conclusion to Part III.

SWEET Christabel, my Christabel,
 I have riven thy heart that loved so well:
 O weak, O wicked, to rend in its home
 The love that I cherish wherever I roam!
 As when with his glory the morning sun
 Floods on a sudden the tropical sky,
 And startled twilight, dim and dun,
 Flies from the fear of his conquering eye,
 So flash'd across the lightened breast
 Of Christabel, no more to moan,
 A dawn of love, the happiest
 Her maiden heart had ever known;
 For yea, it was only through powers of hell,
 And evil eye, and potent spell,
 That Amador to Christabel
 Could faithless prove,—
 And when she saw him kneeling near,
 Contrite, yet more in hope than fear,
 Oh then she felt him doubly dear,
 Her rescued love.

Ave, Maria! unto thee
All the thanks and glory be,
For thy gracious arm and aid
Saved the youth, and blest the maid.
So falls it out, that vanquish'd ill
Breeds only good to good men still,
And while its poison seethes and works
It yields a healing antidote,
Which, whether mortals use or not,
Like a friend in ambush, lurks
Deepest in the deadliest plot.

Not swift, though soon, next day at noon,—
Just at the wedding-hour
As hand-in-hand betroth'd they stand
Beneath the chapel tower,
A holy light,—a vision bright,—
'Twas twelve o'clock at noon,
A spirit good before them stood,
Her garments fair and flowing hair
Shone brighter than the moon.
And thus in musical voice most sweet,—
“Daughter, this hour to grace and greet
To bless this day, as is most meet,
Thy mother stoops from heaven:
And, ancient men, who all so late
Have stopp'd at Death's half-open'd gate,
In tears of love to drown your hate
Forgiving and forgiven,
Hear, noble spirits reconciled,
Hear, gracious souls, now meek and mild
Albeit with guilt so long defiled,
Love's lingering boon receive;

Roland de Vaux,—thy long-lost child,
Whom border-troopers, fierce and wild,
An infant from his home beguiled,
 Thy soul to gall and grieve,
In Amador — behold !”

The spirit said, and all in light
Melted away that vision bright:

My tale is told.

SOME EARLY POEMS.

Imagination.

THOU fair enchantress of my willing heart,
Who charimest it to deep and dreamy slumber,
Gilding mine evening clouds of reverie,—
Thou Siren, who, with lovelit eyes, and voice
Most softly musical, dost lure me on
O'er the wide sea of indistinct idea
Or quaking sands of untried theory
Or ridgy shoals of fixt experiment
That wind a dubious pathway through the deep,—
Imagination, I am thine own child:
Have I not often sat with thee retired,
Alone yet not alone, though grave most glad,
All silent outwardly, but loud within,
As from the distant hum of many waters,
Weaving the tissue of some delicate thought,
And hushing every breath that might have rent
Our web of gossamer, so finely spun?
Have I not often listed thy sweet song,
(While in vague echoes and Æolian notes
The chambers of my heart have answer'd it,)
With eye as bright in joy, and fluttering pulse,
As the coy village maiden's, when her lover
Whispers his hope to her delighted ear?
And taught by thee, angelic visitant,

Have I not learnt to love the tuneful lyre,
Draining from every chord its musical soul?
Have I not learnt to find in all that is,
Somewhat to touch the heart, or raise the mind,
Somewhat of grand and beautiful to praise
Alike in small and great things? and this power,
This clearing of the eye, this path made straight
Even to the heart's own heart, its innermost core,
This keenness to perceive and seek and find
And love and prize all-present harmony,
This, more than choosing words to clothe the thought,
Makes the true poet; this thy glorious gift,
Imagination, rescues me thy son
(Thy son, albeit least worthy,) from the lust
Of mammon, and the cares of animal life,
And the dull thralldom of this work-day world.

Indulgent lover, I am all thine own;
What art thou not to me? —ah, little know
The worshippers of cold reality,
The grosser minds, who most sincerely think
That sense is the broad avenue to bliss,
Little know they the thrilling ecstasy
The delicate refinement in delight
That cheers the thoughtful spirit, as it soars
Far above all these petty things of life;
And strengthen'd by the flight and cordial joys
Can then come down to earth and common men
Better in motive, stronger in resolve,
Apter to use all means that compass good,
And of more charitable mind to all.
Imagination, art thou not my friend
In crowds and solitude, my comrade dear,
Brother, and sister, mine own other self,
The Hector to my soul's Andromache?

Triumphant beauty, bright intelligence !
The chasten'd fire of ecstasy suppress'd
Beams from thine eye ; because thy secret heart,
Like that strange sight burning yet unconsumed,
Is all on flame a censer fill'd with odours ;
And to my mind, who feel thy fearful power,
Suggesting passive terrors and delights,
A slumbering volcano : thy dark cheek,
Warm and transparent, by its half-form'd dimple
Reveals an under-world of wondrous things
Ripe in their richness,—as among the bays
Of blest Bermuda, through the sapphire deep
Ruddy and white fantastically branch
The coral groves ; thy broad and sunny brow,
Made fertile by the genial smile of heaven,
Shoots up an hundred-fold the glorious crop
Of arabesque ideas ; forth from thy curls
Half hidden in their black luxuriance
The twining sister-graces lightly spring,
The muses, and the passions, and young love,
Tritons and Naiads, Pegasus, and Sphinx,
Atlas, Briareus, Phaeton, and Cyclops,
Centaur, and shapes uncouth and wild conceits ;
And in the midst blazes the star of mind,
Illumining the classic portico
That leads to the high dome where Learning sits :
On either side of that broad sunny brow
Flame-colour'd pinions, streak'd with gold and blue,
Burst from the teeming brain ; while under them
The forkèd lightning, and the cloud-robed thunder,
And fearful shadows, and unhallow'd eyes,
And strange foreboding forms of terrible things
Lurk in the midnight of thy raven locks !

And thou hast been the sunshine to my landscape,
Imagination ; thou hast wreathed me smiles,

And hung them on a statue's marble lips;
Hast made earth's dullest pebbles bright like gems;
Hast lent me thine own silken clue, to rove
The ideal labyrinths of a thousand spheres;
Hast lengthen'd out my nights with life-long dreams,
And with glad seeming gilt my darkest day;
Help'd me to scale in thought the walls of heaven,
While journeying wearily this busy world;
Sent me to pierce the palpable clouds with eagles,
And with leviathan the silent deep;
Hast taught my youthful spirit to expand
Beyond himself, and live in other scenes,
And other times, and among other men;
Hast bid me cherish, silent and alone,
First feelings, and young hopes, and better aims,
And sensibilities of delicate sort,
Like timorous mimosas, which the breath
The cold and cautious breath of daily life
Hath not as yet had power to blight and kill
From my heart's garden; for they stand retired,
Screen'd from the north by groves of rooted thought.

Without thine aid, how cheerless were all time,
But chief the short sweet hours of earliest love;
When the young mind, athirst for happiness,
And all-exulting in that new-found treasure,
The wealth of being loved, as well as loving,
Sees not, and hears not, knows not, thinks not, speaks not,
Except it be of her, his one desire;
And thy rose-colour'd glass on every scene
With more than earthly promise cheats the eye,
While the charm'd ear drinks thy melodious words,
And the heart reels, drunk with ideal beauty.
So too the memory of departed joy,
Walking in black with sprinkled tears of pearl,
Passes before the mind with look less stern

And foot more lighten'd, when thine inward power,
Most gentle friend, upon that clouded face
Sheds the fair light of better joy to come,
And throws round Grief the azure scarf of Hope.

As the wild chamois bounds from rock to rock,
Oft on the granite steeples nicely poised,
Unconscious that the cliff from which he hangs
Was once a fiery sea of molten stone
Shot up ten thousand feet and crystallized
When earth was labouring with her kraken brood;
So have I sped with thee, my bright-eyed love,
Imagination, over pathless wilds,
Bounding from thought to thought, unmindful of
The fever of my soul that shot them up
And made a ready footing for my speed,
As in a whirlwind I have flown along
Wing'd with ecstasie mind, and carried away
Like Ganyমেде of old, o'er cloudeapt Ida,
Or Alps, or Andes, or the ice-bound shores
Of Arctic or Antarctic,—stolen from earth
Her sister planets and the twinkling eyes
That watch her from afar, to the pure seat
Of rarest Matter's last created world,
And brilliant halls of self-existing Light!

The Song of an Alpine Elf.

HA! ha! ha!—My coy Jungfra
Is tall and robed in snow,—
Yet at a leap to the topmost steep
I bound from the glen below;

On her dizziest peak I sit and shriek
 To the winds that around me blow,
And heard from afar is my ha! ha! ha!
 The wild laugh echoes so.
In the forests dun round Lauterbrunn
 That line each dark ravine,
I hide me away from the garish day
 Till the howling winter's e'en;
Then I jump on high through the coal-black sky,
 And light on some cliff of snow
That nods to its fall like a tottering wall,
 And I rock it to and fro!
My summer home is the cataract's foam
 As it floats in a frothing heap,
My winter's rest is the weasel's nest,
 Or deep with the mole I sleep;
Or I ride for a freak on the lightning-streak,
 Or climb till I reach in the clouds
The terrible form of the Thunder-storm,
 Wrapp'd in his sable shrouds!
Often I launch the huge avalanch,
 And make it my milk-white sledge,
When unappall'd to the Grindlewald
 I slide from the Shrikehorn's edge;
Silent and soft to the ibex oft
 I have stolen, and hurried him o'er
The precipice to the bristling ice
 That smokes with his scarlet gore:
But my greatest joy is to lure and decoy
 To the snow-drift's slippery brink
The hunter bold, when he's weary and cold,
 And there let him suddenly sink,—
A thousand feet—dead! he dropp'd like lead,
 Ha, he couldn't leap like me;
With broken back, as a felon on rack,
 He hangs in a split pine-tree!

And there mid his bones, that echoed with groans,
I make me a nest of his hair;
The ribs dry and white rattle loud as in spite
When I rock in my cradle there :
Hurrah, hurrah, and ha, ha, ha !
I'm in a madman's mood,
For I'm all alone in my palace of bone
That's tapestried fair with the old man's hair
And dabbled with clots of blood ;
And when I look out all around and about,
The storm shouts high to the coalblack sky,
And the icicle sleet falls thick and fleet,
And all that I hear on the mountains drear,
And all I behold on the valleys cold,
Is Death in Solitude !

Dreams.

A DREAM — mysterious word, a dream !
What joys and sorrows are enshrined
In those dark hours we fondly deem
A plaything for the truant mind :

It is a happy thing to dream,
When rosy thoughts and visions bright
Pour on the soul a golden stream
Of rich luxurious delight ;

It is a weary thing to dream,
When from the hot and aching brain
As from a boiling cauldron steam
The myriad forms in fancy's train ;

It is a curious thing to dream,
When shapes grotesque of all quaint things
Like laughing water-witches seem
To sport in reason's turbid springs ;

It is a glorious thing to dream,
When full of wings and full of eyes
Borne on the whirlwind or sun-beam
We race along the startled skies ;

It is a wondrous thing to dream
Of tumbling with a fearful shock
From some tall cliff where eagles scream,
To light upon a feather rock ;

It is a terrible thing to dream
Of strangled throats and heart-blood spilt,
And ghosts that in the darkness gleam,
And horrid eyes of midnight guilt : —

Who shall tell me what I dream?
Ages lingering in a night,—
Thronging thoughts of things that teem
With wonder, terror, and delight !

Infant Christ, with Flowers.

YES,—I can fancy, in the spring
Of Childhood's sunny hours,
That Nature's infant Priest and King
Loved to gaze on flowers ;

For lightly, 'mid the wreck of all,
When torn from Eden's bowers,
Above the billows of the fall
Floated gentle flowers:

Unfallen, sinless, undefiled,
Fresh bathed in summer showers,
What wonder that the holy Child
Loved to play with flowers?

In these he saw his Father's face,
All Godhead's varied powers,
And joy'd each attribute to trace
In sweet unconscious flowers:

In these he found where Wisdom hides
And modest Beauty cowers,
And where Omnipotence resides,
And Tenderness,—in flowers!

Innocent Child, a little while,
Ere yet the tempest lours,
Bask thy young heart in Nature's smile,
Her lovely smile of flowers;

Thy young heart,—is it not array'd
In feelings such as ours?—
Yes, being now of thorns afraid,
I see thee crown'd with flowers.

Past, Present, and Future.

A SAD sweet gladness, full of tears,
And thoughts that never cloy
Of careless childhood's happier years,
Is Memory's tranquil joy;

A rapturous and delusive dream
Of pleasures ne'er to be,
That o'er life's troubled waters gleam,
Is Hope's sweet reverie:

Yet, before Memory can look back,
When Hope is lost in sight,
Ah! where is Memory's fairy track,
Ah! where is Hope's delight?

The present is a weary scene,
And always wish'd away;
We live on "*to be*" and "*has been*,"
But never on "*to-day*."



A Short Gospel.

WISDOM framed the wondrous plan
Love had hoped for fallen man;
Justice bade the blood be spilt;
Mercy bore imputed guilt;
Truth rejoiced, and smiled to see
Power had set the captive free.

On a Bulbous Root,

WHICH BLOSSOMED, AFTER HAVING LAIN FOR AGES IN THE HAND OF AN
EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

WHAT, wide awake, sweet stranger, wide awake?
And laughing coyly at an English sun,
And blessing him with smiles for having thaw'd
Thine icy chain, for having woke thee gently
From thy long slumber of three thousand years?
Methinks I see the eye of wonder peering
From thy tall pistil, looking strangely forth
As from a watch-tow'r at thy fellow-flowers,
Admiring much the rich variety
Of many a gem in nature's jewel-case
Unknown to thee,—the drooping hyacinth,
The prim ranunculus, and gay geranium,
And dahlias rare, and heartsease of all hues,
Mealy auriculas, and spotted lilies,
Gaudy carnations, and the modest face
Of the moss-rose: methinks thy wondering leaves
And curious petals at the long-lost sun
Gaze with a lingering love, bedizen'd o'er
With a small firmament of eyes to catch
The luxury of his smile; as o'er the pool
Hovering midway the gorgeous dragon-fly
Watches his mates with thousand-facet vision;
Or as when underneath the waterfall
Floating in sunny wreaths the fretted foam
Mirrors blue heaven its million orbs:
Methinks I see thy fair and foreign face
Blush with the glowing ardour of first love,
(Mindful of ancient Nile, and those warm skies,
And tender tales of insect coquetry,)

When some bright butterfly descends to sip
The exotic fragrance of thy nectarous dew :
Even so, Jubal's daughters in old time
Welcomed the sons of God, who sprang from heaven
To gaze with rapture on earth's fairest creatures,
And fan them with their rainbow-colour'd wings.

Didst ever dream of such a day as this,
A day of life and sunshine, when entranced
In the cold tomb of yonder shrivell'd hand ?
Didst ever try to shoot thy fibres forth
Through thy close prison-bars, those parchment-fingers,
And strive to blossom in a charnel-house ?
Didst ever struggle to be free,—to leap
From that forced wedlock with a clammy corpse,—
To burst thy bonds asunder, and spring up
A thing of light to commerce with the skies ?
Or didst thou rather, with endurance strong,
(That might have taught a Newton passive power,)
Baffle corruption, and live on unharm'd
Amid the pestilent steams that wrapp'd thee round,
Like Mithridates, when he WOULD not die,
But conquer'd poison by his strong resolve ?

O Life, thy name is mystery,—that couldst
Thus energize inert, be, yet not be,
Concentrating thy powers in one small point ;
Couldst mail a germ, in seeming weakness strong,
And arm it as thy champion against Death ;
Couldst give a weed, dug from the common field,
What Egypt hath not, Immortality ;
Couldst lull it off to sleep ere Carthage was,
And wake it up when Carthage is no more !
It may be, suns and stars that walk'd the heavens
While thou wert in thy slumber, gentle flower,

Have sprung from chaos, blazed their age, and burst:
It may be, that thou seest the world worn out,
And look'st on meadows of a paler green,
Flow'rs of a duskier hue, and all creation
Down to degenerate man more and more dead,
Than in those golden hours, nearest to Eden,
When mother earth and thou and all were young.

And he that held thee,—this bituminous shape,
This fossil shell once tenanted by life,
This chrysalis husk of the poor insect man,
This leathern coat, this carcase of a soul,—
What was thy story, O mine elder brother?
I note thee now, swathed like a Milanese babe,
But thine are tinctured grave-clothes, fathoms long;
On thy shrunk breast the mystic beetle lies
Commending thee to Earth, and to the Sun
Regenerating all; a curious scroll
Full of strange written lore rests at thy side;
While a quaint rosary of bestial gods,
Ammon, Bubastes, Thoth, Osiris, Apis,
And Horus with the curl, Typhon and Phthah,
Amulets cipher'd with forgotten tongues,
And charm'd religious beads circle thy throat.
Greatly thy children honour'd thee in death,
And for the light vouchsafed them they did well,—
In that they hoped, and not unwisely hoped,
Again in his own flesh to see their sire;
And their affections spared not, so the form
They loved in life might rest adorn'd in death.

But this dry hand,—was it once terrible
When among warrior bands thou wentest forth
With Ramses, or Sesostris, yet again

To crush the rebel Æthiop?—wast thou set
A taskmaster to toiling Israël
When Cheops and Cephrenes raised to heaven
Their giant sepulchres?—or did this hand,
That lately held a flow'r, with murderous grasp
Tear from the Hebrew mother her poor babe
To fling it to the crocodile?—Or rather
Wert thou some garden-lover, and this bulb,
Perchance most rare and fine, prized above gold,
(As in the mad world's dotage yesterday
A tulip root could fetch a prince's ransom,)—
Was to be buried with thee, as thy praise,
Thy Rosicrucian lamp, thine idol weed?—
Perchance, O kinder thought and better hope,
Some priest of Isis shrined this root with thee
As nature's hieroglyphic, her half-guess
Of glimmering faith, that soul will never die:
What emblem liker, or more eloquent
Of immortality,—whether the Sphinx,
Scarab, or circled snake, or wide-wing'd orb,
The azure-colour'd arch, the sleepless eye,
The pyramid four-square, or flowing river,
Or all whatever else were symbols apt
In Egypt's alphabet,—than this dry root,
So full of living promise?—Yes, I see
Nature's "resurgam" sculptured there in words
That all of every clime may run and read:
I see the better hope of better times,
Hope against hope, wrapp'd in the dusky coats
Of a poor leek,—I note glad tidings there
Of happier things; this undecaying corpse
A little longer, yet a little longer
Must slumber on, but shall awake at last;
A little longer, yet a little longer,—

And at the trumpet's voice, shall this dry shape
Start up, instinct with life, the same though changed,
And put on incorruption's glorious garb:
If aught of Israel's GOD he knew and loved,
Brighter than seraphs, and beyond the sun!



Cruelty.

WILL none befriend that poor dumb brute,
Will no man rescue him?—
With weaker effort, gasping, mute,
He strains in every limb;

Spare him, O spare:—he feels,—he feels,—
Big tears roll from his eyes;
Another crushing blow!—he reels,
Staggers,—and falls,—and dies.

Poor jaded horse, my blood runs cold
Thy guiltless wrongs to see;
To heav'n, O starved one, lame and old,
Thy dim eye pleads for thee.

Thou too, O dog, whose faithful zeal
Fawns on some ruffian grim,—
He stripes thy skin with many a weal,
And yet,—thou lovest him.

Shame! that of all the living chain
That links creation's plan,
There is but one delights in pain,
The savage monarch,—man!

O cruelty,—who could rehearse
Thy million dismal deeds,
Or track the workings of the curse
By which all nature bleeds?

Thou meanest crime,—thou coward sin,—
Thou base flint-hearted vice,—
Scorpion!—to sting thy heart within
Thyself shalt all suffice;

The merciless is doubly curst,
As mercy is “twice blest;”
Vengeance, though slow, shall come,—but first
The vengeance of the breast!

Why add another woe to life,
Man,—are there not enough?
Why lay *thy* weapon to the strife?
Why make the road more rough?

Faint, hunger-sick, old, blind, and ill,
The poor, or man or beast,
Can battle on with life uphill,
And bear its griefs at least;

Truly, their cup of gall o'erflows!
But, when the spite of men
Adds poison to the draught of woes,
Who, who can drink it then?

Heard ye that shriek?—O wretch, forbear,
Fling down thy bloody knife:
In fear, if not in pity, spare
A woman, and a wife!

For thee she toils, unchiding, mild,
And for thy children wan,
Beaten, and starved,—with famine wild,
To feast thee, monster-man :

Husband, and father,—drunkard, fiend !
Thy wife's, thy children's moan
Has won for innocence a Friend,
Has reach'd thy Judge's throne ;

Their lives thou madest sad ; but worse
Thy deathless doom shall be,
“NO MERCY !” is the withering curse
Thy Judge hath pass'd on thee :

Heap on,—heap on, fresh torments add,—
New schemes of torture plan,
NO MERCY ! Mercy's self is glad
To damn the cruel man.

GOD ! GOD ! Thy whole creation groans,
Thy fair world writhes in pain ;
Shall the dread incense of its moans
Arise to thee in vain ?

The hollow eye of famine pleads,
The face with weeping pale,
The heart that all in secret bleeds,
The grief that tells no tale.

Oppression's victim, weak and mild,
Scarce shrinking from the blow,
And the poor wearied factory child,
Join in the dirge of woe.

O cruel world! O sickening fear
 Of goad, or knife, or thong;
 O load of evils ill to bear!
 How long, good GOD, how long?



Monsieur d'Alveron.

An Incident, founded on Fact.

POOR Monsieur d'Alveron! I well remember
 The day I visited his ruinous cot,
 And heard the story of his fallen fortunes.
 It was a fine May morning, and the flowers
 Spread their fair faces to the laughing sun,
 And look'd like small terrestrial stars, that beam'd
 With life and joy; the merry lark was high
 Careering in the heavens, and now and then
 A thristle from the neighbouring thicket pour'd
 His musical and hearty orisons.
 The cot too truly told that poverty
 Found it a home with misery and scorn:
 No clambering jessamine, no well-train'd roses
 There linger'd, like sweet charity, to hide
 The rents unseemly of the plaster'd wall;
 No tight trimm'd rows of box, or daisy prim,
 Mark'd a clean pathway through the miry clay;
 But all around was want and cold neglect.
 With curious hand, (and heart that beat with warm
 Benevolence,) — I knock'd, lifted the latch,
 And in the language of his mother-land
 Besought a welcome; quick with courteous phrase,
 And joy unfeign'd to hear his native tongue,
 He bade me enter.—'Twas a ruin'd hovel;
 Disease and penury had done their worst

To hunt a wretched exile to despair,
But still with spirit unbroken he lived on,
And with a Frenchman's national levity
Bounded elastic from his weight of woes.
I listed long his fond garrulity,
For sympathy and confidence are aye
Each other's echoes, and I won his heart
By pitying his sorrows; long he told
Of friends, and wife, and darling little ones,
Fortune, and title, and long-cherish'd hopes
By frenzied Revolution marr'd and crush'd:
But oft my patience flicker'd, and my eye
Wander'd inquisitive round the murky room
To see wherein I best might mitigate
The misery my bosom bled to view.
I sat upon his crazy couch, and there
With many sordid rags, a roebuck's skin
Show'd sleek and mottled; swift the clear grey eye
Of the poor sufferer had mark'd my wonder,
And as in simple guise this touching tale
He told me, in the tongue his youth had loved,
Many a tear stole down his wrinkled cheek.

“Yon glossy skin is all that now remains
To tell me that the past is not a dream!
Oft up my château's avenue of limes
To be caress'd in mine ancestral hall
Poor '*Louis*' bounded, (I had call'd him *Louis*,
Because I loved my King;) — my little ones
Have on his rounded antlers often hung
Their garlands of spring flowers, and fed him with
Sweet heads of clover from their darling hands.
But on a sorrowful day a random-shot
Of some bold thief, or well-skill'd forester,
Struck him to death, and many a tear and sob

Were the unwritten epitaph upon him.
The children would not lose him utterly,
But pray'd to have his mottled beautiful skin
A rug to their new pony-chaise, that they
Might oftener think of their lost favourite:
Ay — there it is! — that precious treasury
Of fond remembrances,— that glossy skin!
O thou chief solace in the wintry nights
That warms my poor old heart, and thaws my breast
With tears of — Mais, Monsieur, asseyez-vous!''—
But I had started up, and turn'd aside
To weep in solitude.—



Wisdom's Wish.

Ah, might I but escape to some sweet spot,
Oasis of my hopes, to fancy dear,
Where rural virtues are not yet forgot,
And good old customs crown the circling year;
Where still contented peasants love their lot,
And trade's vile din offends not nature's ear,
But hospitable hearths, and welcomes warm
To country quiet add their social charm;

Some smiling bay of Cambria's happy shore,
A wooded dingle on a mountain-side,
Within the distant sound of ocean's roar,
And looking down on valley fair and wide,
Nigh to the village church, to please me more
Than vast cathedrals in their Gothic pride,
And blest with pious pastor, who has trod
Himself the way, and leads his flock to God.

"There would I dwell, for I delight therein!"

Far from the evil ways of evil men,
Untainted by the soil of others' sin,

My own repented of, and clean again;
With health and plenty crown'd, and peace within,
Choice books, and guiltless pleasures of the pen,
And mountain-rambles with a welcome friend,
And dear domestic joys that never end.

There from the flowery mead, or shingled shore,
To cull the gems that bounteous Nature gave,
From the rent mountain pick the brilliant ore,

Or seek the curious crystal in its cave;
And learning nature's Master to adore,
Know more of Him who came the lost to save;
Drink deep the pleasures contemplation gives,
And learn to love the meanest thing that lives.

No envious wish my fellows to excel,

No sordid money-getting cares be mine;
No low ambition in high state to dwell,

Nor meanly grand among the poor to shine:
But, sweet Benevolence, regale me well

With those cheap pleasures and light cares of thinë,
And meek-eyed Piety be always near,
With calm Content, and Gratitude sincere.

Rescued from cities, and forensic strife,

And walking well with GOD in nature's eye,
Blest with fair children, and a faithful wife,

Love at my board, and friendship dwelling nigh,
Oh thus to wear away my useful life,

And when I'm call'd, in rapturous hope to die,
Thus to rob heaven of all the good I can,
And challenge earth to show a happier man!

The Mother's Lament.

My own little darling — dead!
The dove of my happiness fled!
 Just Heaven, forgive,
 But let me not live
Now my poor babe is dead:

No more to my yearning breast
Shall that sweet mouth be prest,
 No more on my arm
 Nestled up warm
Shall my fair darling rest:

Alas, for that dear glazed eye,
Why did it dim or die?
 Those lips so soft
 I have kiss'd so oft
Why are they ice, oh why?

Alas, little frocks and toys,
Shadows of bygone joys,—
 Have I not treasure
 Of bitterest pleasure
In these little frocks and toys?

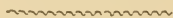
O harrowing sight to behold
That marble-like face all cold,
 That small cherish'd form
 Flung to the worm,
Deep in the charnel-mould!

Where is each heart-winning way,
Thy prattle, and innocent play?
 Alas, they are gone,
 And left me alone
To weep for them night and day:

Yet why should I linger behind?
 Kill me too,—death most kind;
 Where can I go
 To meet thy blow
 And my sweet babe to find?

I know it, I rave half-wild!
 But who can be calm and mild
 When the deep heart
 Is riven apart
 Over a dear dead child?

I know it, I should not speak
 So boldly, I ought to be meek,
 But love, it is strong;
 And my spirit is wrong,—
 Help me, my GOD! I am weak!



Trust.

“My times are in thy hand.”

YET will I trust, in all my fears,
 Thy mercy, gracious Lord, appears,
 To guide me through this vale of tears,
 And be my strength;
 Thy mercy guides the ebb and flow
 Of health and joy, or pain and woe,
 To wean my heart from all below
 To Thee at length.

Yes,—welcome pain,—which Thou hast sent,—
 Yes,—farewell blessings,—Thou hast lent,
 With Thee alone I rest content,
 For Thou art Heav'n,—

My trust reposes, safe and still,
 On the wise goodness of Thy will,
 Grateful for earthly good—or ill,
 Which Thou hast giv'n.
 O blessed friend! O blissful thought!
 With happiest consolation fraught,—
 Trust Thee I may, I will, I ought,—
 To doubt were sin;
 Then let whatever storms arise,
 Their Ruler sits above the skies,
 And lifting unto Him mine eyes,
 'Tis calm within.
 Danger may threaten, foes molest,
 Poverty brood, disease infest,
 Yea, torn affections wound the breast
 For one sad hour,
 But Faith looks to her home on high,
 Hope casts around a cheerful eye,
 And love puts all the terrors by
 With gladdening power.



The Stammerer's Complaint.

AN, think it not a light calamity
 To be denied free converse with my kind,
 To be debarr'd from man's true attribute,
 The proper glorious privilege of Speech.
 Hast thou beheld an eagle chain'd to earth?
 A restless panther in his cage immured?
 A swift trout by the wily fisher check'd?
 A wild bird hopeless strain its broken wing?
 Or ever felt, at the dark dead of night,

Some undefined and horrid incubus
Press down the very soul,—and paralyse
The limbs in their imaginary flight
From shadowy terrors in unhallow'd sleep?
Or ever known the sudden icy chill
Of dreary disappointment, as it dashes
The sweet cup of anticipated bliss
From the parch'd lips of long-enduring hope?

Then thou canst picture,—ay, in sober truth,
In honest unexaggerated truth,—
The constant, galling, festering chain that binds
Captive my mute interpreter of thought;
The seal of lead enstamp'd upon my lips,
The load of iron on my labouring chest,
The mocking demon that at every step
Haunts me,—and spurs me on—to burst with silence!
Oh! 'tis a sore affliction, to restrain,
From mere necessity, the glowing thought;
To feel the fluent cataract of speech
Check'd by some wintry spell, and frozen up,
Just as it leapeth from the precipice!
To be the butt of wordy captious fools,
And see the sneering self-complacent smile
Of victory on their lips, when I might prove,
(But for some little word I dare not utter,)
That innate truth is not a specious lie;
To hear foul slander blast an honour'd name,
Yet breathe no fact to drive the fiend away;
To mark neglected virtue in the dust,
Yet have no word to pity or console;
To feel just indignation swell my breast,
Yet know the fountain of my wrath is seal'd;
To see my fellow-mortals hurrying on
Down the steep cliff of crime, down to perdition,
Yet have no voice to warn,—no voice to win!

'Tis to be mortified in every point,
Baffled at every turn of life, for want
Of that most common privilege of man,
The merest drug of gorged society,
Words,—windy words. And is it not in truth
A poison'd sting in every social joy,
A thorn that rankles in the writhing flesh,
A drop of gall in each domestic sweet,
An irritating petty misery,
That I can never look on one I love
And speak the fulness of my burning thoughts?
That I can never with unmingled joy
Meet a long-loved and long-expected friend,
Because I feel, but cannot vent my feelings,—
Because I know I ought,—but must not speak,
Because I mark his quick impatient eye
Striving in kindness to anticipate
The word of welcome, strangled in its birth!
Is it not sorrow, while I truly love
Sweet social converse, to be forced to shun
The happy circle, from a nervous sense,
An agonizing poignant consciousness
That I must stand aloof, nor mingle with
The wise and good, in rational argument,
The young in brilliant quickness of reply,
Friendship's ingenuous interchange of mind,
Affection's open-hearted sympathies,
But feel myself an isolated being,
A very wilderness of widow'd thought!

Ay, this is very bitter,—not less bitter
Because it is not reckoned in the ills,
“The thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to;”
Yet the full ocean is but countless drops,
And misery is an aggregate of tears,

And life replete with small annoyances
Is but one long protracted scene of sorrow.

I scarce would wonder, if a godless man,
(I name not him whose hope is heavenward,)
A man, whom lying vanities have scathed
And harden'd from all fear,—if such an one
By this tyrannical Argus goaded on,
Were to be wearied of his very life,
And daily, hourly foil'd in social converse,
By the slow simmering of disappointment
Become a sour'd and apathetic being,
Were to be glad to fling away his life,
And long for death to free him from his chain.



Benevolence.

THERE is indeed one crowning joy,
A pleasure that can never cloy,
The bliss of doing good;
And to it a reward is given
Most precious in the sight of heaven,
The tear of gratitude.

To raise the fallen from the dust,
To right the poor by judgment just,
The broken heart to heal,
Pour on the soul a stream as bright
Of satisfying deep delight
As happy spirits feel :

Yes, high archangels wing their way
Far from the golden founts of day
 To scenes of earthly sadness,
That they may comfort the distress'd,—
And feel in blessing, deeply blest,
 In gladd'ning, full of gladness.

The choicest happiness there is,
The glorious GODHEAD's perfect bliss,
 Is born of doing good ;
HE looks around, and sees the eye
Of all creation spangled by
 The tear of gratitude !

All hail, my country's noble sons,
Ye Heaven-Sent unselfish ones,
 Who every realm have trod
Smit with the love of doing good,—
O that my portion with you stood !
 For ye are like your GOD !

And lives there one, who never felt
His heart with zeal or kindness melt,
 Nor ever dropt a tear
Of sympathy 'for other's woe ?
If such a man exist below
 A fiend in flesh is here.

Brethren, unsatisfied with earth,
Who feel how heartless is its mirth
 How transient is its joy,
Ye may,—there only wants the will,—
Your dearest hope of bliss fulfil,
 Of bliss without alloy :

Most glad a thing it is and sweet,
To sit and learn at Wisdom's feet,
 And hear her blessed voice ;
First in her comforts to be glad,
And then, to comfort other sad,
 And teach them to rejoice.

How sweet it is to link again
Estranged affection's broken chain,
 And soothe the sorrowing breast ;
To be the favour'd one that may
Recall to love hearts torn away,
 And thus by both be blest.

Rich men and proud, who fain would find
Some new indulgence for the mind,
 Some scheme to gladden self,
If ye will feed the famish'd poor,
Happiness shall ye buy, far more
 Than with a mint of pelf :

Ye cannot see the tearful eye,
Ye cannot hear the grateful sigh,
 Nor feel yourselves beloved
By the pale children of distress
Whom ye have been the gods to bless,—
 With hearts unthrill'd, unmoved.

And you, who love your fellow-men,
And feel a sacred transport, when
 Ye can that love fulfil,—
Go, rescue yonder tortured brute,
Its gratitude indeed is mute,
 But, oh ! it loves you still.

Children of science, who delight
To track out wisdom's beauty bright
 In earth, or sea, or sky,—
While nature's lovely face you scan,
Go, seek and save some erring man,
 And set his hope on high!

But still reflect that all the good
Ye do, demands your gratitude,
 For 'tis a heav'nly boon,
That should for its own sake be sought,
Though to itself is kindly brought
 A blessing sweet and soon:

It is reward to imitate,
In comforting the desolate,
 That gracious one who stood
A ransom for a ruin'd world,
And still, Himself to ruin hurl'd,
 Found evil for His good:

And what an argument for pray'r
Hath yearning Mercy written there,
 For if indeed "to give
Is blessed rather than the gift"—
Go ye, to heaven the voice uplift,
 And then ye must receive.

A Cabinet of Fossils.

COME, and behold with curious eye
These records of a world gone by,
These tell-tales of the youth of time,—
When changes, sudden, vast, sublime,
(From Chaos, and fair Order's birth,
To the last flood that drown'd the earth,—)
Shatter'd the crust of this young world,
Into the seas its mountains hurl'd,
And upon boisterous surges strong
Bore the broad ruins far along
To pave old ocean's shingly bed,
While bursting upwards in their stead
The lowest granites towering rose
To pierce the clouds with crested snows,
Where future Apennine or Alp
Bared to high heav'n its icy scalp.

Look on these coins of kingdoms old,
These medals of a broken mould :
These corals in the green hill-side,
These fruits and flowers beneath the tide,
These struggling flies in amber found,
These huge pine-forests underground,
These flint sea-eggs, with curious bosses,
These fibred ferns, and fruited mosses
Lying as in water spread,
And stone-struck by some Gorgon's head !
The chambers of this graceful shell,
So delicately form'd,—so well,
None can declare what years have past
Since life hath tenanted it last,

What countless centuries have flown
Since age hath made the shell a stone :
Gaze with me on those jointed stems,
A living plant of starry gems,
And on that sea-flower, light and fair,
Which shoots its leaves in agate there :
Behold these giant ribs in stone
Of mighty monsters, long unknown,
That in some antemundane flood
Wallow'd on continents of mud,
A lizard race, but well for man,
Dead long before his day began,
Monsters, through Providence extinct,
That crocodiles to fishes link'd ;
And shreds of other forms beside
That sported in the yeasty tide,
Or, flapping far with dragon-wing,
On the slow tortoise wont to spring,
Or, ambush'd in the rushes rank,
Watch'd the dull mammoth on the bank,
Or loved the green and silent deep,
Or on the coral-reef to sleep,
Where many a rood, in passive strength,
The scaly reptiles lay at length.

For there are wonders, wondrous strange,
To those who will through nature range,
And use the mind, and clear the eye,
And let instruction not pass by :
There are deep thoughts of tranquil joy
For those who thus their hearts employ,
And trace the wise design that lurks
In holy nature's meanest works,
And by the torch of truth discern
The happy lessons good men learn :

O there are pleasures, sweet and new,
 To those who thus creation view,
 And, as on this wide world they look,
 Regard it as one mighty book,
 Inscribed within, before, behind,
 With workings of the Master-mind;
 Ray'd with that Wisdom, which excels
 In framing worlds,—or fretting shells,—
 Fill'd with that Mercy, which delights
 In blessing mammoths, men, or mites,—
 With silent deep Benevolence,
 With hidden mild Omnipotence,
 With order's everlasting laws,
 With seen effect, and secret cause,
 Justice and truth in all things rife,
 Filling the world with love and life,
 And teaching from creation round
 How good the GOD of all is found,
 His handiwork how vast, how kind,
 How prearranged by clearest mind,
 How glorious in His own estate,
 And in His smallest works how GREAT!

Five Psalms.

I.—PSALM I.

BLEST is the man who walketh not
 In sinners' evil ways;
 Nor with the wicked joins his lot,
 Nor gives the scorner praise:

But all his solace and delight
 Is in his Father's word,—
 His meditation day and night,
 The doctrine of the LORD.

As some green tree near flowing streams
 That yields its timely fruit,
 Unblighted still his foliage seems,—
 He prospers, branch and root.

Not so the ungodly; they are all
 Like chaff before the blast;
 In the dread judgment they shall fall,
 And perish at the last:

For the LORD loveth, and doth keep
 The good man day by day;
 But as for sinners, He shall sweep
 And scatter them away!

II. — PSALM XIX.

HEAVEN declares its Maker's glory,
 And the firmament His might;
 Day to day the wondrous story
 Echoes on, and night to night;
 All is silence, yet Creation
 Knows and hears that voiceless speech
 Which to every tribe and nation
 Doth their Maker's glory teach.

From his chamber bright in heaven
 Lo, the bridegroom of the earth
 Gladness by his smile hath given,
 And awakes the morn to mirth:

Not less full of life and pleasure
Is GOD's truth nor less complete;
'Tis more precious than all treasure,
Than the honeycomb more sweet.

It rejoices, heals, and teaches,
Ever holy, just, and good;
To the inmost feeling reaches,
And leads up the heart to GOD:
Warn'd by that, thy servant turneth
To the path that tends to bliss;
Yet, who all his faults discerneth?
Cleanse me, if I err in this.

Let not pride be ruler in me,
But deliver, guide, forgive:
Thus, corruption quench'd within me,
I shall be upright and live.
Let my words and meditation,
Ever pleasing in Thy sight,
Meet with gracious acceptance,
My Redeemer and my Might!

III.—PSALM XX.

GOD in time of trouble hear thee,
And the name of Jacob's Lord
From His sanctuary near thee,
Out of Zion help afford;
Crown thy sacrifice with fire,
All thy gifts remember still,
Grant thee all thy heart's desire,
And thy choicest wish fulfil!

We will joy in Thy salvation,
And will set our banners high
In our GOD!—Thy supplication
Be accomplish'd at thy cry.
Now I know the LORD from heaven
Saveth still His CHRIST from harm;
Now to Him will strength be given
By the might of His right arm.

Some in chariots, some in horses,—
We in GOD JEHOVAH trust;
And while He our sure Resource is,
They are fallen in the dust:
Save, JEHOVAH, save and hear us,
King of glory, King of might!
When we call be ever near us,—
Ever for Thy servants fight!

IV.—PSALM LXXXV.

LORD, Thou hast shower'd on Thy land
Thy favourable grace;
Thou hast brought home again the band
Of Jacob's captive race:
Thou hast forgiven Thy people's crimes
And wash'd away their sin,
From Thy fierce anger turn'd betimes,
And rein'd Thy vengeance in!

Turn us, O GOD that saveth us,—
And bid Thine anger cease:
Wilt Thou in wrath be ever thus,
Nor smile on us in peace?
O wilt Thou not Thy work revive,
That we may joy in Thee?
Yea, LORD, Thy constant mercy give,
And Thy salvation free!

V.—PSALM CXLIV.

BLESSED be the LORD my might,
Who hath taught my soul to fight,
Castle, Saviour, hope, and friend,
Whom I trust all help to send.

LORD, what is man, or what his son,
That thou regardest such an one?
A thing of nought: his little day
Passeth shadow-like away.

Bow Thy heavens, LORD! return,
Touch the mountains that they burn,
Forth Thy scathing lightnings cast,
With Thy shafts consume them fast!

Send Thy power from on high,
Rescue me, for ever nigh,
Save me from the drowning wave,
From these wicked children save!

GOD, to Thee new songs I sing,
On my lute new praise I bring,—
To kings Thou givest victory, LORD,
And savest David from the sword.

Help, and save me from the hand
Of children, strangers in the land;
For their mouths are lies within,
And their right hands red with sin.

That our sons may grow in good
Like young saplings of the wood,
And our daughters may be seen
As Thy temple pure and clean:

That our garner's more and more
 May be full with various store,
 That our teeming sheep may yield
 Thousand-fold in street and field:

That our oxen's sturdy toil
 Drain the treasures of the soil;
 None in bonds be led away,
 No complaining, no decay.

Happy people! prosper'd so,
 Blest beyond all bliss below;
 Blest who have, all gods above,
 For their GOD the LORD of love!



The Mourner comforted. 1833.

BROTHER, dear brother, weep no more for me!
 My lot is blessedness,—an heritage
 Of Praise, and Peace, and Immortality,
 And Joy unspeakable! above me smiles
 The Eye of tenderest love, and underneath
 Sustain me safe the Everlasting Arms!
 I am not dead,—my spirit is not dead,
 But rests in JESUS, the dear hiding-place
 Of ransom'd happy souls,—for I am His;—
 My GOD hath wiped all sorrow from mine eye,
 All sin from my fair soul; Eternal Love
 For pain hath given me Peace,—for fear, fixt hope,
 For Life's deceitful cup of bitterness,
 Rivers of pleasantness and seas of joy.
 Ah, who can speak it, who can think it, there,—

Where the frail prison of Mortality
Holds pent the slumbering soul? Earth hath no words,
And earthborn no ideas of infinite,
Unutterable, overwhelming bliss.
O blest exchange! O gain beyond compare!
O Glory, brighter for the foil of Time,
O deepest happiness, more exquisite
For a short Life's remember'd tale of sorrow!
Weep not, dear brother,—weep no more for me.

Yes,—from the dream of Time I woke in peace:
And one fierce struggle over, all was calm.
Awhile I lay entranced,—in that sweet rest
The Sabbath of the Soul, e'er yet it speeds
To choirs of perfect praise, and bliss intense.
And soon two infant cherubs on bright wings
—My sainted little brothers,—flew to me,
Kiss'd me, and wept for joy, as angels weep.
“For it is ours,” they said, “our great reward,
By HIS dear will preferr'd before all others,
On either hand to lead thee to our GOD.”
Wing'd with ecstatic hope upsprung my Soul,—
And through the glorious hosts of happy ones,
From bliss to bliss, from heav'n to heav'n, upsprung,
Catching swift echoes of melodious praise,
Till at the rapturous height of highest joy
I stood before the Throne! and there was HE,
HE, whom a brother's counsel bade me seek,
HE, whom at midnight's hour a mother's ear
With tears and prayers had often heard me seek,—
O there was HE! my Saviour and my Friend,—
My Sacrifice, my Heav'n, my All, my GOD!
—Brother, in earthly words and earthly thoughts
I cannot tell thee more: but would speak peace,
Peace to thy troubled soul,—where peace there *is*.
O climax to my joys,—strength to your hopes,

In the bright book of Life are written fair
The names of those I loved! Blest family,
Children of hope, and Heaven, and GOD! His love
With tears of chasten'd grief hath gemm'd your crowns,
That, by a Father's wisdom mingling well
Life's cup with sorrows, ye may deeper drink
Of grace on earth, of glory with our GOD.
Yes, there are crowns and mansions for you all,
Ye loved, and happy ones! a crown for thee,
Dear mother, who so tenderly hast led
Our infant steps to paths of pleasantness;—
Crowns for you both, my sisters;—and for thee,
Whom the dark storm of unbelieving fears
Hath sorely tost,—my brother,—even for thee
From deeper trouble rises higher bliss!
Peace to you all, for JESUS is your peace,
Your peace and mine: be comforted with me,
For we are one, as ever, one in Him.

Though now ye see me not, I can see you;
Though ye hear not my praise, your groans I hear.
I watch'd, unwatch'd, and long'd to wipe away
The bitter tears that fell to weep my gain:
I watch'd, when on my prison-house of lead,
That held the alter'd form ye lately loved,
A mother's fondness wildly prest a kiss;
I watch'd the friend approved, on whom she leant;
And to their mournful homes in cot or hall
I watch'd the dark procession silent creep.
Then was I with you, and am with you still,
A free, unshackled spirit,—loving you,
And ministering grace to you from GOD!
Think not of what I was, but what I am,—
Gaze not on those “dear lineaments defaced,”
Nor brood on foul corruption's gloomy pit:

Rather look up;—I live!—O speed, blest hour,
 When to the spirit made perfect the bright body,
 Bursting the bars of Death, shall reunite,
 And meet the King of Glory in the skies!



The Souls of Brutes. 1832.

Incertus erro per loca devia.—HOR.

ARE these then made in vain? is man alone
 Of all the marvels of creative love
 Blest with a scintillation of His essence,
 The heavenly spark of reasonable soul?
 And hath not yon sagacious dog, that finds
 A meaning in the shepherd's idiot face,
 Or the huge elephant that lends his strength
 To drag the stranded galley to the shore,
 And strives with emulative pride to excel
 The mindless crowd of slaves that toil beside him,
 Or the young generous war-horse, when he sniffs
 The distant field of blood, and quick and shrill
 Neighing for joy, instils a desperate courage
 Into the veteran trooper's quailing heart,—
 Have they not all an evidence of soul
 (Of soul, the proper attribute of man,)—
 The same in kind, though meaner in degree?
 Why should not that which hath been,—be for ever?
 And death,—O can it be annihilation?
 No,—though the stolid atheist fondly clings
 To that last hope, how kindred to despair!
 No,—'tis the struggling spirit's hour of joy,
 The glad emancipation of the soul,

The moment when the cumbrous fetters drop,
And the bright spirit wings its way to heaven!
To say that GOD annihilated aught
Were to declare that in an unwise hour
He plann'd and made somewhat superfluous:
Why should not the mysterious life, that dwells
In reptiles as in men, and shows itself
In memory, gratitude, love, hate, and pride,
Still energize, and be, though death may crush
Yon frugal ant, or thoughtless butterfly,
Or with the simoon's pestilential gale
Strike down the patient camel in the desert?

There is one chain of intellectual soul,
In many links and various grades, throughout
The scale of nature; from the climax bright
The first great Cause of all, Spirit supreme,
Incomprehensible and unconfined,
To high archangels blazing near the throne,
Seraphim, cherubim, virtues, aids, and powers,
All capable of perfection in their kind;—
To man, as holy from his Maker's hand
He stood, in possible excellence complete,
(Man, who is destined now to brighter glories,
As nearer to the present GOD, in One
His Lord and substitute,—than angels reach :)
Then man as fall'n, with every varied shade
Of character and capability,
From him who reads his title to the skies,
Or grasps with giant mind all nature's wonders,
Down to the monster shaped in human form,
Maniac, slaving fool, or blood-stain'd savage:
Then to the prudent elephant, the dog
Half-humanized, the docile Arab horse,
The social beaver, and contriving fox,

The parrot, quick in pertinent reply,
The kind-affection'd seal, and patriot bee,
The merchant-storing ant, and wintering swallow,
With all those other palpable emanations
And energies of one eternal Mind
Pervading and instructing all that live,
Down to the sentient grass, and shrinking clay.
In truth, I see not why the breath of life,
Thus omnipresent and upholding all,
Should not return to Him, and be immortal,
(I dare not say the same) in some glad state
Originally destined for creation,
As well from brutish bodies, as from man.
The uncertain glimmer of analogy
Suggests the thought, and reason's shrewder guess;
Yet revelation whispers nought but this,
"Our Father careth when a sparrow dies,"
And that "the spirit of a brute descends"
As to some secret and preserving Hadès.

But for some better life, in what strange sort
Were justice, mix'd with mercy, dealt to these?—
Innocent slaves of sordid guilty man,
Poor unthank'd drudges, toiling at his will,
Pamper'd in youth, and haply starved in age,
Obedient, faithful, gentle,—though the spur
Wantonly cruel, or unsparing thong
Weal your gall'd hides, or your strain'd sinews crack
Beneath the crushing load,—what recompense
Can He, who gave you being, render you
If in the rank full harvest of your griefs
Ye sink annihilated, to the shame
Of government unequal?—In that day
When crime is sentenced, shall the cruel heart
Boast uncondemn'd, because no tortured brute

Stands there accusing? shall the embodied deeds
Of man not follow him, nor the rescued fly
Bear its kind witness to the saving hand?
Shall the mild Brahmin stand in equal sin
Regarding nature's menials, with the wretch
Who flays the moaning Abyssinian ox,
Or roasts the living bird, or flogs to death
The famishing pointer?—and must these again,
These poor unguilty uncomplaining victims
Have no reward for life with its sharp pains?—
They have my suffrage: Nineveh was spared,
Though Jonah prophesied its doom, for sake
Of six-score thousand infants, and “much cattle;”
And space is wide enough, for every grain
Of the broad sands that curb our swelling seas
Each separate in its sphere to stand apart
As far as sun from sun: there lacks not room,
Nor time, nor care, where all is infinite:
And still I doubt: it is a Gordian knot,
A dark deep riddle, rich with curious thoughts;
Yet let me tell a trivial incident,
And draw thine own conclusion from my tale.

Paris kept holiday; a merrier sight
The crowded Champs Elysées never saw:
Loud pealing laughter, songs, and flageolets,
And giddy dances round the shadowing elms,
Green vistas thronged with thoughtless multitudes,
Traitorous processions, frivolous pursuits,
And pleasures full of sin,—the loud “hurra!”
And fierce enthusiastic “Vive la nation!”—
Were these thy ways and works, O godlike man,
Monopolist of mind, great patentee
Of truth, and sense, and reasonable soul?—
My heart was sick with gaiety; nor less,

When (sad, sad contrast to the sensual scene)
I mark'd a single hearse through the dense crowd
Move on its noiseless melancholy way:
The blazing sun half quench'd it with his beams,
And show'd it but more sorrowful: I gazed
And gazed with wonder that no feeling heart,
No solitary Man follow'd to note
The spot where poor mortality must sleep:
Alas! it was a friendless child of sorrow,
That stole unheeded to the house of Death!
My heart beat strong with sympathy, and loathed
The noisy follies that were buzzing round me,
And I resolved to watch him to his grave,
And give a man his fellow-sinner's tear:
I left the laughing crowd, and quickly gain'd
That dreary hearse, and found,—he was not friendless!
Yes, there was one, one only, faithful found
To that forgotten wanderer,—*his dog!*
And there, with measured step, and drooping head,
And tearful eye, paced on the stricken mourner.
Yes, I remember how my bosom ached
To see its sensible face look up to mine
As in confiding sympathy,—and howl:
Yes, I can never forget what grief unfeign'd,
What true love, and unselfish gratitude,
That poor, bereaved, and *soulless* dog betray'd.

Ah, give me, give me such a friend, I cried;
Yon myriad fools and knaves in human guise
Compared with thee, poor cur, are vain and worthless,
While man, who claims a soul exclusively,
Is shamed by yonder "mere machine,"—a dog!

—"Equidem credo quia sit Divinitus illis ingenium."—VIRG.

The Chamois Hunter. 1829.

A LESSON OF LIFE.

THE scene was bathed in beauty rare,
For Alpine grandeur toppled there,
 With emerald spots between;
A summer-evening's blush of rose
All faintly warm'd the crested snows
 And tinged the valleys green;

Night gloom'd apace, and dark on high
The thousand banners of the sky
 Their awful width unfurl'd,
Veiling Mont Blanc's majestic brow,
That seem'd among its cloud-wrapt snow,
 The ghost of some dead world:

When Pierre the hunter cheerly went
To scale the Catton's battlement
 Before the peep of day;
He took his rifle, pole, and rope,
His heart and eyes alight with hope,
 He hasted on his way.

He cross'd the vale, he hurried on,
He forded the cold Arveron,
 The first rough terrace gain'd,
Threaded the fir-wood's gloomy belt,
And trod the snows that never melt,
 And to the summit strain'd.

Over the top, as he knew well,
Beyond the glacier in the dell
 A herd of chamois slept,
So down the other dreary side,
With cautious tread, or careless slide,
 He bounded, or he crept.

And now he nears the chasmed ice;
He stoops to leap,—and in a trice,
 His foot hath slipp'd,—O heaven!
He hath leapt in, and down he falls
Between those blue tremendous walls,
 Standing asunder riven!

But quick his clutching nervous grasp
Contrives a jutting crag to clasp,
 And thus he hangs in air;—
O moment of exulting bliss!
Yet hope so nearly hopeless is
 Twin-brother to despair.

He look'd beneath,—a horrible doom!
Some thousand yards of deepening gloom,
 Where he must drop to die!
He look'd above, and many a rood
Upright the frozen ramparts stood
 Around a speck of sky.

Seven long dreadful hours he hung,
And often by strong breezes swung
 His fainting body twists;
Scarce can he cling one moment more,
His half-dead hands are ice, and sore
 His burning bursting wrists;

His head grows dizzy,—he must drop,
He half resolves,—but stop, O stop,
 Hold on to the last spasm,
Never in life give up your hope,—
Behold, behold a friendly rope
 Is dropping down the chasm!

They call thee, Pierre,—see, see them here,
Thy gather'd neighbours far and near,
 Courage! man, hold on fast:—
And so from out that terrible place,
With death's pale paint upon his face,
 They drew him up at last.

And he came home an alter'd man,
For many harrowing terrors ran
 Through his poor heart that day;
He thought how all through life, though young,
Upon a thread, a hair, he hung,
 Over a gulf midway:

He thought what fear it were to fall
Into the pit that swallows all,
 Unwing'd with hope and love;
And when the succour came at last,
O then he learnt how firm and fast
 Was his best Friend above.

Reproof.

BE ashamed for your reserve,
Be ashamed;—
It is not what I deserve,
Be ashamed;—
By my heart, and by mind
Willing, warm, and well-inclined,
Let your greeting be more kind,—
Be ashamed.

Be assured it's little wise,
Be assured,—
So to chill your hand and eyes,
Be assured,—
My humility can wait,
But your love may come too late,
Pride will soon be out of date,—
Be assured.

The African Desert.

A NEWDIGATE IN 1830.

Go, child of pity, watch the sullen glare
That lights the haggard features of despair
As upon dying guilt's distracted sight
Rise the black clouds of everlasting night;
Drink in the fever'd eyeball's dismal ray,
And gaze again,—and turn not yet away,

Drink in its anguish, till thy heart and eye
Reel with the draught of that sad lethargy:
Till Gloom with chilling fears thy soul congeal,
And on thy bosom stamp his leaden seal,
Till Melancholy flap her heavy wings
Above thy fancy's light imaginings,
And Sorrow wrap thee in her sable shroud,
And Terror in a gathering thunder-cloud!

Go, call up Darkness from his dread abode,
Bid Desolation fling her curse abroad,
—Then gaze around on nature!—ah, how drear,
How widow-like she sits in sadness here:
Lost are the glowing tints, the softening shades,
Her sunny meadows, and her greenwood glades;
No grateful flower has gemm'd its mother-earth,
Rejoicing in the blessedness of birth;
No blitheseme lark has waked the drowsy day,
No sorrowing dews have wept themselves away:
Faded,—the smiles that dimpled in her vales;
Scatter'd, the fragrance of the spicy gales
That dew'd her locks with odours, as they swept
The waving groves, or in the rose-bud slept.

Is this the desert? this the blighted plain
Where Silence holds her melancholy reign,—
Where foot of daring mortal scarce hath trod,
But all around is solitude—and God,—
And where the sandy billows overwhelm
All but young Fancy's visionary realm,
In which, beneath the red moon's sickly glance
Fantastic forms prolong the midnight dance,
And pigmy warriors, marshal'd on the plains,
Shout high defiance to the invading cranes?

Regions of sorrow,—darkly have ye frown'd
Amidst a sunny world of smiles around :
Luxurious Persia, bower'd in rosy bloom,
Breathes the sweet air of Araby's perfume,
And where Italian suns in glory shine
To the green olive clings the tendrill'd vine ;
In yon soft bosom of Iberia's vales
The orange-blossom scents the lingering gales,
That waft its sweets to where Madeira's plain
With emerald beauty gems the western main :
The winds that o'er the rough Ægæan sweep,
Tamed into zephyrs, on its islands sleep ;
And where rich Delta drinks the swelling Nile,
Auspicious Ceres spreads her golden smile.
But on Sahara death has set his throne,
And reigns in sullen majesty alone :
Unfurld on high above the desert-king
The red simoom spreads forth its fiery wing ;
The spirits of the storm his bidding wait,
Gigantic shadows swell his awful state,
And circling furies hover round his head,
To crown with flames the Tyrant of the Dead !
The desert shrank beneath him, as he pass'd,
Borne on the burning pinions of the blast ;
He breathed,—and solitude sat pining there ;
He spake,—and silence hush'd the listening air ;
He frown'd,—and blighted Nature scarce could fly
The lightning glances of her monarch's eye,
But where he look'd in withering fury down,
A dying desert knit its giant frown !

Desolate wilds,—creation's barren grave,
Where dull as Lethe rolls the desert wave,
How sparingly with warm existence rife
Have ye rejoiced in love, or teem'd with life !

Can it then be in solitudes so drear,
That utter Nothing has its dwelling here? —
Hence,—thought of darkness!—o'er the sandy flood
Broods the great Spirit of a present GOD:
He is, where other being may not be;
Space cannot bind Him,—nor infinity!
Deeper than thought has ever dared to stray,
Higher than fancy wing'd her wondering way,
Beyond the beaming of the furthest star,
Beyond the pilgrim-comet's distant car,
Beyond all worlds, and glorious suns unseen,
He is, and will be, and has ever been!
Nor less,—where the huge iceberg lifts its head,
Dim as a dream, from ocean's polar bed;
Or where in softer climes creation glows,
And Paphos blushes from its banks of rose,
Or where fierce suns the panting desert sear,—
He is, and was, and ever will be, HERE!

But would thy daring spirit, child of man,
The secret chambers of the desert scan,
Curtain'd with flames, and tenanted by death,
Fanned by the tempest of Sirocco's breath?
With crested Azrael shall a mortal strive,
Or breathe the gales of pestilence, and live?
O then, let avarice his hand refrain,
Nor tempt the billows of that fiery main,
Let patience, toil, and courage nobly dare
Far other deeds than fruitless labours there,
Let dauntless enterprise, with generous zeal,
Toil, not unlauress'd, for her fellows' weal,
But be the howling wilderness untrod,
And trackless still, Sahara's barren flood!

Lo, from the streaming east a blaze of light
Has swept to distant shores astonish'd night,

Darkness has snatch'd his spangled robe away,
And in full glôry shines the new-born day;
Rejoice, ye flowery vales,—ye verdant isles
With the glad sunbeams weave your rosy smiles,
The bridegroom of the earth looks down in love,
And blooms in freshen'd beauty from above;
Ye waiting dews, leap to that warm embrace,
With fragrant incense bathe his blushing face,
Thou earth, be robed in joy!—But one sad plain
Exults not, smiles not, to the morn again:
Soon as the sun is all in glory drest
The conscious desert heaves its troubled breast,
Like one, aroused to ceaseless misery,
That, ever dying, strives once more—to die.
And can Sahara weep? with sudden blaze
Deep in her bosom pierce the cruel rays,
But never thence one tributary stream
Shall soar aloft to quench the maddening beam:
Tearless in agony, fixt in grief, alone,
Pines the sad daughter of the torrid zone,
A rocky monument of anguish deep,
The Niobe of Nature cannot weep!
Yet from her bosom steams the sandy cloud,
And heavily waves above;—a lurid shroud,
Dense as the wing of sorrow, flapping o'er
The wither'd heart, that may not blossom more.

Faint o'er that burning desert, faint and slow,
Failing of limb, and pale with looks of woe,
Parch'd by the hot Sirôc, and fiery ray,
The wearied kafflè winds its toilsome way.
'Tis long, long since the panther bounded by,
And howl'd, and gazed upon them wistfully;
Long since the monarch lion from his lair
Arose, and thunder'd to the stagnant air:

No wandering ostrich with extended wing
Flaps o'er the sands, to seek the distant spring;
Bounding from rock to rock, with curious scan
No wild gazelle surveys the stranger, man;
Nor does the famish'd tiger's lengthening roar
Speak to the winds and wake the echoes more.

But o'er these realms of sorrow, drear and vast,
In hollow dirges moans the desert blast,
Or breathing o'er the plain in smother'd wrath
Howls to the skulls, that whiten on the path.
And as with heavy tramp they toil along,
Is heard no more the cheering Arab song,—
No more the wild Bedouin's joyous shriek
With startling homage greets his wandering shriek,
Only the mutter'd curse, or whisper'd pray'r,
Or deep death-rattle wakes the sluggish air.

Behold one here, who till to-day has been
A father, and with bursting bosom seen
His last, his cherish'd one, whose waning eye
Smiled only resignation, droop and die!
Parch'd by the heat, those lips are curl'd and pale,
As rose-leaves wither'd in the northern gale;
Her eye no more its silent love shall speak,
No flush of life shall mantle on her cheek;—
Yet with a frenzied fondness to his child
The father clung, and thought his darling smiled;
Ah, yes! 'tis death that o'er her beauty throws
That marble smile of deep and dread repose.

What thrilling shouts are these that rend the sky,
Whence is the joy that lights the sunken eye?
On, on, they speed their burning thirst to slake
In the blue waters of yon rippled lake,—

Or must they still those maddening pangs assuage
In the sand-billows of the false mirage?
Lo, the fair phantom, melting to the wind,
Leaves but the sting of baffled bliss behind.

Hope smiles again, as with instinctive haste
The panting camels rush along the waste,
And snuff the grateful breeze, that sweeping by
Wafts its cool fragrance through the cloudless sky.
Swift as the steed that feels the slacken'd rein
And flies impetuous o'er the sounding plain,
Eager as bursting from an Alpine source
The winter torrent in its headlong course,
Still hasting on, the wearied band behold
—The green oasis, an emerald couch'd in gold!
And now the curving rivulet they descry,
That bow of hope upon a stormy sky,
Now ranging its luxuriant banks of green
In silent rapture gaze upon the scene:
His graceful arms the palm was waving there
Caught in the tall acacia's tangled hair,
While in festoons across his branches slung
The gay kossóm its scarlet tassels hung;
The flowering colocynth had studded round
Jewels of promise o'er the joyful ground,
And where the smile of day burst on the stream,
The trembling waters glitter'd in the beam.

It comes, the blast of death! that sudden glare
Tinges with purple hues the stagnant air;
Fearful in silence, o'er the heaving strand
Sweeps the wild gale, and licks the curling sand,
While o'er the vast Sahara from afar
Rushes the tempest in his wingèd car:
Swift from their bed the flame-like billows rise,
Whirling and surging to the copper skies,

As when Briareus lifts his hundred arms,
Grasps at high heaven, and fills it with alarms;
In eddying chaos madly mixt on high
Gigantic pillars dance along the sky,
Or stalk in awful slowness through the gloom,
Or track the coursers of the dread simoom,
Or clashing in mid air, to ruin hurl'd,
Fall as the fragments of a shatter'd world!

Hush'd is the tempest,—desolate the plain,
Still'd are the billows of that troublous main;
As if the voice of death had check'd the storm,
Each sandy wave retains its sculptured form:
And all is silence,—save the distant blast
That howl'd, and mock'd the desert as it pass'd;
And all is solitude,—for where are they,
That o'er Sahara wound their toilsome way?
Ask of the heav'ns above, that smile serene,
Ask that burnt spot, no more of lovely green,
Ask of the whirlwind in its purple cloud,
The desert is their grave, the sand their shroud.



The Sutters.

A NEWDIGATE IN 1831.

O GOLDEN shores, primeval home of man,
How glorious is thy dwelling, Hindostan!
Thine are these smiling valleys, bright with bloom,
Wild woods, and sandal-groves, that breathe perfume,
Thine, these fair skies,—where morn's returning ray
Has swept the starry robe of night away,
And gilt each dome, and minaret, and tower,
Gemm'd every stream, and tinted every flower.

But dark the spirit within thee;—from old time
Still o'er thee rolls the whelming flood of crime,
Still o'er thee broods the curse of guiltless blood,
That shouts for vengeance from thy reeking sod:
Deep-flowing Ganges in his rushy bed
Moans a sad requiem for his children dead,
And, wafted frequent on the passing gale,
Rises the orphan's sigh,—the widow's wail.

Hark, 'tis the rolling of the funeral drum,
The white-robed Brahmins see, they come, they come,
Bringing, with frantic shouts, and toreh, and trump,
And mingled signs of melancholy pomp,
That livid corpse, borne solemnly on high—
And yon faint trembling victim, doom'd to die!

Still, as with measured step they move along,
With fiercer joy they weave the mystic song:
Eswara, crown'd with forests, thee they praise,
Birmah, to thee the full-toned chorus raise;
To Ocean,—where the loose sail mariners furl,
And seek in coral caves the virgin pearl;
And to the source of Ganga's sacred streams,
Bright with the gold of Surya's morning beams,
Where on her lotus-throne Varuna sings,
And weeping Peris lave their azure wings:
They shout to Kali, of the red right hand,
Bid Aglys toss on high the kindled brand,
And far from Himalaya's frozen steep,
In whirlwind-car bid dark Paváneh sweep:
They chant of one whom Azrael waits to guide
O'er the black gulf of death's unfathom'd tide;
Of her, whose spotless life to Seeva giv'n,
Bursts for her lord the golden gates of heav'n,
Of her,—who thus in dreadful triumph led,
Dares the unhallow'd bridal of the dead!

And there in silent fear she stands alone,
 The desolate, unpitied, widow'd one :
 Too deeply taught in life's sad tale of grief,
 In the calm house of death she hopes relief,
 For few the pleasures India's daughter knows,
 A child of sorrow, nursed in want and woes.
 Cursed from the womb, how oft a mother's fear
 In silence o'er thee dropt the bitter tear,
 Lest a stern sire to Ganga's holy wave
 Should madly consecrate the life he gave :
 Cradled on superstition's sable wing
 In joyless gloom pass'd childhood's early spring,
 And still, as budded fair thy youthful mind,
 None bade thee seek, none taught thee, truth to find :
 Poor child ! that never raised the suppliant pray'r,
 Nor look'd to heaven, and saw a Father there,
 Untutor'd by religion's gentle sway
 To love, believe, be happy, and obey.
 Betroth'd in artless infancy to one
 Thy warm affections never beam'd upon,
 How shouldst thou smile, when ripe in beauty's pride
 The haughty Rajah claim'd his destined bride ?
 A trembling slave, and not the loving wife,
 Pass'd the short summer of thy hapless life ;
 And now to deck that bier, that pile to crown,
 His fiery sepulchre becomes — thine own.

And must it be, that in a spot so fair
 Shall rise the madden'd shriek of wild despair ?
 This lovely spot, where glows in every part
 The smile of nature on the pomp of art ;
 The banian spreads its hospitable shade,
 The bright bird warbles in the leafy glade,
 The matted palm, and wild anana's bloom,
 The light pagoda, the majestic dome,

With emerald plains, and ocean's distant blue,
Cast their rich tints and shadows o'er the view.
But murder here must wash his bloody hand,
And superstition shake the flaming brand,
And terror cast around an eager eye
To look for one to save,—where none is nigh!
Far other incense than the breath of day
From that dark corpse must waft the soul away,
Far other moans than of the muffled drum
Herald the lingering spirit to its home:
Yes,—thou must perish; and that gentle frame
Must struggle frantic with the circling flame,
Constant in weal or woe, for death, for life,
The victim widow, as the victim wife.

Hoping, despairing,—friendless, and forlorn,
The death she may not fly, she strives to scorn:
Lists to the tale that bright-wing'd Peris wait
To waft her to Kalaisa's crystal gate,—
Thinks how her car of fire shall speed along,
Hail'd by high praises, and Kinnura's song,—
And upward gazing in a speechless trance,
Darts earnestly the keen ecstatic glance,
Till wrapt imagination cleaves the sky,
And hope delusive points the way,—to die.
Who hath not felt, in some celestial hour,
When fear's dark thunder-clouds have ceased to lour,
When angels beckon on the fluttering soul
To realms of bliss beyond her mortal goal,
When heavenly glories bursting on the sight,
The raptured spirit bathes in seas of light,
And soars aloft upon the seraph's wing,—
How boldly she can brave death's tyrant sting?
Thus the poor girl's enthusiastic mind
Revels in hope of blessings undefined,

Roams o'er the flowers of earth, the joys of sense,
And frames her paradise of glory thence :
For oft as memory's retrospective eye
Glanced at the blighted joys of days gone by,
How sadly sweet appear'd those smiling hours
When hope had strew'd life's thorny path with flow'rs,
How dark, and shadow'd o'er with fearful gloom,
The unimagined horrors of the tomb !
When she remember'd all her joy and pain,
And in a moment lived her life again,
Each sorrow seem'd to smile, that frown'd before,—
Her cup of blessing *then* was running o'er,—
Days past in grief, beam'd now in hues of bliss,
Fancy guilt them,—but terror clouded this !
Yet swift her spirit, resolutely proud,
Scorn'd every hope, by mercy disallow'd :
The priests have long invoked their idol god,
The murd'rous pile, his altar, thirsts for blood,—
A horrid silence summons to the grave,
All wait for her,—and none stands forth to save,
O shall she tremble now, nor die the same ; —
Shall she not fearless rush into the flame ?
From her dark eye she strikes the rising tear,
And firmly mounts the pile—a widow's bier.

Instant, with furious zeal and willing hands,
Attendant Brahmins ply the ready brands ;
And as the flames are raging fierce and high,
And mount in rushing columns to the sky,
Lest those wild shrieks, or pity's soft appeal,
Should rouse one hand to save, one heart to feel,
Madly exulting in their victim's doom
They heap with fiendish haste her fiery tomb,—
Clash the loud cymbals, wake the trumpet's note,
Roll the deep drum, and raise the deafening shout,

Till in dread discord through the startled air
Rise the mixt yells of triumph and despair!

Britain, whose pitying hand is stretch'd to save
From despot's iron chain the writhing slave;
Where freedom's sons, at wild oppression's shriek
Feel the hot tear bedew the manly cheek,—
Where the kind sympathies of social life
Sweeten the cup to one no more a wife,
Where misery never pray'd nor sigh'd in vain,—
Shall India's widow'd daughters bleed again?
Let wreaths more glorious deck Britannia's head
Than theirs, who fiercely fought, or nobly bled,
Wreaths such as happy spirits wear above,
Gem'd with the tears of gratitude and love,
Where palm and olive, twined with almond bloom,
Tell of triumphant peace and mercy's rich perfume.
And ye, whose young and kindling hearts can feel
The pray'r of pity fan the flame of zeal,
Trace the blest path illustrious Heber trod,
And lead the poor idolator to GOD!
Thus, in that happy land, where nature's voice
Sings at her toil, and bids the world rejoice,
No guiltless blood her paradise shall stain,
No demon rites her holy courts profane,
No howl of superstition rend the air,
No widow's cry, no orphan's tear, be there,—
India shall cast her idol gods away,
And bless the promise of undying day.

CONTRASTED SONNETS.

Cheerfulness.

AN INVOCATION.

COME to my heart of hearts, thou radiant face!

So shall I gaze for ever on thy fairness;
Thine eyes are smiling stars, and holy grace
Blossoms thy cheek with its exotic rareness,
Trellissing it with jasmin-woven lace:

Come, laughing maid,—yet in thy laughter calm,
Be this thy home,
Fair cherub, come,

Solace my days with thy luxurious balm,
And hover o'er my nightly couch, sweet dove,
So shall I live in joy, by living in thy love!

Malice.

A DEPRECATION.

WHITE Devil! turn from me thy louring eye,
Let thy lean lip unlearn its bitter smile,
Down thine own throat I force its still-born lie,
And teach thee to digest it in thy bile,—
But I will merrily mock at thee the while:

Such venom cannot harm me; for I sit
 On a fair hill of name, and power, and purse,
 Too high for any shaft of thine to hit,
 Beyond the petty reaching of thy curse,
 Strong in good purpose, praise, and pregnant wit:
 Husband thy hate for toads of thine own level,
 I breathe an atmosphere too rare for thee:
 Back to thy trencher at the witches' revel,
 Too long they wait thy goodly company:
 Yet know thou this,—I'll crush thee, sorry devil,
 If ever again thou wag thy tongue at me.

Nature.

I STRAY'D at evening to a sylvan scene
 Dimpling with nature's smile the stern old mountain,
 A shady dingle, quiet, cool, and green,
 Where the moss'd rock pour'd forth its natural fountain;
 And hazels cluster'd there, with fern between,
 And feathery meadow-sweet shed perfume round,
 And the pink crocus pierc'd the jewell'd ground;
 Then was I calm and happy: for the voice
 Of nightingales unseen in tremulous lays
 Taught me with innocent gladness to rejoice,
 And tuned my spirit to informal praise:
 So, among silver'd moths, and closing flowers,
 Gambolling hares, and rooks returning home,
 And strong-wing'd chafers setting out to roam,
 In careless peace I pass'd the soothing hours.

Art.

THE massy fane of architecture olden,
 Or fretted minarets of marble white,
 Or Moorish arabesque, begemm'd and golden,
 Or porcelain pagoda, tipp'd with light,
 Or high-spanned arches,—were a noble sight:
 Nor less yon gallant ship, that treads the waves
 In a triumphant silence of delight,
 Like some huge swan, with her fair wings unfurl'd,
 Whose curvèd sides the laughing water laves,
 Bearing it buoyant o'er the liquid world:
 Nor less yon silken monster of the sky
 Around whose wicker car the clouds are curl'd,
 Helping undaunted man to scale on high
 Nearer the sun than eagles dare to fly;—
 Thy trophies these,—still but a modest part
 Of thy grand conquests, wonder-working Art!

 The Happy Name.

O NAME for comfort, refuge, hope, and peace,
 O spot by gratitude and memory blest!
 Where, as in brighter worlds, “the wicked cease
 From troubling, and the weary are at rest,”
 And unfledged loves and graces have their nest;

How brightly here the various virtues shine,
And nothing said or done is seen amiss;
While sweet affections every heart entwine,
And differing tastes and talents all unite,
Like hues prismatic blending into white,
In charity to man, and love divine:
Thou little kingdom of serene delight,
Heaven's nursery and foretaste! O what bliss
Where earth to wearied men can give a home like this!

The Wretched Home.

SCENE of disunion, bickering, and strife,
What curse has made thy native blessings die?
Why do these broils embitter daily life,
And cold self-interest form the strongest tie?
Hate, ill conceal'd, is flashing from the eye,
And mutter'd vengeance curls the pallid lip;
What should be harmony is all at jar;—
Doubt and reserve love's timid blossoms nip,
And weaken nature's bends to ropes of sand;
While dull indifference takes the icy hand
(Oh chilling touch!)—of constrain'd fellowship:
What secret demon has such discord fann'd?
What ill committed stirs this penal war,—
Or what omitted good?—Alas! that such things are.

Theory.

How fair and facile seems that upland road!
 Surely the mountain air is fresh and sweet,
 And briskly shall I bear this mortal load
 With well-braced sinews, and unwearied feet;
 How dear my fellow-pilgrims oft to meet
 O'ertaken, as to reach yon blest abode
 We strive together, in glad hope to greet,
 With angel friends and our approving God,
 All that in life we once have loved so well,
 So what we loved be worthy: her bright wings
 My willing spirit plumes, and upward springs
 Rejoicing, over crag, and fen, and fell,
 And down, or up, the cliffs precipitous face,
 To run or fly her buoyant happy race!



Practice.

THIS body,—O the body of this death!
 Strive as thou wilt, do all that mortal can,
 This is the sum, a man is but a man,
 And weak in error strangely wandereth
 Down flowery lanes, with pain and peril fraught,
 Conscious of what he doth, and what he ought.
 Alas,—but wherefore?—scarce my plaintive breath
 Wafts its faint question to the listening sky,
 When thus in answer some kind spirit saith:
 “Man, thou art mean, although thy aim be high;
 All matter hath one law, centering strong
 To some attractive point,—and thy world's core
 Is the foul seat of hell, and pain, and wrong:
 Yet courage, man! the strife shall soon be o'er,
 And that poor leprous husk, sore travelling long,
 Shall yet cast off its death in second birth,
 And flame anew a heavenly centred earth!”

Riches.

HEAPS upon heaps,—hillocks of yellow gold,
 Jewels, and hanging silks, and piled-up plate,
 And marble groups in beauty's choicest mould,
 And viands rare, and odours delicate,
 And art and nature, in divinest works,
 Swell the full pomp of my triumphant state
 With all that makes a mortal glad and great;
 —Ah, no, not glad: within my secret heart
 The dreadful knowledge, like a death-worm lurks,
 That all this dream of life must soon depart;
 And the hot curse of talents misapplied
 Blisters my conscience with its burning smart,
 So that I long to fling my wealth aside:
 For my poor soul, when its rich mate hath died,
 Must lie with Dives, spoil'd of all its pride.



Poverty.

THE sun is bright and glad, but not for me,
 My heart is dead to all but pain and sorrow,
 Nor care nor hope have I in all I see,
 Save from the fear that I may starve to-morrow;
 And eagerly I seek uncertain toil,
 Leaving my sinews in the thankless furrow,
 To drain a scanty pittance from the soil,
 While my life's lamp burns dim for lack of oil.
 Alas, for you, poor famishing patient wife,
 And pale-faced little ones! your feeble cries
 Torture my soul: worse than a blank is life
 Beggar'd of all that makes that life a prize:
 Yet one thing cheers me,—is not life the door
 To that rich world where no one can be poor?

Light.

A GLORIOUS vision: as I walk'd at noon

The children of the sun came thronging round me,
In shining robes and diamond-studded shoon;
And they did wing me up with them, and soon,

In a bright dome of wondrous width I found me,
Set all with beautiful eyes, whose wizard rays,
Shed on my soul, in strong enchantment bound me;
And so I look'd and look'd with dazzled gaze,

Until my spirit drank in so much light
That I grew like the sons of that glad place,

Transparent, lovely, pure, serene, and bright;
Then did they call me brother: and there grew

Swift from my sides broad pinions gold and white,
And with that happy flock a brilliant thing I flew!

Darkness.

A TERRIBLE dream: I lay at dead of night

Tortur'd by some vague fear; it seem'd at first
Like a small ink-spot on the ceiling white,
'To a black bubble swelling in my sight,

And then it grew to a balloon and burst;
Then I was drown'd, as with an ebon stream,

And those dark waves quench'd all mine inward light,
That in my saturated mind no gleam

Remain'd of beauty, peace, or love, or right:
I was a spirit of darkness!—yet I knew

I could not thus be left; it was but a dream;
Still felt I full of horror; for a crew

Of shadowy ITS hemm'd in my harried mind,
And all my dread was waking mad and blind.

Poetry.

To touch the heart, and make its pulses thrill,
 To raise and purify the grovelling soul,
 To warm with generous heat the selfish will,
 To conquer passion with a mild control,
 And the whole man with nobler thoughts to fill,
 These are thine aims, O pure unearthly power,
 These are thine influences : and therefore those
 Whose wings are clogg'd with evil, are thy foes ;
 And therefore these, who have thee for their dower,
 The widow'd spirits with no portion here,
 Eat angels' food, the manna thou dost shower :
 For thine are pleasures, deep, and tried, and true,
 Whether to read, or write, or think, or hear,
 By the gross million spurn'd, and fed on by the few.



Prose.

THAT the fine edge of intellect is dull'd
 And mortal ken with cloudy films obscure,
 And the numb'd heart so deep in stupor lull'd
 That virtue's self is weak its love to lure,
 But pride and lust keep all the gates secure,
 This is thy fall, O man ; and therefore those
 Whose aims are earthly, like pedestrian prose,—
 The selfish, useful, money-making plan,
 Cold language of the desk, or quibbling bar,
 Where in hard matter sinks ideal man :
 Still, worldly teacher, be it from me far
 Thy darkness to confound with yon bright band
 Poetic all, though not so named by men,
 Who have sway'd royally the mighty pen,
 And now as kings in prose on fame's clear summit stand

Friendship, constrained.

GENTLE, but generous, modest, pure and learnèd,
 Ready to hear the fool, or teach the wise,
 With gracious heart that all within him burnèd
 To wipe the tears from virtue's blessed eyes
 And help again the struggling right to rise,
 Such an one, like a god, have I discernèd
 Walking in goodness this polluted earth,
 And cannot choose but love him: to my soul
 Sway'd irresistibly with sweet control,
 So rare and noble seems thy precious worth,
 That the young fibres of my happier heart,
 Like tendrils to the sun, are stretching forth
 To twine around thy fragrant excellence,
 O child of love:—so dear to me thou art,
 So coveted by me thy good influence!

Enmity, compelled.

COARSE, vain, and vulgar, ignorant and mean,
 Sensual and sordid in each hope and aim,
 Selfish in appetite, and basely keen
 In tracking out gross pleasure's guilty game
 With eager eye, and bad heart all on flame,
 Such an one, like an Afreet, have I seen
 Shedding o'er this fair world his balefire light,
 And can I love him?—far be from my thought
 To show not such the charities I ought,—
 But from his converse should I reap delight?
 Nor bid the tender sproutings of my mind
 Shrink from his evil, as from bane and blight,
 Nor back upon themselves my feelings roll?
 O moral monster, loveless and unkind,
 31 Thou art as wormwood to my secret soul!

Philanthropic.

COME near me, friends and brothers; hem me round
 With the dear faces of my fellow-men:
 The music of your tongues with magic sound
 Shall cheer my heart and make me happiest then;
 My soul yearns over you: the sitting hen
 Cowers not more fondly o'er her callow brood
 Than, in most kind excuse of all your ill,
 My heart is warm and patient for your good;
 O that my power were measured by my will!
 Then would I bless you as I love you still,
 Forgiving, as I trust to be forgiven:
 Here, vilest of my kind, take hand and heart,
 I also am a man,—'tis all thou art,
 An erring needy pensioner of heaven.

Misanthropic.

How long am I to smell this tainted air,
 And in a pest-house draw my daily breath,—
 Where nothing but the sordid fear of death
 Restrains from grander guilt than cowards dare?
 O loathsome, despicable, petty race,
 Low counterfeits of devils, villanous men,
 Sooner than learn to love a human face,
 I'll make my home in the hyæna's den,
 Or live with newts and bull-frogs on the fen:
 These at the least are honest;—but for man,
 The best will cheat and use you if he can;
 The best is only varnish'd o'er with good;
 Subtle for self, for damning mammon keen,
 Cruel, luxurious, treacherous, proud and mean,—
 Great Justice, haste to crush the viper's brood:
 And I too am—a man!—O wretched fate
 To be the thing I scorn—more than I hate.

Country.

Most tranquil, innocent, and happy life,

Full of the holy joy chaste nature yields,

Redeem'd from care, and sin, and the hot strife

That rings around the smoked unwholesome dome

Where mighty Mammon his black sceptre wields,—

Here let me rest in humble cottage home,

Here let me labour in the enamell'd fields:

How pleasant in these ancient woods to roam

With kind-eyed friend, or kindly-teaching book;

Or the fresh gallop on the dew-dropt heath,

Or at fair eventide with feather'd hook

To strike the swift trout in the shallow brook,

Or in the bower to twine the jasmine wreath,

Or at the earliest blush of summer morn

To trim the bed, or turn the new-mown hay,

Or pick the perfumed hop, or reap the golden corn!

So should my peaceful life all smoothly glide away.



TOWN.

ENOUGH of lanes, and trees, and valleys green,

Enough of briary wood, and hot chalk-down,

I hate the startling quiet of the scene,

And long to hear the gay glad hum of town:

My garden be the garden of the Graces,

Flowers full of smiles, with fashion for their queen,

My pleasant fields be crowds of joyous faces,

The brilliant rout, the concert, and the ball,—

These be my joys in endless carnival!

For I do loathe that sickening solitude,

That childish hunting-up of flies and weeds,

Or worse, the company of rustics rude,

Whose only hopes are bound in clods and seeds:

Out on it! let me live in town delight,

And for your tedious country-mornings bright

Give me gay London with its noon and night.

Worldly and Wealthy.

IDOLATOR of gold, I love thee not,
 The orbits of our hearts are sphered afar,
 In lieu of tuneful sympathies, I wot,
 My thoughts and thine are all at utter jar,
 Because thou judgest by what men have got,
 Heeding but lightly what they do, or are :
 Alas, for thee ! this lust of gold shall mar,
 Like leprous stains, the tissue of thy lot,
 And drain the natural moisture from thy heart ;
 Alas ! thou heedest not how poor thou art,
 Weigh'd in the balances of truth, how vain :
 O wrecking mariner, fling out thy freight,
 Or founder with the heavily sinking weight ;
 No longer dote upon thy treasured gain,
 Or quick, and sure to come, the hour shall be,
 When MENE TEKEL shall be sentenced thee.

Wise and Worthy.

RATHER be thou my counsellor and friend,
 Good man though poor, whose treasure with thy heart
 Is stored and set upon that better part,
 Choice of thy wisdom, without waste or end,
 And full of profits that to pleasures tend :
 How cheerful is thy face, how glad thou art !
 Using the world with all its bounteous store
 Of richest blessings, comforts, loves, and joys,
 Which thine all-healthy hunger prizeth more
 Than the gorged fool, whom sinful surfeit cloy ;
 Still, not forgetful of thy nobler self,
 The breath divine within thee,—but with care
 Cherishing the faint spark that glimmereth there,
 Nor by Brazilian slavery to pelf
 Plunging thy taper into poison'd air.

Liberality.

GIVE while thou canst, it is a godlike thing,
 Give what thou canst, thou shalt not find it loss,
 Yea, sell and give, much gain such barteries bring,
 Yea, all thou hast, and get fine gold for dross:
 Still, see thou scatter wisely; for to fling
 Good seed on rocks, or sands, or thorny ground,
 Were not to copy Him, whose generous cross
 Hath this poor world with rich salvation crown'd.
 And, when thou look'st on woes and want around,
 Knowing that God hath lent thee all thy wealth,
 That better it is to give than to receive,
 That riches cannot buy thee joy nor health,—
 Why hinder thine own welfare? thousands grieve,
 Whom if thy pitying hand will but relieve,
 It shall for thine own wear the robe of gladness weave.

Meanness.

WHERE vice is virtue, thou art still despised,
 O petty loathsome love of hoarded pelf,
 Even in the pit where all things vile are prized,
 Still is there found in Lucifer himself
 Spirit enough to hate thee, sordid thing:
 Thank Heaven! I own in thee nor lot nor part;
 And though to many a sin and folly cling
 The worse weak fibres of my weedy heart,
 Yet to thy wither'd lips and snake-like eye
 My warmest welcome is, Depart, depart,—
 For to my sense so foul and base thou art
 I would not stoop to thee to reach the sky:
 Aroint thee, filching hand, and heart of stone!
 Be this thy doom, with conscience left alone
 Learn how like Death thou art, unsated selfish one.

Ancient.

MY sympathies are all with times of old,
 I cannot live with things of yesterday,
 Upstart, and flippant, foolish, weak, and gay,
 But spirits cast in a severer mould,
 Of solid worth, like elemental gold;
 I love to wander o'er the shadowy past,
 Dreaming of dynasties long swept away,
 And seem to find myself almost the last
 Of a time-honour'd race, decaying fast:
 For I can dote upon the rare antique,
 Conjuring up what story it might tell,
 The bronze, or bead, or coin, or quaint relique;
 And in a desert could delight to dwell
 Among vast ruins,—Tadmor's stately halls,
 Old Egypt's giant fanes, or Babel's mouldering walls.



Modern.

BEHOLD, I stand upon a speck of earth
 To work the works allotted me,—and die;
 Glad among toils to snatch a little mirth,
 And, when I must, un murmuring down to lie
 In the same soil that gave me food and birth:
 For all that went before me, what care I?
 The past, the future,—these are but a dream;
 I want the tangible good of present worth,
 And heed not wisps of light that dance and gleam
 Over the marshes of the foolish past:
 We are a race the best, because the last,
 Improving all, and happier day by day
 To think our chosen lot hath not been cast
 In those old puerile times, discreetly swept away.

Spirit.

THROW me from this tall cliff,—my wings are strong,
 The hurricane is raging fierce and high,
 My spirit pants, and all in heat I long
 To struggle upward to a purer sky,
 And tread the clouds above me rolling by:
 Lo, thus into the buoyant air I leap
 Confident, and exulting, at a bound,
 Swifter than whirlwinds, happily to sweep
 On fiery wing the reeling world around:
 Off' with my fetters!—who shall hold me back?
 My path lies there,—the lightning's sudden track,
 O'er the blue concave of the fathomless deep,—
 Oh,—thus to spurn matter, and space, and time,
 And soar above the universe sublime!



Matter.

IN the deep clay of yonder sluggish flood
 The huge behemoth makes his ancient lair,
 And with slow caution heavily wallows there,
 Moving above the stream, a mound of mud:
 And near him stretching to the river's edge
 In dense dark grandeur, stands the silent wood,
 Whose unpierced jungles, choked with rotting sedge,
 Prison the damp air from the freshening breeze:
 Lo! the rhinoceros comes down this way
 Thundering furiously on,—and snorting sees
 The harmless monster at his awkward play,
 And rushes on him from the crashing trees,—
 A dreadful shock: as when the Titans hurl'd
 Against high Jove the Himalayan world!

Life.

O LIFE, O glorious! sister-twin of light,
 Essence of Godhead, energizing love,
 Hail, gentle conqueror of dead cold night,
 Hail, on the water's kindly-brooding dove?
 I feel thee near me, in me: thy strange might
 Flies through my bones like fire,—my heart beats high
 With thy glad presence; pain and fear and care
 Hide from the lightning laughter of mine eye;
 No dark unseasonable terrors dare
 Disturb me, revelling in the luxury,
 The new-found luxury of life and health,
 This blithesome elasticity of limb,
 This pleasure, in which all my senses swim,
 This deep outpouring of a creature's wealth!

Death.

GHASTLY and weak, O dreadful monarch Death,
 With failing feet I near thy silent realm,
 Upon my brain strikes chill thine icy breath,
 My fluttering heart thy terrors overwhelm.
 Thou sullen pilot of life's crazy bark,
 How treacherously thou puttest down the helm
 Just where smooth eddies hide the sunken rock;
 While close behind follows the hungry shark
 Snuffing his meal from far, swift with black fin
 The foam dividing,—ha! that sudden shock
 Splits my frail skiff; upon the billows dark
 A drowning wretch awhile struggling I float,
 Till, just as I had hoped the wreck to win,
 I feel thy bony fingers clutch my throat.

Ellen Gray.

THE EXCUSE OF AN UNFORTUNATE.

A STARLESS night, and bitter cold;
The low dun clouds all wildly roll'd,
 Scudding before the blast,
And cheerlessly the frozen sleet
Adown the melancholy street
 Swept onward thick and fast;

When, crouched at an unfriendly door,
Faint, sick, and miserably poor,
 A silent woman sate,
She might be young, and had been fair,
But from her eye look'd out despair,
 All dim and desolate.

Was I to pass her coldly by,
Leaving her there to pine and die,
 The live-long freezing night?
The secret answer of my heart
Told me I had not done my part
 In flinging her a mite;

She look'd her thanks,—then droop'd her head;
“Have you no friend, no home?” I said:
 “Get up, poor creature, come,—
You seem unhappy, faint, and weak,
How can I serve or save you,—speak,
 Or whither help you home?”

“Alas, kind sir, poor Ellen Gray
Has had no friend this many a day,
And, but that you seem kind,—
She has not found the face of late
That look’d on her in aught but hate,
And still despairs to find:

And for a home,—would I had none!
The home I have, a wicked one,
They will not let me in,
Till I can fee my jailor’s hands
With the vile tribute she demands,
The wages of my sin:

I see your goodness on me frown;
Yet hear the veriest wretch on town,
While yet in life she may,
Tell the sad story of her grief,—
Though heaven alone can bring relief
To guilty Ellen Gray.

My mother died when I was born:
And I was flung, a babe forlorn,
Upon the workhouse floor;
My father,—would I knew him not!
A squalid thief, a reckless sot,
—I dare not tell you more.

And I was bound an infant-slave,
With no one near to love or save
From cruel sordid men,
A friendless, famish’d, factory child,
Morn, noon, and night I toil’d and toil’d,—
Yet was I happy then.

My heart was pure, my face was fair ;
Ah, would to GOD a cancer there
 Had eaten out its way !
For soon my tasker, dreaded man,
With treacherous wiles and arts began
 To mark me for his prey.

And month by month he vainly strove
To light the flame of lawless love
 In my most loathing breast ;
Oh, how I fear'd and hated him,
So basely kind, so smoothly grim,
 My terror, and my pest !

Till one day, at that prison-mill,—

Thenceforward droop'd my stricken head ;
I lived,—I died, a life of dread,
 Lest they should guess my shame ;
But weeks and months would pass away,
And all too soon the bitter day
 Of wrath and ruin came ;

I could not hide my alter'd form :
Then on my head the fearful storm
 Of jibe and insult burst :
Men only mock'd me for my fate,
But women's scorn and women's hate
 Me, their poor sister, curst.

O woman, had thy kindless face
But gentler look'd on my disgrace,
 And heal'd the wounds it gave !—
I was a drowning sinking wretch,
Whom no one loved enough to stretch
 A finger out to save.

They tore my baby from my heart,
And lock'd it in some hole apart
 Where I could hear its cry,
Such was the horrid poor-house law;—
Its little throes I never saw,
 Although I heard it die!

Still the stone hearts that ruled the place
Let me not kiss my darling's face,
 My little darling dead;
Oh! I was mad with rage and hate,
And yet all sullenly I sate,
 And not a word I said.

I would not stay, I could not bear
To breathe the same infected air
 That kill'd my precious child;
I watch'd my time, and fled away
The livelong night, the livelong day,
 With fear and anguish wild:

Till down upon a river's bank,
Twenty leagues off, fainting, I sank,
 And only long'd to die;
I had no hope, no home, no friend,
No GOD!—I sought but for an end
 To life and misery.

Ah, lightly heed the righteous few,
How little to themselves is due,
 But all things given to them;
Yet the unwise, because untaught,
The wandering sheep, because unsought,
 They heartlessly condemn:

And little can the untempted dream
While gliding smoothly down life's stream
 They keep the letter-laws,
What they would be, if, tost like me
Hopeless upon life's barren sea,
 They knew how hunger gnaws.

I was half-starved, I tried in vain
To get me work my bread to gain;
 Before me flew my shame;
Cold Charity put up her purse,
And none look'd on me but to curse
 The daughter of ill-fame.

Alas, why need I count by links
The heavy lengthening chain that sinks
 My heart, my soul, my all?
I still was fair, though hope was dead,
And so I sold myself for bread,
 And lived upon my fall:

Now I was reckless, bold and bad,
My love was hate,—I grew half-mad
 With thinking on my wrongs;
Disease, and pain, and giant-sin
Rent body and soul, and raged within!
 Such meed to guilt belongs.

And what I was,—such still am I;
Afraid to live, unfit to die,—
 And yet I hoped I might
Meet my best friend and lover—Death
In the fierce frowns and frozen breath
 Of this December night.

My tale is told: my heart grows cold;
 I cannot stir,—yet,—kind good sir,
 I know that you will stay,—
 And GOD is kinder e'en than you,—
 Can He not look with pity too
 On wretched Ellen Gray?"

Her eye was fix'd; she said no more,
 But propp'd against the cold street-door
 She lean'd her fainting head;
 One moment she look'd up and smiled
 Full of new hope, as Mercy's child,
 —And Ellen Gray was dead.



Charity.

FAIR Charity, thou rarest, best, and brightest!
 Who would not gladly hide thee in his heart,
 With all thine angel-guests? for thou delightest
 To bring such with thee,—guests that ne'er depart;
 Cherub, with what enticement thou invitest,
 Perfect in winning beauty as thou art,
 World-wearied man to plant thee in his bosom
 And graft upon his cares thy balmy blossom.

Fain would he be frank-hearted, generous, cheerful,
 Forgiving, aiding, loving, trusting ALL,—
 But knowledge of his kind has made him fearful
 All are not friends, whom friends he longs to call;
 For prudence makes men cold, and misery tearful,
 And interest bids them rise upon his fall,
 And while they seek their selfish own to cherish,
 They leave the wounded stag alone to perish.

Man may rejoice that thy sweet influence hallows
His intercourse with all he loves—in heaven :
But canst thou make him love his sordid fellows,
And mix with them untainted by their leaven ?
How can he not grow cautious, cold, and callous,
When he forgives to seventy-times seven,
And still-repeated wrongs, unwept for, harden
The heart that's never sued nor sought to pardon ?

Reserve's cold breath has chill'd each warmer feeling,
Ingratitude has frozen up his blood,
Unjust neglect has pierced him, past all healing,
And scarr'd a heart that panted to do good ;
Slowly, but surely, has distrust been steeling
His mind, much wronged, and little understood :
Would charity unseal affection's fountain ?
Alas ! 'tis crush'd beneath a marble mountain.

Yet the belief that he was loved by other
Could root and hurl that mountain in the sea,
Oblivion's depth the height of ill would smother
And all forgiven, all forgotten be ;
Man then could love his once injurious brother
With such a love as none can give but he ;
The sun of love, and that alone has power
To bring to bright perfection love's sweet flower.

Soft rains, and zephyrs, and warm noons can vanquish
The stubborn tyranny of winter's frost ;
Once more the smiling valleys cease to languish,
Drest out in fresher beauties than they lost :
So springs with gladness from its bed of anguish
The heart that loved not, when reviled and crost,
But, once beloved,—oh then not once but often
Love's sunny smile the rockiest heart will soften.

To my Book, "Proverbial Philosophy,"

BEFORE PUBLICATION. 1837.

MY soul's own son, dear image of my mind,
 I would not without blessing send thee forth
 Into the bleak wide world, whose voice unkind
 Perchance will mock at thee as nothing worth;
 For the cold critic's jealous eye may find
 In all thy purposed good little but ill,
 May taunt thy simple garb as quaintly wrought,
 And praise thee for no more than the small skill
 Of masking as thine own another's thought:
 What then? — count envious sneers as less than nought:
 Fair is thine aim, and, having done thy best,
 Lo, thus I bless thee; yea, thou shalt be blest!

To the same,

AFTER PUBLICATION.

THAT they have praised thee well, and cheer'd thee on
 With kinder tones that critics deign to few,
 Child of my thoughts, my fancy's favourite son,
 Our courteous thanks, our heartfelt thanks are due.
 Despise not thou thine equal's honest praise;
 Yet feast not of such dainties; thou shalt rue
 Their sweetness else; let rather generous pride
 Those golden apples straightly spurn aside,
 And gird thee all unshackled to the race:
 On to the goal of honour, fair beginner,
 A thousand ducats thou shalt yet be winner!

To the same,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF THE SECOND EDITION.

YET once again, not after many days
 Since first I dared this voyage in the dark,
 Borne on the prosperous gale of good men's praise
 To the wide waters I commit mine ark,
 And bid GOD speed thy venture, gallant bark!
 For I have launch'd thee on a thousand prayers,
 Freight'd thee well with all my mind and heart,—
 And if some contraband error unawares
 Like Achan's wedge, lie hid in any part,
 Stand it condemn'd, as it most justly ought:
 Yet be the thinker spared, if not his thought;
 For he that with an honest purpose errs
 Merits more kind excuse than the shrewd world confers.



Wedding Gifts.

(Set to music by the Chevalier Neukomm, in 1832.)

YOUNG bride,—a wreath for thee!
 Of sweet and gentle flowers;
 For wedded love was pure and free
 In Eden's happy bowers.

Young bride,—a song for thee!
 A song of joyous measure,
 For thy cup of hope shall be
 Fill'd with honied pleasure.

Young bride,—a tear for thee!
A tear in all thy gladness;
For thy young heart shall not see
Joy unmix'd with sadness.

Young bride,—a smile for thee!
To shine away thy sorrow,
For heaven is kind to-day, and we
Will hope as well to-morrow.

Young bride,—a prayer for thee!
That, all thy hopes possessing,
Thy soul may praise her God, and He
May crown thee with His blessing.



Children. 1833.

HARMLESS, happy little treasures,
Full of truth, and trust, and mirth,
Richest wealth, and purest pleasures
In this mean and guilty earth,

How I love you, pretty creatures,
Lamb-like flock of little things,
Where the love that lights your features
From the heart in beauty springs:

On these laughing rosy faces
There are no deep lines of sin,
None of passion's dreary traces
That betray the wounds within:

But yours is the sunny dimple
Radiant with untutor'd smiles,
Yours the heart, sincere and simple,
Innocent of selfish wiles;

Yours the natural curling tresses,
Prattling tongues, and shyness coy,
Tottering steps, and kind caresses,
Pure with health, and warm with joy.

The dull slaves of gain, or passion
Cannot love you as they should,
The poor worldly fools of fashion
Would not love you if they could:

Write them childless, those cold-hearted,
Who can scorn Thy generous boon,
And whose souls with fear have smarted,
Lest—Thy blessings come too soon.

While he hath a child to love him
No man can be poor indeed,
While he trusts a Friend above him,
None can sorrow, fear, or need.

But for thee, whose hearth is lonely
And unwarm'd by children's mirth,
Spite of riches, thou art only
Desolate and poor on earth:

All unkiss'd by innocent beauty,
All unloved by guileless heart,
All uncheer'd by sweetest duty,
Childless one, how poor thou art!

The Queen's Birthday.

ANOTHER year, O Queen of many realms,
Dawns in fair promise on my Sovereign's throne;
And, while the hurrying tempest overwhelms
All climes and crowns beside,—Thou, thou alone
Sittest in majesty, GOD's favour'd one:
Yea, blessed of the LORD,—how blest art thou!
Blest in the King of King's own secret love,
Blest in thy people never more than now,
Blest in the earth beneath and heaven above;
And, be thou blest for ever! this glad day
That gave to us the mercy of thy birth,
Be full of good to thee in GOD's own way,
As His chief child and servant upon earth
For whom a thousand thousands hourly pray!

O, shielded by such panoply of saints
Forged in high heaven! thus, most gracious Queen,
If ever here thy royal spirit faints
Amid the perils of a changeful scene
These prayers shall pour upon thy brow serene,
Unruffled radiance; shedding holy balm,
Like moonlight silvering a lake at calm,
Over thy many cares and many fears
So lull'd to rest: and thus, on history's page,
Mercies to come for many happy years
Shall be thy birthright: though the nations rage,
And the uprooted mountains churn the sea,
The LORD shall bless thy line from age to age,
And Britain thank her GOD for lending thee!

A Greenhouse.

FRAGRANT and fresh, the tropical warm air
Lures into life my "bright consummate" flowers,
That, newly bathed in artificial showers,
Show to the sun their thousand beauties rare:
Here, in high pomp, the gorgeous Cactus flings
Its eastern tassel down the prickly stem,
And Fuchsias spread their tiny scarlet wings,
Like hovering humming-birds in emerald bowers:
There, the tall Amaryll's pink diadem
Above this lowlier Hyacinth queenly towers;
While Orange-blossoms, mingling in the throng
With blushing Roses, and Geraniums bright,
Pour forth an eloquent flood of silent song,
And wrap the heart "in dances and delight."

A Glimpse of Paradise.

NOT many rays of heaven's unfallen sun
Reach the dull distance of this world of ours,
Nor oft dispel its shadows cold and dun,
Nor oft with glory tinge its faded flowers:
But, oh, if ever yet there wander'd *one*,
Like Peri from her amaranthine bowers,
Or ministering angel, sent to bless,
'Twas to thy hearth, domestic happiness,
Where in the sunshine of a peaceful home
Love's choicest roses bud, and burst, and bloom,
And bleeding hearts, lull'd in a holy calm,
Bathe their deep wounds in Gilead's healing balm.

To the Sovereign.

BOLD in my freedom, yet with homage meek,
 As duty prompts and loyalty commands,
 To thee, O Queen of empires, would I speak:
 Behold, the most high GOD hath giv'n to thee
 Kingdoms and glories, might and majesty,
 Setting thee ruler over many lands;
 Him first to serve, O Monarch, wisely seek:
 And many people, nations, languages,
 Have laid their welfare in thy sovereign hands;
 Them next to bless, to prosper, and to please,
 Nobly forget thyself, and thine own ease:
 Rebuke ill counsel; rally round thy state
 The scatter'd good, and true, and wise, and great:
 So Heav'n upon thee shed sweet influences!



The Coronation.

QUEEN of the Isles, blue ocean's choicest pearl,
 We hail thy day of glory!—unto thee
 Admiring thousands bend the duteous knee,
 And bless thee for their brightening hopes, fair girl.
 Hark! 'tis the thunder of a nation's voice,
 Uttering its awful love in loyal peals;
 While, as thy car of triumph onward wheels,
 The trumpets and the cannon, and the chimes
 Bid every true-born Briton's heart rejoice,
 Glad in the sunny light of happier times:
 And, Maiden Monarch, if amid the whirl
 Of majesty and greatness,—as of old,
 A secret monitor, in duty bold,
 To tell thee “THOU ART MORTAL,” humbly dares,
 Forgive the noble Muse, and love her for her pray'rs.

*The Abbey.**June 28, 1838.*

NEVER again,—till earth casts out her dead,
And teeming ocean yields her rescued prey,—
A sight so full of hope, delight, and dread,
Thrilling and grand, as met thy view this day
Mayst thou behold: high reaching overhead
The light aërial galleries were throng'd
Sublime with multitudes, acclaiming loud;
While far beneath, that coronetted crowd
Sat like a thousand kings; in yonder aisle
A virgin troop, azure and silver, show'd
As spirits, who to a fairy world belong'd,
Or some soft nest of doves: deeply the while
Rolled in a deluge from the golden quire
The tide of musical praise,—hail mix'd with fire
While midway throned, the brightest central gem,
Fair Sun illumining that glorious scene,
In purple robe and glittering diadem,
Majestic sat Britannia's gentle Queen!

Union.

MONARCH of millions, yet a gentle maid,
O fair and young, yet dignified and sage,
Most glorious Queen, yet in thy glory staid,
Bright star of promise for our golden age,

All hail, the Lord's anointed! Thou art lent
 In mercy, like our other blessings all;
 A messenger of peace, divinely sent,
 That only good may rise, and evil fall;
 Heal, then, a realm by jarring factions rent;
 Take these contentious brothers by the hand,
 Smile down their quarrels, and unite their strength;
 Till, only jealous for their father-land,
 Men of all systems, reconciled at length
 To one just object, take their patriot stand
 Around our Zion's bulwarks, hers alone
 The archetypes of heaven,—the ALTAR and the THRONE!



Days gone by. 1830.

THOUGH we charge to-day with fleetness,
 Though we dread to-morrow's sky,
 There's a melancholy sweetness
 In the name of days gone by:

Yes, though Time has laid his finger
 On them, still with streaming eye
 There are spots where I can linger
 Sacred to the days gone by.

Oft as memory's glance is ranging
 Over scenes that cannot die,
 Then I feel that all is changing,
 Then I weep the days gone by:

Sorrowful should I be, and lonely,
 Were not all the same as I,
 'Tis for all, not my lot only,
 To lament the days gone by.

Cease, fond heart,—to thee are given
Hopes of better things on high,
There is still a coming heaven
Better than the days gone by;

Faith lifts off the sable curtain
Hiding huge eternity,
Hope accounts her prize as certain,
And forgets the days gone by;

Love, in grateful adoration
Bids distrust and sorrow fly,
And with glad anticipation
Calms regret for days gone by.



The Crisis. 1829.

HUSH—O heaven! a moment more,
A breath, a step, and all is o'er;
Hark—beneath the waters wild,
Save, O mercy, save my child.

Swiftly from her heaving breast
The mother tore the snowy vest,—
Her little truant saw and smiled,
Turn'd,—and mercy saved the child.

Thus, the face of love can win
Where fear is weak to scare from sin;
Thus, when faith and conscience slept,
Jesus look'd,—and Peter wept.

Lament. 1837.

ALAS! poor Muse, thy songs are out of time;
 Thy lot hath fallen on an iron age,
 When unrelenting war the sordid wage
 Against thee,—counting it no venial crime
 To fling down in thy cause the champion's gage,
 And utterly scorning him, who dares to rhyme:
 O that thy thoughts had fill'd an earlier page,
 And won the favouring ears of holier men!
 Whose spirits might with thee have soar'd sublime
 Far above selfish Mammon's crowded den:
 Thou hadst been more at home, and happier then
 Yet be thou of good courage; there are still
 Those "left sev'n thousand," whose affections will
 Yearn on thy little good, and pardon thy much ill.



Down with Foreign Priestcraft. 1851.

CHRISTIAN England! where so long
 Freedom's trumpet, clear and strong,
 Still has stirr'd the patriot song—

Down with foreign priestcraft!
 England! Truth's own island-nest,
 Pure Religion's happy rest,
 Ever shall thy sons protest

Down with foreign priestcraft!

What! shall these Italian knaves
 Dream again to make us slaves
 From our cradles to our graves

With their foreign priestcraft?

Out on every false pretence!
Common right and common sense
Shout against such insolence,
Down with foreign priestcraft!

Aye,—insidious fawning foe,
Little as you thought it so,
England's wrath is all aglow,
Scorning foreign priestcraft—
Take our Jesuits, if you will,
England's heart rejects their ill,
And her mouth is thundering still,
Down with foreign priestcraft

Hark! in ancient warmth and worth,
East and west and south and north,
Flies the loyal spirit forth,
Loathing foreign priestcraft;
Evermore with Rome to cope,
We will bate nor heart nor hope,
But our shout shall stun the Pope,
Down with foreign priestcraft!

The Cathedral Mind.

TEMPLE of truths most eloquently spoken,
Shrine of sweet thoughts veil'd-in with words of power,
The "Author's mind" replete with hallow'd riches
Stands a Cathedral: full of precious things,—
Tastefully built in harmonies unbroken,
Cloister, and aisle, dark crypt, and æry tower:
Long-treasured relics in the fretted niches,

And secret stores, and heap'd-up offerings,
 Art's noblest gems, with every fruit and flower,
 Paintings and sculpture, choice imaginings,
 Its plenitude of wealth and praise betoken:
 An ever-burning lamp portrays the soul;
 Deep music all around enchantment flings;
 And God's great Presence consecrates the whole.

Politics in 1839.

CHILL'D is the patriot's hope, the poet's prayer:
 Alas, for England and her tarnish'd crown,
 Her sun of ancient glory going down,
 Her foes triumphant in her friends' despair:
 What wonder should the billows overwhelm
 A bark so mann'd by Comus and his crew,
 "Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm?"
 Yet, no!—we will not fear; the loathing realm
 At length has burst its chains; a motley few,
 The pseudo-saint, the boasting infidel,
 The demagogue, and courtier, hand in hand
 No more besiege our Zion's citadel:
 But high in hope comes on this nobler band,
 For GOD, the sovereign, and our father-land.

To a Premier.

HOLD thy rash hand!—for Briton is no slave,
 Thus to be forced against her word and will;
 Her voice is terrible, her heart is brave,
 Her lion-nature free and fearless still:
 Why make this reckless haste to compass ill?

Be, if thou canst, deliberate and grave:
 For, hark! I hear upon the burden'd wind
 From fell and field and town and dale and hill,
 That gathering tempest of the Nation's mind,
 No peace with Rome! no league with crafty Rome!
 Down with the traitor! who would smoothly bind
 Her chains around us,—and whose deed would mark
 With the foul beast our every hearth and home,
 Changing our glorious Light to utter Dark.

Protesting Truth.

PROTESTANT saints, is it the truth, indeed,
 That cold negations merely, or in chief,
 Make up the sorry texture of your creed—
 A torn and flimsy robe of non-belief?
 No! freely as your fathers would ye bleed,
 Positive witnesses for truth and good;
 Worshipping GOD, instead of stone and wood,
 Pleading all merit solely in His Son,
 Spurning each other fabulous help, and aid,
 And mediation—for there is but One!
 Moreover, this: none ever stoutly stood
 Against the False, but that his temper'd blade,
 Pruning that bitter shoot, strengthen'd the bud,
 The bud of Truth, whose bloom shall never fade.

The unholy Alliance.

YES, we protest! In just and generous strife
 We combat Rome, the idolatrous and proud :
 How should the adulteress and the married wife
 Together walk adown the vale of life,
 In a false peace and union disallow'd?
 True, there be some pure Abdiels in the crowd,
 Faithful among the faithless; here and there
 A Fenelon, a Pascal, whom to love
 Were joy, and privilege to meet above:—
 Accidents all, as angels scant and rare :
 Far other, carved in rock, and dyed in black,
 Stand in the sun Rome's evil qualities—
 Fraud, force, extortion, pride, the stake, the rack,
 Blaspheming guilt, and mad idolatries!

Expediency. 1839.

Do ill that good may come,—so Satan spoke :
 Woe to the land deluded by that lie,
 Woe to its rulers, for whose evil sake
 The curse of GOD may now be hovering nigh:—
 Up, England, and avert it! boldly break
 The spells of sorceress Rome, and cast away
 The cords of bad expedience: is it wise,
 Or right, or safe, for some chance gains to-day,
 To dare sure vengeance on to-morrow's skies?
 Be wiser thou, dear land, my native home,
 Do always good, do good that good may come;
 The path of duty lies before thee plain,
 Turn from the harlot speech of papal Rome,
 For none who go that way return again.

Good Shepherds.

YE seek not praise from man,—nor fear his face ;

Then let my words be few. Before your Lord
Commended, as establish'd by His grace,

Faithful ye stand to reap a just reward :

True shepherds of the flock, whom power and place

Have not corrupted from that lowlier mind

Which dwelt in HIM,—we love in you to trace

The likeness of His zeal, in you to find

Martyrs for truth amid these perilous times.

Thunders, with fire and hail, are threatening round,

And good men tremble at their rulers' crimes ;

And Babylon must rise once more to fall :

Yet is there hope ; whilst ye are faithful found,

Zion is safe behind her sevenfold wall.

American Ballads.

1849.



To Brother Jonathan.

Ho! Brother, I'm a Britisher,
A chip of heart of oak
That would n't warp or swerve or stir
From what I thought or spoke,—
And you — a blunt and honest man,
Straightforward, kind, and true,
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,
That you're a Briton too.

I know your heart, an open heart,
I read your mind and will,
A greyhound ever on the start
To run for honour still;
And shrewd to scheme a likely plan,
And stout to see it done,
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,
That you and I are one!

There may be jealousies and strife,
For men have selfish ends,
But petty quarrels ginger life,
And help to season friends;

And pundits who, with solemn scan,
Judge humans most aright,
Decide it, testy Jonathan,
That brothers always fight.

Two fledgling sparrows in one nest
Will chirp about a worm,
Then how should eaglets meekly rest,
The children of the storm?
No! while their rustled pinions fan
The eyrie's dizzy side,
Like you and me, my Jonathan,
It's all for Love and Pride!

"God save the Queen" delights you still,
And "British Grenadiers,"
The good old strains your heartstrings thrill,
And catch you by both ears;
And we,—O hate us if you can,
For we are proud of you,
We like you, Brother Jonathan,
And "Yankee Doodle" too!

There's nothing foreign in your face,
Nor strange upon your tongue,
You come not of another race
From baser lineage sprung;
No, brother! though away you ran,
As truant boys will do,
Still true it is, young Jonathan,
My fathers father'd you.

Time was,—it wasn't long ago,
Your grandsire went with mine
To battle traitors, blow for blow,
For England's royal line;

Or tripp'd to court to kiss Queen Anne,
Or worship mighty Bess,
And you and I, good Jonathan,
Went with them then, I guess.

Together both,—'twas long ago,
Among the Roses fought,
Or charging fierce the Paynim foe
Did all knight-errants ought:
As Cavalier or Puritan
Together pray'd or swore
For John's own Brother Jonathan
Was only John of yore!

There lived a man, a man of men,
A King on fancy's throne,
We ne'er shall see his like again,
The globe is all his own;
And, if we claim him of our clan,
He half belongs to you,
For Shakspeare, happy Jonathan,
Is yours and Britain's too!

There was another glorious name,
A poet for all time,
Who gain'd the double-first of fame,
The beautiful-sublime;
And let us hide him as we can,
More miserly than pelf,
Our Yankee brother Jonathan
Cries halves in Milton's self!

Well, well: and every praise of old,
That makes us famous still,
You would be just, and may be bold
To share it if you will,—

Since England's glory first began,
Till — just the other day,
The half is yours! but, Jonathan,
Why did you run away?

O Brother, could we both be one
In nation and in name,
How gladly would the very sun
Lie basking in our fame?
In either world to lead the van
And go ahead for good,
While earth to John and Jonathan
Yields tribute gratitude!

Add but your stripes and golden stars
To brave St. George's cross,
And never dream of mutual wars
Two dunces' mutual loss;
Let us two bless where others ban,
And love when others hate,
And so, my cordial Jonathan,
We'll fit, I calculate.

What more? I touch not holier strings
A loftier strain to win,
Nor glance at prophets, priests, and kings,
Or heavenly kith or kin;
As friend with friend, and man with man,
O let our hearts be thus,
As David's love to Jonathan,
Be Jonathan's to us!

"Ye Thirty noble Nations."

YE Thirty noble Nations
 Confederate in One!
 That keep your starry stations
 Around the Western Sun,—
 I have a glorious mission,
 And must obey the call,—
 A claim! and a Petition!
 To set before you All.

Away with party blindness,
 Away with petty spite!
 My Claim is one of Kindness,
 My Prayer is one of Right;
 And while in grace ye listen,—
 For tenderness, I know
 Your eyes shall dim and glisten,
 Your hearts shall thrill and glow.

For, on those hearts is written
 The spirit of my song,—
 I claim your love for Britain,
 In spite of every wrong!
 I claim it for — your mother,
 Your sister, and your spouse,
 Your father, friend, and brother,
 The "Hector" of your vows!

In spite of all the evils
 That statesmen ever brew'd,
 Or busy printers'-devils,
 Or Celtic gratitude,—

In spite of politicians
And diplomatic fuss,
Your feelings and traditions
Are cordially with us!

O yes! your recollections
Look back with streaming eye
To pour those old affections
On scenes and days gone by;
Your Eagle well remembers
His dear old island-nest,
And sorrow stirs the embers
Of love within his breast!

Ah! need I tell of places
You dream and dwell on still?
Those old familiar faces
Of English vale and hill,—
The sites you think of, sobbing,
And seek as pilgrims seek,
With brows and bosoms throbbing
And tears upon your cheek!

Or should I touch on glories
That date in ages gone,
Those dear historic stories
When England's fame was won,—
The tales your children thronging
So gladly hear you tell,
And note their fathers' longing
And love that longing well!

For language, follies, fashions,
Religion, honour, shame,
And human loves and passions,
Oh! we are just the same;

You, you are England, growing
To Continental state,
And we Columbia, glowing
With all that makes you great!

Yes, Anglo-Saxon brother,
I see your heart is right,—
And we will warm each other
With all our loves alight;
In feeling and in reason
My Claim is stow'd away,—
And kissing is in season
For ever and a day!—

And now in frank contrition,
O brother mine, give heed,—
And hear the just Petition
My feeble tongue would plead;
I plead across the waters,
So deeply crimson-stain'd,
For Afric's sons and daughters
Whom freemen hold enchain'd!

I taunt you not unkindly
With ills you didn't make,
I would not wish you blindly
In haste the bond to break;
But tenderly and truly
To file away the chain,
And render justice duly
To Man's Estate again!

O judge ye how degrading,—
A Christian bought and sold!
And human monsters trading
In human flesh for gold!

When ruthlessly they plunder
 Poor Afric's homes defiled,
 And all to sell—asunder!
 The mother and her child.

O free and fearless Nation,
 Wipe out this damning spot,
 Earth's worst abomination,
 And nature's blackest blot;
 Begin and speed the rather
 To help with hand and eye
 The children of your Father
 Beneath His tropic sky.

HE—HE who form'd and frees us
 And makes us white within,
 Who knows how Holy JESUS
 May love that tinted skin!
 For none can tell how darkly
 The sun of Jewry shed
 Its burning shadows starkly
 On JESU'S homeless head!

And lo! One great salvation
 Hath burst upon the World,—
 And GOD'S Illumination
 Like noonday shines unfurl'd;
 Shall bonds or colour pale it?
 Candace's Eunuch—say!—
 The first, though black, to hail it,
 And love the Gospel Day!

Columbia, well I note it,
 That half your sons are strong
 Against this ill, and vote it
 A folly and a wrong;

Yet, lurks there not a loathing,
 Ay, with your best inclined,
 Against that sable clothing
 Of Man's own heart and mind?

I charge you by your power,
 Your freedom and your fame,
 To speed the blessed hour
 That wipes away this Shame:
 By all life's hopes and wishes
 And fears beyond the grave,
 Renounce these blood-bought riches,
 And frankly free the slave!

So let whatever threaten,
 While God is on our side,
 Columbia and Britain
 The world shall well divide,—
 Divide?—No! in one tether
 Of Anglo-Saxon might
 We'll hold the world together
 In peace and love and right!



John's Rejoinder.

HUZZAH for guessing—brother mine!
 I guess'd we loved each other;
 Huzzah! I scarce can drop a line
 Without the tag of—brother;
 Huzzah! for all the kind Replies
 Wherewith you bless and love me,—
 They thrill my heart and fill my eyes
 With thanks to God above me!

From East to West, from North to South,
Through all your boundless regions,
The staves that tumble from my mouth
Have stirr'd your thousand legions;
Have made the hearts of women ache,
The minds of men to flutter,
Because you felt before I spake
The words that I would utter!

You felt that Britain loved you still,
Your foolish fond old mother,—
And gave her,—not against your will,—
The love you cannot smother!
You felt that you, though new, are Old
As England's ancient glories,—
You throb'd to feel YOUR triumphs told
In all her strains and stories!

O yes! dear brethren o'er the sea,
Your verses, loves, and letters
Have been a mix'd account with me
Where both of us are debtors;
I owe you gratitude and praise
For gratitude and praises,
And when in thanks your heart you raise
His thanks my heart upraises!

Not that, good Jonathan, we try
The game of mutual scratching,—
You, Yankee true, and John Bull I
Breed fowls of purer hatching;
We tell the truth; not less nor more;
So be it kindly spoken;
For thus, no heart was e'er made sore,
No head was ever broken.

When Pegasus I sit astride
I fill my saddle squarely,—
No fence so high, no ditch so wide,
But I will take it fairly;
I hate the nambypamby plan
Of lounging upon pillions,—
What I would say to one plain man
I'll sing to fifty millions!

No truckling tricks will do for us,
The this-and-that-way swerving;
If John is pleased to praise you thus,
It's that you're well deserving:
But should he fawn your faults forsooth?
Such meanness—I abhor it,—
No,—since in love I speak the truth,
Come, kiss your brother for it!

Now, lately, with a faithful hand
I touch'd, in love and lightness,
The one black spot upon your land,
The shadow to your brightness;
I know how hard it is to cure
That sore,—and how you rue it,—
But, Jonathan, of this I'm sure,
You'll soon and somehow—do it!

More haste less speed; so speed apace,
As prudent duty bids you;
'Twill be indeed a year of grace
That of this scandal rids you:
The land of liberty and light,
The Beacon on the Waters,
Shall soon be quit of blame and blight
For Afric's sons and daughters!

You best know how, and why, and when;
For us, we cannot teach you;
But simply,—by the rights of Men
And Women,—we beseech you!
Take copy, brother, only here,—
By Britain's good intentions;
For all beside a conscience clear
We've got but bad inventions!

Our faults were haste, and wanton waste,
Disinterested ruin!
Don Quixote stood to tilt for good,
And lo! his own undoing:
But Jonathan, a shrewder man,
A very early riser,—
I credit you to find a plan
To manage matters wiser!

The wise, my Jonathan, he knows
That all things here need mending;
And best of friends are always those
Who never fear offending;
O blind, and halt, and full of fault
Are men of every nation,
Then how should we, true friend, be free
From that which dims Creation?

Never again shall we two part
In hatred or rejection,—
Nor ever meet, but either heart
Shall beat with true affection;
Our "brother banners" we will rear
For Fatherland and Sonland,
Because, Columbia near and dear,
We twain are truly one-land!

Ay, Jonathan,—take John for this,
 Your brother staunch and steady,
 The very mind and man, I wis,
 To like old “Rough and Ready!”
 Then — cheers for TAYLOR,—great and wise
 Because *un-glory-bitten*,—
 And — yes, I see it in your eyes,
 Nine more for VIC. and BRITAIN!

A Stave for the South.

I KNEW it, I guess'd it! you do what you can;
 It's hardly your fault if you can't:
 You wish better things; but a man is but Man,
 And often must wait and must want:
 For System, and matters and things as they are
 Have order'd and settled it so,
 That we who are judging your case from afar
 Know little — how little we know!

Ay, glad would ye be, (let me credit you this,)
 If on your American shore
 Slavery never had been as it is,
 And never should be any more!
 But how to get rid of so ancient an ill,
 And safely and sagely to heal
 A canker so deep, is the mystery still,
 And who shall its riddle reveal?

Moreover,—and, Conscience, I give thee this nudge,
 A sinner, but yesterday shriven,
 How dare he set up in the seat of the judge
 The culprit so lately forgiven?

But yesterday, half Britain's colonies rung
With slavery's echoing chain,—
And ill it becomes us with Pharisee tongue
To mock at a planter again!

Yet more: for that planter's own father—and our's,
This sin as a legacy left,
A fly in the ointment, a snake in the flowers,
An Achan's inherited theft!
O Britain, thy child, thy Columbian child
Received at thy step-mother hand
The gain—or the curse, that we hold him defiled
If he leaves, as he found, in the land!

And well do I gather, O friends in the South,
That zealots dishonestly rave
With bitter intent and a slanderous mouth
Of the woes that you deal to the slave;
Not cruel, not careless of body or mind,
Not heartless, nor heedless are ye,—
But good and true masters, indulgent and kind,
Ay, kinder than we to the free!

For sadly I note that on Liberty's coast
The Briton may starve at his toil,
Though loud be profession, and principle's boast
That here are no serfs of the soil!
Ah, tell me how freedom is freedom, if Life
Depends upon servitude stern?
And perishing children and famishing wife
Live only so long as you earn?

No! words are not things: unfairly we speak
As if freedom were freedom indeed;
While pallid and hollow is poverty's check,
And deeply her bosom doth bleed:

Let Britain and Erin and all the world o'er,
Though boasting of liberty still,
Be humble and dumb, when the weak and the poor
Drain Slavery's bitterest ill!

And more: for of old a mysterious curse
Dark Canaan mark'd for its prey;
And Prophecy knew that their lot should be worse,
"The servants of servants" are they!
And if the glad Gospel has scatter'd that harm
With a Catholic message of peace,
It is not at once that it shatters the charm
And calls on the sorrow to cease!

So then, loving brother! consider my speech;
I judge not, I dare not condemn;
But let the great nations of History teach
How slavery's curse ruin'd them!
Let Babylon, Persia, and Athens, and Tyre,
And Egypt, and Carthage, and Rome,
Declare the dark doom that they saw drawing nigher,
As slavery swarm'd in the home!

With shame I confess that so late and so long
We, Britons and Christians and all,
Against our Father and brethren did wrong
By holding those brethren in thrall:
Yet now have we turn'd from the sin and the shame
And tenderly pray and expect
The child whom we love to do sagely the same
Before he be ruin'd and wreck'd!

Move wisely and warily; haste is but waste
Of mercy, and safety, and wealth:
Remember that prudence was never misplaced,
And good may be compass'd by stealth:

For Prudence is Providence all the world o'er,
And wiser than we were, be ye;
Teach, train, and instruct, ere you open the door
To let the born bondman go free.

In wisdom and mercy, redeem when you can;
Let good willing service be paid;
Remember the rights and the wrongs of a Man,
And that "of one blood we are made;"
Hold sacred Affections, in black as in white;
No babe from the mother divide;
And welcome, as friendly, Religion's true Light;
And lay the red lashes aside!

Then, in the full season, with caution and care
Join England in freeing the slave;
And all the degenerate world shall not dare
Take from him the gift that WE gave!
If glorious Columbia with Britain unite
In killing this hydra of earth,
Oh! MAN shall have gain'd more of Good and of Right,
Than all California's worth!

"Yet once again."

YET once again, my Jonathan!
Your loving brother greets you,
To do you all the good he can,
Yes, every time he meets you;
To speak with true and tender tongue,
Not like a scolding Stentor,
But (though a year or so too young)
A frank and faithful Mentor.

See! from my tassell'd wrist upsprings
No falcon with its jesses,
But a fair dove, whose silver wings
Were made for soft caresses;
Right glad the olive-branch to bear
Across the sounding ocean,
And find a welcome everywhere
In every heart's emotion!

And here to-day my carrier dove
Is burden'd with a packet,
Which, well inscribed with peace and love,
Has justice too to back it;
For many sterner souls there be
Who nurse their wrongs intently,
And well it were, if all, like me,
Could judge and chide you gently.

They say,—ay, many sorts of men,
In bitterness they say it,—
You borrow'd of the world, and then
Resolve you won't repay it;
That sundry of the thirty States
Which heap your giant nation,
Disgrace their honourable mates
By rank "Repudiation."

They say,—and make believe you say,—
"What fools they were to lend it;
We calculate that everyway
They gave it us to spend it:
And since it's sunk in road and rail,
Canal, and dock, and clearing,—
Our creditors are out of hail,
And we'll be hard of hearing!"

I don't believe it, Jonathan;
 You're wiser, truer, better:
 I know you'll pay us when you can,
 And blush to be a debtor:
 Not Illinois, nor Michigan,
 Florida, nor Arkansas,
 Nor Mississippi, to a man,
 Would give such shabby answers:

I don't believe it; never did;
 I'd buy your stocks to-morrow;
 I only wish my purse could bid
 For all that you can borrow;
 I'd lend in faith and patience too,
 But cannot quite afford it,—
 Because in lending cash to you
 I know we do but hoard it.

For, men must wait at any rate
 (It stands to rhyme and reason,) ⁾
 Till Labour in a rising State
 Produces in its season;
 Till banks, canals, and roads, and rails
 Are well in working order,
 And better hap and prosperous gales
 Are every one's rewarder.

Now then!—Behold that better hap!
 A mighty store of treasure
 Is pour'd into Columbia's lap
 In Californian measure;
 Commerce, and labour, land, and gold,
 And spirited migration
 Now bless your shores an hundred fold
 And—shame Repudiation!

Up, worthies all! up, kindly stock!
Up, all my honest hearties!
And bring to shame's own whipping-block
The few defaulting parties:
Why should a tythe of all your States
Throw scorn upon the others,
And lay dishonour'd debts as rates
Upon their better brothers?

No! ten long years is long enough
Without a longer dating:
And times are smooth that once were rough,
And all the world's awaiting:
And many sneers at Jonathan
Will no more get a hearing,
And spite have lived its little span
In bygone pamphleteering:

And many a widow's heart for joy
Will brighten into gladness,—
And many an orphan girl and boy
Forget their years of sadness,—
And many an honest poor old man
Shall have outlived his ruin,
If you, my brother Jonathan,
Be only up and doing!

Pull one, pull all! and break away
From this reproachful halter,
Let not one witling have to say,
One Yankee's a defaulter:
Kick out the rogues, if rogues there be;
Why should they blot your brightness?
And let all Europe shout to see
Your honour and uprightness!

O children of a noble race,
 Go on and prosper greatly!
 I love your Anglo-Saxon face,
 A British face so lately;
 Let Spain alone be found in fraud,
 And scorn be found upon her;
 But stand with us, and blaze abroad
 In Anglo-Saxon honour!



Rocks ahead!

A WORD TO A GREAT NATION.

STEADY, steady, gallant vessel!
 Hard aport,—obey the helm;
 Lest the breakers round thee wrestle,
 Lest the billows overwhelm:
 Though so pleasant just at present
 Be the voyage thou hast sped,
 There is peril, stark and sterile,
 Look you! in the Rocks ahead!

See, that license of opinion
 Stifle not zeal's holy flame,
 Till Religion's pure dominion
 Dwindle feebly to a name;
 Greed of gain, and sordid senses
 Tempt the waywardness of youth,
 And it needs the blest defences
 Of the citadel of truth.

See, that no pernicious panic
Scare the good from duty's post,
Lest, by power grown tyrannic,
Liberty be but a boast;
Let the greatest, best, and wisest
Calmly guide thine eagle course,
Or no more to heaven thou risest,
Headlong flung with downward force!

Let the Press, with truth enlighten'd,
Nobly lead the People's mind,
That, while public wrongs are righten'd,
Private names go unmalign'd;
Let not evil spirits pander
To the passions of the mob,
Nor the pen be dipp'd in slander,
God and man of love to rob.

If, all clamour overriding,
Law supremely rules the land,—
If domestic love abiding
Guides at home with patriarch hand,—
If refinement chastens pleasure,—
If fair dealing hallows gain,—
If wise intervals of leisure
Soothe the heart, and clear the brain,—

If, both justly and discreetly
From reproach thy fame to save,
Not too rudely, not too fleetly,
Soon thou settest free the slave,—
If UNITED, *now and ever*,—
Thou shalt grow so great to be,
That the wondering World may never
Through all time thine Equal see!

Yes!—as now, let Patriots steer thee,
 Undismay'd by men or things,
 Let Religion's cherub cheer thee,
 As aloft she sits and sings,—
 So an Eden, not an Edom,
 Shall thy happy name be read,
 And the glorious ship of Freedom
 Weather all the rocks ahead!

A STAIR.

(BY REQUEST,)

On behalf of the Floating "Church of the Redeemer." Philadelphia, 1851.

ARK of refuge, House of pray'r,
 Floating Island of the blest,
 Church of the Redeemer, where
 Jesus gives the weary rest,—
 Where the soul may get true gain,
 Richer than the spoil of kings,
 And, set free from Satan's chain,
 Find its life in Heavenly things,

Modest little floating Church,
 Wisely points thy spire on high,
 Winning every heart to search
 For the treasures of the sky;
 For all purity and peace,
 Grace below, and bliss above;
 For the storms of Sin to cease,
 Changing to the calm of Love!

In the midst of clustering ships,
 Busy wharves and Mammon's leaven,
Here Religion's heart and lips
 Consecrate one spot to Heaven:
Yet, alas! for zeal grown cold,—
 Feebly burns her altar-fire,
And the mist of lacking gold
 Overclouds this humble spire!

Wealthy city, great and fair
 Prosperous child of plain old Penn,
Named by his paternal care
 Full of Brother's-love of Men,—
Use thy greatness and thy wealth
 For thy Brethren's weal aright,
That their hearts rejoice in health,
 And their minds be glad with light!

Simple Children of the Sea,
 Bred on board of ship or boat,
These desire to bend the knee,
 In a Sailors' Church — afloat;
Give their natural wish success,
 Seal to them this House of pray'r,
And with Christian bounty bless
 The Floating Church of Delaware!

Niagara.

I LONG'D for Andes all around, and Alps,
 Hoar kings and priests of Nature, robed in snow,
 Throned as for judgment in a solemn row
 With icy mitres on their granite scalps,
 Dumb giants, frowning at the strife below,
 I long'd for the Sublime!

Thou art too fair,
 Too fair, Niagara, to *be* sublime:
 In calm slow strength thy mighty floods o'erflow,
 And stand a cliff of cataracts in the air,—
 Yet, all too beauteous water-bride of Time,
 Veil'd in soft mists, and cinctured by the bow,
 Thy pastoral charms may fascinate the sight,
 But have not force to set my soul aglow
 Raptured by fear, and wonder, and delight.

Our Day.

A SONNET FOR THE TIMES.

O, BUT how great a thing it is, how glad,
 To live in this our day! when plain strong sense,
 Free knowledge, and Religion's influence,
 Build up a wall against the false and bad,
 And give the good both temple and defence:
 To live—when ancient enmities intense
 Turn to new brotherhood till now unknown;
 When science and invention bless the world,
 Banishing half our pains and troubles hence;
 When time seems lengthened, distance nearer grown;
 When tyranny from every throne is hurled;
 When Right is Might, and Reason holds her own:
 O, happy day! for prophets, priests and kings
 Have longed in vain to see such glorious things!

The Missionary Jubilee Hymn:

FOR JUNE 16, 1851.

~~~~~  
BY REQUEST.  
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(*Tune, as Psalm 149,—O praise ye the Lord, &c.*)

O COME, let us sing,
Give thanks, and rejoice,
To GOD, the great King,
With heart and with voice!
All honours and praises
To JESUS belong,
To Him the Church raises
Her Jubilee Song.

Again, in swift race
The years have sped round,
And still, in His grace
Our blessings are found;
By seven times seven
He gives evermore
For earth and for heaven
A bountiful store!

O well may the world
This year spread abroad
The legend unfurl'd
Of "Thanks to the LORD;"
O well may each nation
With brotherly voice
For Gospel Salvation
Together rejoice!

From England the Old
 To England the New,
From Labrador's cold
 To tropic Peru,
From Afric's Liberia
 Till China be reach'd,
From Scinde to Siberia
 The Gospel is preach'd!

And thrice, in the sound
 Of every tongue
All the world round
 The trumpet hath rung;
Our Jubilee's warning
 Proclaims from above
The blaze of the morning
 Of Freedom and Love!

Ye freemen of light,
 Ye peace-lovers all,
As brethren unite
 On JESUS to call;
One fold and one Pastor,—
 O now let us raise
To Thee, Blessed Master,
 Our Jubilee praise!

Gratitude.

I NUMBER you by thousands, unseen friends,
And dearly precious is your love to me :
Yea, what a goodly company ye be !
Far as the noble brotherhood extends
Of English hearts and tongues o'er land and sea :
How rich am I in love !—the sweet amends
For all whatever little else of pain
Some few unkindly cause ;—most rich in love,
From mine own home to earth's remotest ends :
Let me then count my store, my glorious gain,
This wealth, that my poor merit far transcends,
Your loving kindness,—echoing from above
The Highest Blessing on my works and ways,
“ *Eu doule agathe,*” my FATHER'S praise :

Yea, let me thank you ; let my heart outpour
In humbleness its earnest gratitude
To all whose yearnings follow me with good,
Loving my mind and all its simple store :
O generous friends !—a cordial multitude
Hived in the West, upon that busy shore
Where fair Columbia, Britain's child, is throned
Imperial, yet with empire all unown'd,—
O generous friends !—another cordial band
From far Australia to the Arctic Seas,
And crowds around me in mine own dear land,
What thanks to pay for mercies great as these ?—
Felt from the heart, and by the tongue confest,
Be the deep love of one so nobly blest !

Ay: blest indeed above the mass of men
 And rich in joys that reach the true sublime!
 For that the frequent droppings of my pen
 Have comforted the Good in every clime
 And help'd the Right,—(O solace beyond time!)
 Therefore my soul is glad: judge me, my friends,
 Is there not happier treasure in such joys
 Than all the world can win from all its toys?
 And, as the poet's dynasty extends
 To children's children, reigning in the mind,
 Is he not crown'd a king among his kind?
 Ah me! not so: this thought of pride destroys:
 Give GOD the praise: His blessing sends this store
 Of unseen friends by thousands evermore!



Thus Far.

THUS FAR: a few of my less faulty flowers
 Dropt on the highway for the passers-by;
 In grace and charity, good world of our's,
 Leave not the foundlings freezingly to die;
 They have bloom'd thus within my fancy's bowers
 Willing as weeds, perchance as little worth;
 Yet have I hoped them not all things of earth;
 For fervently beneath my flashing pen
 As quicken'd sometimes by angelic powers
 Thoughts have shot out to hit the hearts of men,—
 Whilst on mine own the spirit of light and love
 So winningly hath shed his heavenly showers,
 That my glad songs have fill'd no toilsome hours,
 But happy moments lent me from above.

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STEREOTYPED BY J. FAGAN.

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PRINTED BY C. SHERMAN.
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